

J. Weller / 172

THE
SIXTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

Writ by a

Turkish Spy,

Who liv'd Five and Forty YEARS
undiscover'd at

P A R I S:

Giving an impartial ACCOUNT to the
Divan at Constantinople, of the most remarkable
Transactions of *Europe*; And discovering several
Intrigues and Secrets of the *Christian Courts* (espe-
cially of that of *France*) continued from the Year
1659, to the Year 1682.

*Written originally in Arabick. Translated into Italian,
and from thence into English, by the Translator of
the First Volume.*

The Eighth Edition.

L O N D O N:

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THE
SIXTH VOLUME
OF
LETTERS

W. B. P. A.

Curial Copy

P A R I S :

Printed by the Imperial Academy of Sciences, in the Library of the Academy, in the City of Paris, in the Year 1772.

By Order of the Academy, the Secretary, J. B. P. A.

THE EDITOR

OF THE

LETTERS





TO THE
READER.



Superfluous as *Prefaces* seem, yet there is one Thing which makes it in a Manner necessary to prefix a few Lines to this *Volume*, in regard there is an Occasion given by the Objections some Gentlemen have been lately pleased to make against the Style of the *English* Translation. These Persons having by a very costly Inquisitiveness, found and procur'd the *Italian* Copy of these *Letters*, and com-

To the Reader.

par'd them with the *English*, pick many Faults in the latter, which they wou'd fain improve to the lessening the Reputation of the *Turkish Spy*, or at least to the heightning of their own Characters, as *Wits* and *Criticks*, *Masters of Languages*, and the *Grand Patentees of Humane Sense*.

In the First Place they say, the *Italian* Translation keeps close to the Original *Arabick*; whereas the *English* abounds too much with *Anglicisms*, which are not sufficient to express the *Author's* Primitive Sense.

How impossible a Thing it is, to please all People in Undertakings of this Nature! Formerly they were offended that so many *Turkish* and *Arabick* Words were left untranslated. And that being answered in the *Preface* to the *Fourth Volume*, they have now form'd New Arguments out of that very Answer, to assault us on the contrary Side, and tax us with being too *Vernacular*. 'Tis true, the *Letters* they have sent to the *Bookseller* on this Account

To the Reader.

count, are not subscrib'd at length: Yet, by Accident, one of the Gentlemen's Hand-writing is known. And tho' we acknowledge him to be an ingenious Person, and a Man of Learning; yet I believe he would be unwilling his *Letter* should here be expos'd in Print (or the *Original* shew'd to some that know him, and perhaps may claim an equal Rank among the *Criticks*.)

But to come to the Purpose; I have often heard *Translations* blamed for keeping too close to the *Original* Phrase; but never any, before this, for a Negligence that is absolutely necessary to retain the Sense of a *Foreign Author*. All the World knows there is a vast Distance between *Arabick* and the *Languages of Europe*; and if the *Italian Translator* was more exact in forming his Words up to a near Imitation of the *Eastern* Proprieties of Speech, no doubt but impartial Men will rather censure it as a Fault, then cry it up for an Excellency; since nothing sounds well in any *Language*, which is not de-

To the Reader.

liver'd in the *Natural Idiom*. Every Thing ought to be writ in as familiar a Style as we Discourse; especially *Letters*, which are but a Proxy-Method of Conversing at a Distance. And he that Translates out of one *Language* into another, ought to aim chiefly at this, That he be sure to retain the *Original* Sense, and render it smooth and easy to the Reader. The Flowers of *Arabia* and *Italy*, when once Transplanted to our barren *English* Soil, lose their Vertue and Beauty, till they are Naturaliz'd: What then must we expect from their Weeds? Doubtless, there are some Peculiarities in all *Languages*; and to Translate *Verbatim* from so remote a *Tongue*, would sound as harsh as *French* does in an *English* Man's Mouth, when he pronounces it as 'tis writ.

What I have more to say, is, That as this *Volume* contains a *History* of Things transacted within the Memory of most Men now living; so the Two succeeding *Tomes* fall down lower
and

To the Reader.

and nearer to the present Times :
Giving an Account of Events where-
of many have been Eye-witnesses,
and wherein not a few have had a
Personal Share either by Way of
Action, or suffering Profit or Da-
mage; which must needs afford De-
light to thinking Men; since there is
nothing more agreeable to Mortals,
than to reflect on the former Passages
of their Lives, according to that of the
Poet :

Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.

Besides, for the farther Encourage-
ment of the Candid Reader, he may
assure himself, that toward the Con-
clusion of the *Last Volume*, he will
meet with several *Secrets* between
the *French* and *Turkish* Courts, which
will discover the true Source of the
Present War between the *Emperor* of
Germany and the *Grand Signior*; and
give a Glimpse of the private Machi-
nations and Springs which have put

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all *Europe* into the *Hurly-burly* 'tis
now in.

I have but this more to say, That
we hope to be more Speedy in publish-
ing the Remainder of these *Letters*,
than we have hitherto been in the
Former Volumes. Reader, Adieu.





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L E T.



LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

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LETTER I.

Mahmut the Arabian at Paris, to Dgnet
Oglou, his Friend at Constantinople.

IT makes me smile sometimes when I reflect how often I was put to it for an Address suitable to the Manners of the *Nazarenes*, and the particular Mode of *Paris*, when I first arriv'd at this City: For, thou know'st we had other Employments, than to learn Fashions and Conge's at *Palermo*. The Mind of a Slave is dejected under the Circumstances of his Captivity; so that he has

B

not

not Leisure to regard any Thing, but how to accomplish his daily Task, and to please his Patron. All his Study and Care is bent upon this, and there's no Room left for generous Thoughts; neither has he Means or Courage to venture on Projects, or improve the present Occurrences in order to his future Happiness. Nay, he hardly dares think of ever being happy again. This was my Case, and I believe 'twas not much better with thee.

Yet, notwithstanding all the rigorous Usage I had, the Bastinado's, Kicks, Bruises, Cuts and Wounds, I receiv'd from the Hands of that barbarous *Giafer*, my Master, which made me sometimes incapable of doing him any Service by Day, or of taking any Rest my self by Night, I was resolv'd to find some spare Time for Books. I rose early, and went late to Sleep; neglecting no Moment, wherein I could apply my self to Study. The Acquaintance I had with that *Sicilian* Carpenter, our Friend, was of singular Advantage to me in this Kind: For, thou may'st remember, he was well stock'd with many ancient and learned Treatises. He furnish'd me with *Plutarch*, *Polybius*, *Strabo*, *Pliny*, and other *Histories*. All which, and many more, I devour'd with Greediness; for I had a strong Appetite to Knowledge. And after my Redemption, I pass'd away some Time in the *Academy*, where I learn'd the knotty Tricks of *Logick*, how to split Moods and Figures, and chain one impertinent Syllogism to the Tail of another to Eternity. I also run through a Course of *Philosophy* and other *Sciences*. Neither was I altogether ignorant of Men: For the reading of *Histories*, fits a Man the better to make practical Experiments in the Affairs of the World. To which also, *Philosophy* is not a little helpful, in directing our Observations on the various Tempers of People, Mens personal Dispositions and Singularities, with the Humours and Customs peculiar to this or that



that Nation. For these Things depend many times on the Difference of the Climate, the Nature of the Soil, the Qualities of the Air, and the Manner of their Diet.

But neither *History*, *Logick*, or *Philosophy*, were able to efface the Impressions of my early Years, or unteach me the Manners in which I had been educated from my Infancy. I brought *Arabia* and *Constantinople* along with me even to *Paris*. And because I had not been used to dissemble the Profession and Carriage of a *Mussulman*, during my Thralldom in *Sicily*; I was at a Loss in my Deportment, when I came first hither.

How often have I been like to discover my self by pronouncing the sacred *Bismillah*, either when I sat down to eat, or put a Glass of Water to my Lips; or when I began any other Action of Importance? So likewise in uttering the *Handillah*, after a Repast, or when any Thing happen'd which prompted me to praise God.

When I met any of my Acquaintance in the Streets, I was apt to forget that I had a Hat on. And instead of putting off that, according to the Fashion of the *Franks*, I laid my Hand on my Breast, and sometimes bow'd so low, that my Hat fell off from my Head, before I was sensible of my Error.

If I had Occasion to address my self to a Person of Quality, I was ready to take up the Bottom of his Cloak, Gown, or Robe, and to kiss it in Token of Reverence, as the Custom is in the *East*, when we salute the *Grandeess*. Nay, sometimes I could not forbear falling on my Knee, or prostrate on the Ground before Cardinal *Richelieu*, and those of his high Dignity. All which, nevertheless, passed only for Clownishness, and Want of courtly Education, which teaches the nice *Punctilio's* of Address. They took me for a Kind of *Moldavian* Rustick,

without any farther Jealously. Or perhaps, they smil'd at all this, as some singular Caprice or Humour, like that of the Philosopher *Pascales*, who coming to salute a great Captain, and the Ceremony of those Times requiring him to touch the Captain's Knee, he laid his Hand on his Genitals. At which the Captain being affronted, and thrusting his Hand away with scornful Words, *What!* says the Philosopher, *does not that Part belong to you, as well as your Knees?* It often diverts my Melancholy, to consider how many Errors of this Kind I have committed, not through Ignorance, or any Cynical Humour, but only in pure Oversight, and Forgetfulness.

It was a long Time 'ere I could frame my Fingers to handle a Knife and Fork at Meals, as is the universal Custom in these Western Parts; whereas thou knowest, we make use of no other Instruments in Eating, but our Fingers and Teeth. Whence it was, that I could not sometimes forbear thrusting my Hand into a whole Dish of Meat; which is counted a great Indecency in *France*. And after I was reconciled to those nicer Instruments of Voluptuousness, so as to carve my Meat *a la Mode*; yet when once I had it on my own Plate, I laid aside those Tools as useless, and tore it asunder with my Fingers and Teeth, feeding *a la Turcsque*, as the *French* call it; that is, like a *Mussulman*.

Nevertheless, no Body suspected me; but all these Miscarriages pass'd for *Moldavian Barbarisms*, the salvage Customs of that my supposed Country. I tell thee, that tho' the Manner of Eating among the *French*, seem to have something more of Nearness and Delicacy in it; yet it appears full of Softness and Luxury, and I cannot in Reason prefer it to the more natural and simple Method of Diet, us'd in the East. Neither would the *Franks* themselves condemn us for *Salvages* in this Point, as they commonly

monly do, did they but consider, that this Negligence very well becomes Men of the Sword; and that in their Campaigns, their own Generals are ambitious to appear careless in every Thing relating to their Body.

Doubtless, the ancient *Romans*, who brought the greatest Part of the World under their Power, shun'd all Finenesses in *Diet* and *Apparel*, till such time as their Manners were debauch'd, and their Empire in its Decline. Our Annals record, That when *Sulian Selim* lay down with his Army before a certain Place, and the Governour of the Town sent Commissioners to treat with him about a Surrender; they found him at Dinner, which consisted only of two or three Onions, a little Salt and Bread.

Histories also relate of the faithful *Omar*, Successor of the Prophet, That when he was with his Army not far from *Jerusalem*, the *Nazarene* Prince who govern'd that City, sent a *Spy* into the Host of the *Musfulmans*, to observe their Discipline, and bring him a lively Character of their General. The *Spy* went according to his Master's Order; and having tarried some Time in the *Arabian* Camp, returned again, and thus spoke to the Governour.

" It will be needful to recount every Thing I observed among these Soldiers; since by what I shall say of their Leader, thou may'st comprehend the Manners of them all: For they obey him, and follow his Example in every Thing, with exquisite Silence and Modesty. I saw Omar their Prince, at the Head of his Army, sitting on a *Camel*, his Face tawny and scorch'd by the Sun, in a *Vest* of *Persian* Cotton, girded about with a Belt of Leather, at which hung a Cymetar and Dagger, with a Knapsack tied behind him like the meanest Soldier. I saw him take out from thence hard Crusts of Bread, shaking off the Husks of Millet which stuck to them; and saying,

“ *In the Name of God*, he eat heartily of the same.
 “ Then he drank Water out of a leathern Bottle
 “ hanging by his Side; and when he had done, he
 “ said, *Praise be to God*. All his Army made their
 “ Repast at the same Time, and in the same Man-
 “ ner, with admirable Temperance, and such an
 “ Order and Modesty, as I never saw before, nei-
 “ ther can I express.

When the Prince heard this, he stood still a considerable Time, musing as one astonished. Then turning to the *Seniors* and *Chief* of the People who were present, he said, “ It is necessary that we surrender
 “ our City to these People; for they have the
 “ Smiles of Heaven. Their Prophet and their Law,
 “ oblige ’em to Temperance, Frugality, Obedience,
 “ and a modest Deportment. These Vertues are
 “ certain Steps to Victory and Empire. Besides, I
 “ have receiv’d a Tradition from my Ancestors, That
 “ a People shall come out of *Arabia*, with a new
 “ Law and Religion, which shall abolish all that went
 “ before it. They shall subdue *Palestine* and *Egypt*,
 “ and shall build *Mosques*, wherein their *Prayers* shall
 “ sound like the Humming of Bees. Their Empire
 “ shall extend from *East* to *West*, and to the *Extre-*
 “ *mities* of the *Earth*. This is what I have learned
 “ from my Fore-fathers, and which I believe is now
 “ coming to pass. Therefore it will be in vain to
 “ resist these Men; for they are invincible by a
 “ Decree from Above.

Those that were about him, did not approve the Counsel of this wise *Nazarene*. However, he sent to *Omar*, and obtain’d Favour for himself and his Family.

Thou wilt say, I’m got wide of the Mark of my first Discourse, which related to my self, and not to any of the primitive *Caliphs*: But ’tis impossible to restrain our Thoughts from roving. Some say, they hang together like the Links of a Chain; and
 that

that one Idea being fastened to another in our Memory, we muster them in Rank and File, according to their proper Order, when we think, or make Reflections. God knows how 'tis. This I am sure of, That when I write to my Friends, I study not to make an elaborate Speech on't, as if I were penning an Oration; but pursuing my first Intention at Random, I run on, letting one Thought and Word beget another.

But I was telling thee how great a Bungler I was at first in all the Ceremonies and Manners of the *Franks*, which differ from those of the *East*. I was as much to seek in my Address, as an *Ass* would be to play on a *Lute*, according to the *Roman Proverb*: Yet Time and Practice render'd all these Things familiar and easy. Now, methinks, I'm a thorough *Nazarene* as to my Exteriour. I go to the Court and the Temples with as much seeming Formality as the *Christians*, whilst, God knows, my Heart is somewhere else: All my Actions are out of their natural Byass, so long as I am absent from the Society of *True Believers*.

In a Word, I'm forc'd to imitate the *Fox*, which Creature, when it is environ'd with *Huntsmen* and *Dogs*, counterfeits a Barking like the latter, and so passes undiscover'd for one of their Company.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1659.



LETTER II.

To the Reis Effendi, or Principal Secretary of
the Ottoman Empire.

I Am at this Time possess'd with more Apprehensions and Jealousies, than an old *Infidel* Usurer. My Lodging affects me with greater Melancholy, than would a Prison. And my Uneasiness is the same when I go out of Doors. Every Body that meets me, looks either as my Accuser or my Judge: And some appear as terrible as Executioners. By Day, my Imagination torments me like a Fury; and by Night, I am affrighted with melancholy Visions. I dream of nothing but Racks, Wheels, Saws, Gibbets, and such like Instruments of human Cruelty. Or that I am in some dark Dungeon, condemn'd to more unsufferable Tortures, by Order of the State; with *Cardinal Mazarini*, sitting by me like a *Spanish Inquisitor*, and in the most Tyrannical Manner, threatening me with Pains, to which the *Damn'd* themselves are wholly Strangers, if I will not confess what I am, and reveal the Secrets with which I am entrusted.

The Occasion of these Terrors which harras me Night and Day, is this: I have for four or five Days together found my self dogg'd up and down *Paris*, by a Man whose Face I never saw before in my Life. Let me go where I will, he's always some distance from me. If I stand still, so does he: Or if I turn back, he's quickly at my Heels. I have endeavour'd by all the prudent Methods I could take to drop him in the Crowd of People, or in the Churches: But all in vain; for still I encounter with the same Face. He pursues me like my Shadow. Neither Coach nor Boat, Land
or

or Water, House or Alley, can rescue me from the Fellow's Eyes, who is more quick-sighted than *Argus*, and nimbler than *Mercury*. He is very cunning also in this Business, and as dexterous as a Juggler, conveying himself when he pleases out of my Sight; yet presently after, he's in view again. And if I chance to lose him in the Dark, I am sure to find him not far from my Lodging next Morning.

This is it which gives me so much Disturbance, and pierces me with a thousand Anxieties; for I know not what to conjecture of this Fellow's Design. Sometimes I think he is employ'd by Cardinal *Mazarini* to watch my Motions, observe what Houses and Company I frequent, and trace me in all my Appointments. And I am the more confirm'd in this Suspicion, when I reflect on my former Imprisonment in this City, and the Occasion of it. Besides, when I went Yesterday to see *Eliachim* the Jew, this Spark follow'd me near to the Door: And tho' I tarried there two full Hours, yet when I came out, I had not walked a hundred Paces, before I saw him again, footing it after me in a careless Manner, with his Arms folded, and his Eyes fix'd on the Ground, as if he knew nothing of the Matter. These are convincing Circumstances, that he is set at Work by the Cardinal, or some Body else, to discover my Business.

But when on the other Side, I consider, that if the Cardinal suspected me, he might go a nearer Way to Work, and seize me in my Chamber, where my Letters would betray me, this Thought vanishes, and I am at a Loss what to think.

Then comes into my Mind the Encounter I had once with my *Sicilian* Master, who strove to set the Rabble upon me in the Streets of *Paris*; but my better Stars delivered me out of his and their Hands,

Hands, whilst, for ought I know, he drew upon himself the Mischief he design'd for me. However, when I reflect on that Passage, I am apt to think he may be now in *Paris*, and having by some Accident seen me go in or out at my Lodgings, contrives how to revenge himself on me, and uses this Fellow's Assistance in compassing his Ends. Perhaps, think I, he will cause me to be Stab'd or Pistol'd at some convenient Season; or he will find out some other Way, less noisy and more malicious to dispatch me. It may be he seeks to entrap me, and render me obnoxious to the State. I have a thousand Imaginations about it, and know not what to conclude. I value not my self, nor am I careful to prolong a miserable Life for my own sake. All that I can hope to enjoy in this World, would come far short of tempting me to screen my self from the Stroke of Death, by an Action unworthy of a Philosopher, and a Man. But the Duty and Affection I owe to the *Grand Signior's* Service, makes me willing to live, till I have acquitted my self of my Province with perfect Success, that so I may return to *Constantinople* with Honour: And then I care not how soon I post to that unknown World, where all the Generations of Mortals take up their eternal Rest: For in this there's nothing but Labour and Grief.

In the mean time, I know not what Conduct to use in this Emergency; Whether I'd best to speak to this Fellow, or dissemble my Suspicion; whether it will be safe to trust this Event to the general Providence, or to sacrifice him that gives me so much Disquiet, and so secure my Peace. I could easily have him dispatch'd without any farther Noise. But then my Conscience would trouble me with After-Claps, lest I should have murder'd a Man without Reason, which is expressly forbid by the *Alcoran*. Besides, I should always stand

stand in fear of some Discovery ; I protest, I am at a Loss for Want of ample Instructions in such Cases as these. And I am weary of mentioning what I have so often intimated already to the Ministers of the *Porte*, without any direct Answer. However, I will do what my Reason suggests, and leave the Event to *Destiny*.

Happy *Minister* ! the Affairs of this World are full of dark Windings and Meanders ; and we have all need of a Guide, or a Clew, to conduct us thro' 'em. May that *Omnipresent* assist us, when ever we are catch'd in a Knot, or lost in a Labyrinth of Difficulties.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon,
: of the Year 1659.

LETTER III.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

TH Y venerable Dispatch I receiv'd with Kisses,
and a Transport of Joy. I thrice touch'd my
Eye-lids with the Paper of High Esteem, and as
oft I laid it to my Breast. I broke up the Seals
with Modesty and Reverence, and my greedy Eyes
devour'd the Lines of profound Wisdom ; the Sen-
tences and Aphorisms worthy to be written in Let-
ters of Gold. Then 'twas I bless'd the Hour of my
Nativity, and the more happy Moment wherein I
first had the Honour of thy Familiarity and Friend-
ship : O thou sincere and eximious Patron of
such as love the Sciences ! Renowned for thy
Learning and Probity of Manners ! Prince of the

*Aisqu's and Doctors ! Crown of the Sage Assembly
of Philosophers ! Oracle of the Age.*

Glory be to God, who has neither Beginning or End ! Who alone possesses the infinite Expanse and Life Eternal ; who is ador'd by the *Inhabitants of Heaven, of Earth, and of Hell* : Benedictions on *Michael, Gabriel, Israphiel, Ithuriel, Jeremiel, Hasmariel*, and on all the happy Ministers of his Divine Majesty ; as also on the *Angel of Death*. Peace to the *True Believers* on Earth, and Salvation to the Devils and Damn'd, after they have accomplish'd their Penance in *Hell*, and the Term of Wrath shall be expir'd.

An universal Charity dilates my Heart ; I embrace with Love all the Creatures of God. This is owing to the seasonable Arrival of thy Letter : For at the Moment when that came, I was plung'd in so deep a Melancholy, that I could hardly afford a kind Thought for any Thing on Earth, and I perfectly hated my self. I have these Fits of Sadness often, it being an Effect of my Constitution.

At those Seasons Life appears an insupportable Burthen, and all the Bustle and Noise of Mortals a vain Fatigue. My Senses, which at other Times administer Delight and Pleasure, are now the Instruments of Anguish and Pain. Every Thing I see and hear, disgusts me. I abhor my necessary Food. Neither can the sweetest Odours, or softest Strains of Musick bring me into a better Temper : Till Sleep eclipses the Light of my busie Imagination, and puts out every glaring Thought. Then my Soul takes her Repose : And stealing from my Body, enters into the shady Vale of Visions, and sports with innocent Idea's. Thus having diverted my self with jumbling monstrous Essences together, and hurling one Chimæra at another, I return again to my Body, and Sighing awake, griev'd that I could nor longer stay in that *Mock-World*,
where

where I could have wish'd my Residence for ever, rather than in *This*, which gives me so much real Pain. Thus is my Anguish renew'd with the Morning. Light is more irksome to me than Darkness, and the Day which brings Joy to other Mortals is more terrible to me than Night, and the Shadow of Death.

I complain to the Elements, but they will not hear or regard me. All Nature seems to laugh at my Affliction, and the Beasts of the Field triumph over me. As for Men, here are none but *Infidels*, my profess'd Enemies, to whom I can vent my Sorrows: And I'm ashamed to make a Woman my *Confessor*, tho' 'twere my own Mother, who lives in *Paris*, and daily sees me.

If in this dolorous Condition I prepare my Self with the accustom'd Purifications of the Law, and Addresses to the Omnipotent, I know not where to find him: His Essence is unsearchable, and flies from human Thought. I call him aloud by his Ninety Nine adorable Names, but receive no Answer. I repeat his incomprehensible Attributes, but all to no Purpose. In a Word, I say and do all that the Law enjoins, the Prophet counsels, holy Persons recommend, or my own Reason suggests, as a proper Means to obtain the Favour of Heaven, and a Redress of my Calamity: But find no Comfort. And, for ought I know, that *Spaniard* might as soon be heard, who being ignorant what Form of Prayer to use, rehears'd the Four and Twenty Letters of the Alphabet, desiring God to form such Words out of 'em, as best express'd the Petitioner's Necessities.

I tell thee, illustrious Prelate, after I'm tir'd with vocal Devotions, I have recourse to Contemplation. I examine my past Life, and find that I my self am the Source of my own Melancholy, in not strictly obeying the Law of the Prophet,
the

the Precepts of the Seniors, and the Dictates of my Conscience : And all this, for the Sake of Loyalty to the *Grand Signior*, and in Confidence to the *Mufsi's* Dispensation. Now I ask of thee, Whether it be Lawful to commit a thousand Vices, that I may only acquit my self fairly in one Vertue ? Or, to think, that in such Case, the *Mufsi* has Power to disannul the exprefs, positive Injunctions of our *Holy Lawgiver* ? Is the Empire of the *Faithful* to be serv'd by the Infidelity and Prophaneness of *Musfulmans* ? Or the Truth to be supported by Lyes and Perjuries.

I tremble to think what a Confusion I shall be in, when the Prophet shall reproach me, That I have prefer'd the Favour of Men, to the Smiles of *Heaven*. I know not what to do. Oh, that I were in the parching *Desarts* of *Lybia* ! or any the most unfrequented Solitude of *Egypt* ! A Companion of Dragons, and other horrid Monsters of *Africk* ! rather than in this Station, which renders my Life a Hell upon Earth, and torments me with half the Disquiets of the *Damn'd*.

But if this appears too extravagant and desperate a Thought, let me at last with my self at *Fex*, the meanest of thy Slaves, or of thy incomparable *Musu Abul Yabyan*, of whom thy last Letter gave so high a Character. I have address'd a Dispatch to him, hoping for the Honour of his Friendship and Correspondence.

Let not the Liberty I've taken to tell thee of my Sadness, discourage thee from Writing : But rest assur'd, that whenever thou shalt vouchsafe me a Letter, though I were in the Agonies of Death, I would call me back again.

Paris, 25th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1679.

LETTER

LETTER IV.

To the Kaimacham.

THese Nazarenes are very fertile in new Religions. Europe is a Wilderness over-run with monstrous Sects and Heresies. Every Age produces fresh Pretenders to Prophecy and Divine Revelation. Error is prolifick, and multiplies infinitely, whilst Truth remains the same for ever, and is comprehended in a few Rules.

Of late Years there are a Sort of People sprung up in England, Holland, Germany, and other Parts of the North, boasting of a new Commission given them from Heaven, to preach the everlasting Truth, reform the Errors and Vices of Mankind, and lead People the only infallible Way to Happiness. Their Address is plain and simple, bold and uniform, using no other Ceremonies or Compliments in their Discourse or Carriage to Persons of the greatest Quality, than to the Vulgar, and those of the most inferior Rank.

They stile themselves, *The true Seed, the Off-spring of Jacob, Jews of the Promise, Israelites without Fraud*, with such like vain Titles; but by others they are generally call'd *Quakers*.

They say, the Ring-leader of this People, professes himself to be the *Messias*, being in all Parts of his Body, and Features of his Face like *Jesus the Son of Mary*: Or at least 'tis observ'd, that he exactly resembles that Portraiture of him which *Publius Lentulus* sent to the Senate of Rome out of *Judea*, when he was Governor of that Province. Hence his Followers scruple not to call him *Jesus, The Beauty of Ten Thousand, The only begotten Son of God, The Prophet who is to Seal up all Things,*
The

the Prince of Peace, King of Israel, Judge, Consolation and Hope of the World.

When he travels, his *Disciples* attend him bare-headed, (which, thou know'st, is a Token of Reverence among the *Franks*) yet they never uncover any other Mortal. He rides on Horseback, whilst they walk on Foot before, behind, and on each Side of him, spreading their Garments in the Way thro' which he passes. The Hoofs of his Beast tread only on Silks or other costly Stuffs. And as they enter into any Town or City, they chaunt aloud his Praises, proclaiming him the *Son of David*, and *Heir of the Divine Promises*.

All his *Followers* pretend to be *Prophets*, boasting of strange Illuminations and Raptures, foretelling Things to come, and reproaching the Vices of *Governors* and the greatest *Princes*, with a Boldness which has but few Precedents. In a Word, they every where preach, That *God* is laying the Foundation of a *New Monarchy*, which shall destroy all the rest in the World, and shall never have an End it self.

This gives a Jealousy to the *States* where they live, and therefore they are persecuted in all Places. Yet they appear very constant in their Sufferings, and tenacious of the *Doctrines* they preach.

They seem, in my Opinion, to resemble one of our *Mussulmans Sects*, who assert, That *Jesus* the *Son of Mary* shall return again upon Earth: That he shall Marry and beget Children, be anointed *King of the Nations* who believe in *One God*, and in this glorious State shall reign Forty Years: After which he shall subdue *Antichrist*, and then shall follow the Dissolution of all Things. Yet the *Orthodox Believers* reject this Tenet as fabulous. Neither is there any Countenance given to it in that *Versicle* of the *Alcoran*, where 'tis said, *Thou Mahomet shalt see thy Lord return in the Clouds*: Since that only intimates

timates the glorious Descent which *Moses*, *Jesus*, and *Mahomet* shall make from Paradise, with *Enoch*, *Elias*, and the One Hundred Twenty Four Thousand *Prophets*, to assemble the Elect at the Day of Judgment.

If thou would'st have my Opinion of these new Religionists in Europe, and their Leader; I take him to be an *Impostor*, and his Followers to be either Fools or Mad-men. Even just such another Crew, as those who follow'd *Moseilema*, in the Days of our Holy Law-giver. This was an *Arabian Impostor*, who pretended to set up for a *Prophet*, and attempted to compose a Book like the *Alcoran*. But he was infatuated with a vain Arrogance, and there was no Truth or Elegance in his Writings, no Justice on his Side, nor Understanding in him or his Party. To be short, both he and they were all cut to Pieces in the Vale of *Akreb*, by the Troops of *Abu Bacrossadic*, the first *Cailiph*.

As to these modern Seducers, they are not Men of Arms, but a Herd of silly, insignificant People, aiming rather to heap up Riches in Obscurity, than to acquire a Fame by an heroick Undertaking. They are generally Merchants or Mechanicks, and are observ'd to be very punctual in their Dealings, Men of few Words in a Bargain, modest and compos'd in their Deportment, temperate in their Lives, and using great Frugality in all Things. In a Word, they are singularly Industrious, sparing no Labour or Pains to encrease their Wealth; and so subtle and inventive, that they wou'd, if possible, extract Gold out of Ashes. I know none that excel them in these Characters, but the *Jews* and the *Banians*: The former being the craftiest of all Men, and the latter so superlatively cunning, that they will over-reach the Devil.

But these are no Signs of a pure Religion; for that only prescribes the Methods of withdrawing
and

and separating the Soul from the Contagion of earthly Things, and of uniting it to the Deity, which is its Source.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, I bid thee adieu, praying that thou and I may at last meet in that Center of all Things, after our various Epicycles and Excursions in this lower World.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER V.

To the same.

I Sent a *Dispatch* some Moons past to the *Cadilesquer* of *Romeli*, *Guardian* of the *Imperial Canons*, *Interpreter* of the *Laws of Equity*; wherein I inform'd him of the *Advances* that were made in order to a *Peace* between *France* and *Spain*. Now I can assure thee, that *Peace* is concluded, and the *Articles* sign'd on both Sides by the two *Plenipotentiaries*.

I need not repeat what I particularly related to that *Grandee*. My Letters are all publish'd in the *Divan*, and Register'd. Yet it will not be unwelcome perhaps to thee, to hear with what *Niceness* of *Punctilio*, these *Infidel Ministers* met to accomplish an *Affair*, whereon depends the *Interest* and *Honour* of their respective *Masters*, the *Happiness* of the two *Kingdoms*, and the general *Byass* of all the *West*.

There is a little *Island* form'd by the River *Bidassoa*, call'd the *Isle of Pheasants*, through the Middle of which, a *Line* is drawn, which exactly separates the *Territories* of both *Monarchs*. This Place was agreed on for the *Interview* of the Two *Ministers*. Each had his *Bridge* to enter the *Island* in
that

that Part which belong'd to his Master. And over the Line of Separation was erected a large *Divan* or *Council-Room*, to be enter'd only by two private Doors, one out of Cardinal *Mazarini's* Lodgings, rais'd on the *French* Side of the *Council-Room*, the other out of *Don Louis d' Aro's* Apartment, built on the *Spanish* Side.

Each of these Ministers was accompany'd by several *Princes* and *Grandeas* of the *Court*, and above sixty other Persons of Quality, with a Guard of four hundred Horse and Foot, to secure their Bridges, and the Place of Conference. In a Word, Things were manag'd with so much Moderation and good Success, that the *Mareschal de Gramont* was sent *Embassador Extraordinary* into *Spain*, and receiv'd at that *Court* with infinite Civilities and Honour.

The Subject of his *Negotiation*, was to treat of a *Match* between the *King* his *Master*, and the *Infanta* of *Spain*. His Conduct and Address were such, as soon procur'd the *Catholick King's* Consent; And from that Time the *Mareschal* approach'd the *Infanta* with more than ordinary Submissions; esteeming her now as the *Queen of France*. Soon after this, the *Nuptial Contract*, and the *Peace* were mutually Sign'd, to the immense Joy of the *Subjects* of both Sides, who were very glad to exchange the Toils and Calamities of *War*, for the *Sweets* and Profit of *Peace*.

It will be needless to insert here all the *Articles* on which they agreed. Two will be worth the Knowledge of the *Supreme Divan*. And those are, the Release of *Charles Duke of Lorrain*, on the *Spanish King's* Side; And on the Part of the *King of France*, the Restoration of the *Prince of Conde* to the free Possession and Enjoyment of all his Estates, Honours, Dignities, and Privileges, as the first Prince of the Royal Blood, with the Government of the Provinces of *Bourgoigne* and *Bresse*.

A little before these Articles were Sign'd the young Prince of *Spain* dy'd suddenly, not having seen twelve *Moons*. I mention'd the Birth of this Royal Infant in one of my Letters, and the extraordinary Solemnities that were made thereupon by the King of *Spain*, and his Embassadors at Foreign Courts. These *Infidels* appear in all Things too passionately affected with the Glories of our mortal State, which at the Height are but transient Shadows, or something less considerable.

I'm amaz'd at the bold Rebellion of the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*, and that he shou'd endeavour to cheat the Empire with so stale an Imposture, as a Sham Son of *Amurat*. Yet it seems he made a considerable Progress under this Pretence. Some were glad of Novelty, others were frightened out of their Allegiance: Whilst only a few serv'd his Interest in pure Discontent and Hopes to amend their Fortune. The Country People are generally oppress'd by their Governours, and 'tis no Wonder if they take up Arms for one that promises to deliver 'em from their Calamities. This is the usual Pretext of all Innovations in the State. The Soldiers also are defrauded of their due Pay; and then they're ready to Fight under the next General that brings most Money with him. Neither are there wanting Malecontents among the *Grandeers* at such Times, to foment and abett an *Insurrection*.

All these Events proceed from the ill Conduct of the Supreme Ministers, who alone are responsible for the Miscarriages of the State.

Illustrious *Kaimacham*, the Frame of the *Ottoman* Government is out of Order; I wish Fate does not pull it in Pieces, as a necessary Step to its Amendment. Adieu.

Paris, 2d of the last Moon,
of the Year 1659.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ortoman Empire.

I With thee all imaginable Joy of thy new Dignity; yet question, whether thou or thy Predecessor be the Happier Man. 'Tis a vast Honour indeed, and attended with immense Profit, to serve in this Station the most High, most Potent, and most invincible Monarch on Earth. But at the same Time, there's infinite Toil and Fatigue in it, with Abundance of Perils. From all which the fortunate *Muzlu* is now deliver'd, and they are become thy Portion.

As for him, I cannot but esteem him Happy, in that he has got Permission to retire to his Country Seat, out of the Crowd and Noise of the City, and from the stifling-Businesses of State, which choak the more innocent and natural Delights of the Soul. Now he is fully restor'd to the Elements, and to himself; whereas before, the perpetual Hurry of the Court, made him in Part a Stranger to both: For there a Man insensibly loses Acquaintance with his own most intimate Affections. His Spirit is alienated amidst the Multiplicity of his Concerns; 'tis stretch'd on the Rack of Ten Thousand Cares and Inquietudes; 'tis divided, shatter'd and rent in Pieces.

Besides, were he as free from these distracting Thoughts as a *Santone*; yet the very Necessity of living always in a City, was enough to render him Miserable. For I esteem such a Confinement, no better than a Prison at Large; and not far from being buried Alive.

'Tis true, *Constantinople* has the Advantage of all the Cities in the World, for the Delightfulness of
its

its Situation; the Houses being so pleasantly intermix'd with fair Gardens, and the Streets refresh'd with cold Breezes from the Sea. It looks at a Distance like a Town in a Wood: Or one may term it a Forrest compos'd of Minarets and Cypresses. The Terrasses afford agreeable Prospects of the neighbouring Fields and Mountains: And 'tis pleasant to stand on the Water-side, and view the innumerable Variety of Boats and Vessels sailing from one Port to another, with all the other Divertisements on the Sea, and the beautiful Mixture of Palaces and Groves, Chioses and Gardens, Seraglio's and Villages which grace the opposite Shoar. O Queen of Cities, Mistress of Kingdoms, Glory of Nations, Commandress and Sanctuary of the whole Earth! Thrice happy shou'd I count my self, if I might have the Favour to reside within thy venerable Walls, and exchange the polluted Society of Infidels, for that of True Believers.

How often do I languish to see the glittering Crescents, the triumphant Ensigns of the Ottomans, on the Tops of the Minarets in the Imperial City? How oft do I with my self prostrate on the Carpets of the Sacred Mosques, in the devout Assemblies of the Faithful, adoring the Eternal in Perfection of Sanctity? Whereas, now I'm forc'd to go into the Temples of Idolaters, to kneel and bow down before Stocks and Statues, to join seemingly with Unbelievers, and pray to that which has no Life, nor Sense, nor Power.

How do I envy the Blessed State of the meanest Artizan in Constantinople, who daily feeds on the wholesome Pillaw of the East, and drinks the delectable Sherbets, or Waters tinctur'd with the rich Fruits of Greece? Whereas, I am compell'd to eat Meats forbidden by our holy Prophet, and to render my Soul execrable by an impure and prophane Diet, or I must starve. For, these Uncircumcis'd
are

are more abominable than *Ravens* and *Vultures*, to whom the most filthy *Carrion* is a Dainty. And to cloak their Uncleanneſs, they corrupt their own *Gospel*, and forge a Toleration from the *Messias* himſelf. As if that *Holy Prophet*, who in every the leaſt Title obey'd the *Law of Moſes*, and ſet himſelf as an Example for his Followers to imitate, cou'd be guilty of contradicting thoſe Divine Precepts, and running counter to his own Practice, in recommending *Uncleanneſs* and *Libertiniſm*. No : The admirable Son of *Mary*, was the moſt temperate and abſtemious Man in the World, and both in his Words and Actions preach'd up thoſe Vertues to others; having often expreſſly declar'd to his *Disciples*, That he came not to *abolish the Law*, but to *refine and perfect it*.

He was *Circumciſed* on the eighth Day after his *Nativity*, according to the Injunction of *Moſes*, and the conſtant Practice of the Sons of *Iſrael*. In a Word, through the whole Courſe of his Life, he never deviated from the Traditions of his Fathers, the Seniors of the Houſe of *Jacob*.

'Tis true, he frequently argued againſt the many trivial Superſtitious of the *Phariſees*, who evacuated the more eſſential Points of the Law, by ſuperinducing a Number of inſignificant Ceremonies : But he never open'd his Mouth againſt any poſitive Precept; ſuch as were thoſe which limited the Choice they were to make of Meats, diſtinguiſhing the Impure from the Clean. Yet the Chriſtians delude themſelves with a falſe Belief, that he gave 'em a Diſpenſation to eat any Thing without Caution or Reſerve.

Hence it is, that they deſile themſelves with Swine's Fleſh and creeping Things, and Blood is in all their Diſhes. They ſcruple not to eat of that which died of it ſelf, and banquet as freely with what was knock'd down or ſtrangled, as we wou'd do
with

with the Flesh of a Beast that was kill'd in pronouncing the Name of God. The Shambles here afford no other Provision but such as this; and he that will not eat that which is an Abomination to a *Mussulman*, must be contented with Herbs. This I reckon as one of the greatest of my Misfortunes, and it makes me burn with Desire to return to *Constantinople*.

Yet, after all, I shou'd think my self far more Happy, if I might have the Liberty to spend the rest of my Days in my native Country: So great an Admirer I am of a Rural Life and Solitude. And 'tis for this Reason, I count thy Predecessor a happy Man, in having the Privilege of a sweet Retirement; where he may take Breath from the vain Importunity and Bustle of Mortals.

In the mean time, there is a Species of Felicity in thy Employment: And thou can'st not be call'd Miserable, so long as thou acquittest thy self fairly, and enjoyest the Favour of thy Sovereign.

I perceive by thy Letter, that thou art curious to know the Characters of Foreign States, with the various Interests of *Nazarene* Princes; the Intrigues of these *Western* Courts; their Overtures of Peace and War; and the different Laws, Maxims, and Customs by which the People are Govern'd. Thy Conversation with Embassadors at the *Porte*, will furnish thee with Abundance of useful Remarks in this Kind: But, since thou requirest me to send my Observations, I will hereafter obey thy Commands in successive Letters. For this is too large a Theme for one *Dispatch*.

At present, thou may'st receive and register for true News, That the Peace between *France* and *Spain* has been Sign'd by both *Kings*, and solemnly publish'd throughout their Territories, with inexpressible Joy and Magnificence. It is certain also, that the King of *Sueden* is dead, and the Duke of *Orleanco*,

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Orleance, Uncle to the *French King*: Which has in some measure qualify'd the Mirth of the *French* on this Occasion. Assuredly, human Affairs are equally checquer'd with Good and Evil. Bliss comes not to us in pure unmix'd Streams. *Death* keeps an even Pace, and knocks as boldly at the *Gates of Kings*, as at the *Cottages* of the meanest *Slaves*.

It is the Part of a wise Man to be always resign'd to *Heaven*, and prepar'd for the worst Events: As for the Best, they never come amiss.

Paris, 17th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

SHall I converse with thee, as *Horace* us'd to do with his Friends, over a Glafs of generous Wine? Let us lay aside Masks for a while, and discourse with open Souls. I believe thou hast as equal a Veneration for our *Holy Prophet*, as I; and hast been Educated in all the Tendernesses of Piety, the *Niceties* of *Divine Love*, as our *Mollahs* are pleas'd to call it. We have been both of us careful to rise before the Sun, and say our *Oraisons* every Morning in a Demy-Trance, that is, half asleep, and half awake. This, no doubt, is a necessary Point of Piety. And we have been no less solicitous in observing the other *Four Hours* of *Prayer*. Either of us wou'd have accounted it an irreligious Negligence, if we had seen a Piece of *Paper* on the Ground, and had not stoop'd to take it up, with Reverence wiping off the Dirt, and kissing the *Tabula Rasa*, on which Men use to write the *Name of God*. As if 'twere not an

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equal Argument of Respect to secure from Propagation, Sticks, Stones, Rags, or any Thing whereon 'twere possible to Engrave or Print the *All-Mysterious Character*; nay, or the very *Sands* themselves, which as some say, were the *First Books* on Earth. However, if they were not the First, we are sure that in very early Ages, Men us'd to stamp their *Memoirs*, or draw them out in perceptible Figures on the Surface of the Earth: Witness the old Ship-wreck'd *Philosopher*, who being cast ashore in an *unknown Land*, soon trac'd out the Manners of the People, by certain *Mathematical Impressions* which he found in the Sands: For, he concluded these to be the very Foot-steps of Humanity and Vertue. But, to return to the Business of Religion: We have been Obedient to the Instructions of our *Fathers and Tutors*; zealous in observing every *Punctilio* of *Traditional Piety*. We have Fast'd, Pray'd, Wash'd, and given Alms, at the appointed Seasons, and in the Manner prescrib'd by the *Law*. All these, I own, are commendable Exercises: But, methinks, they are not the solid and substantial Parts of *True Religion*. I hate Hypocrisie, and the devout Wantonness of those who think to mock God with *Ceremonies* and *empty Forms*. It were much better to mix with the *Idolatrous Rites* of *Bacchus* (if they deserve that *Epithet*) and rant in Honour of eternal Wine, talk reputed Blasphemy, and reform the Model of the *Universe*; I say, I'd chuse to do all this, and more, rather than cheat my self with empty Hopes of gaining *Paradise*, for acting to the Life, the Shams of pious Mimickry.

I would not have thee think, that what I have now said, proceeds from any Contempt of the Eternal Majesty.

By those fair *Heavens* above, and all the *Immortal Spangles* of the Sky, I swear, there's not a Faculty in *Mahmut's Soul*, which is not fill'd with Gratitude
and

and Veneration, which does not burn with Flames of Sacred Love to the adorable Fountain of All Things. In a Word, I only strive to rescue my Friend from the Attempts of Pious Frauds, the Religious Burlesques of our *Mollahs* and *Mufti's*.

Believe, my dear *Dgnet*, That there is a God, a *First Cause*, a *Just Judge* presiding over the *World*: Believe also his *Prophet*, the Holy, the Beloved *Mahomet*, the *Minion*, as I may say, of the *Omnipotent*. But, have some Faith also for the rest of his Messengers and Favourites. Let not *Hali* be thought of without some inward Flurries of *Devotion*. He was a *Mussulman*, and the Fourth *Caileph*, tho' his Followers be damn'd *Hereticks* in our *Divinity*. Had Right taken Place, perhaps he had been the First of the *Vicars*, but his Cause was superseded by his Absence. Let him, and that rest, till the final *Inquisition*. And acknowledge that I have said too little for a *Schiai*, and not too much for a *Sunni*.

I know no Reason also, why we should not reverence the Memories of *Mercury*, *Orpheus*, *Cadmus*, *Melissus*, *Faunus*, and the rest of the ancient *Sages* and *Law-givers*, who instructed the Nations of the Earth in the Mysteries of Religion, taught them to adore one *Supreme God*, to believe the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and to practise *Good Works*.

What, tho' the *Ceremonies* of their *Worship* were different from ours, and perhaps polluted with an unjustifiable Adoration of *Images*? What tho' their *Altars* reek'd with the *Blood* of slain *Beasts*, and sometimes smoak'd even with *Humane Sacrifices*? These *Barbarous Rites* were not instituted by the *First Oracles* of Religion, illuminated *Souls*, *Nuncio's* from God to this *Lower World*: But, they were afterwards super-induc'd, thro' the Corruption of Times, the Avarice of Priests, and the Superstition of the People. And, for ought we know, our own *Historians* have not been Impartial in relating the Truth.

There is an innate Envy between People of different Families and Nations. Both We and our Fathers, that descend from *Abraham* by *Ismael*, and the *Jews* who are his Posterity by *Isaac*, have been too favourable to the Off-spring of that Beloved of God. We generally entertain and cherish a specific Pride on the Score of our illustrious Pedigree: Especially the *Jews*, who will not allow any People on Earth to be their Equals, either in Point of Antiquity, the Nobility of their Race, or the innumerable Multitude of their Brethren. Whereas they consider not, that they are dispers'd up and down over the whole Earth, like Sheep without a Shepherd, not permitted to possess a Cubit of Land which they can call their own: Condemn'd, hated, and made a Proverbial Scoff among all Nations: Infamous Vagabonds, Usurers, Slaves and Pimps to other Mens Pleasures: Men of no Fame or Character: Finally, in their present Circumstances, the most Spurious and Ignoble of all the Sons of *Adam*, except the *Kafars* of *Ethiopia*, who feed on the Guts and Dung of Beasts.

'Tis true indeed their Ancestors made a considerable Figure in the World in the Days of *Solomon*, and other Victorious *Kings*, during their Possession of *Palestine*. And yet in those very Times, they were often humbled and led away into Captivity, by the more Fortunate *Kings* of *Babylon*, *Persia*, and *Assyria*, and afterwards subdu'd by the *Grecians*; till at last they were totally ruined, their Cities laid Waste, their Temple burnt to Ashes, and their Country quite dispeopled by the *Romans*.

If we ascend yet higher to their celebrated Migration out of *Egypt*, of which their own Historians make such a Noise, and tell so many fabulous Wonders: We shall find a very mean and contemptible Character given of 'em by *Egyptian Writers*, and those other Nations, Men of as great Authority

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rity as *Josephus*, or any other *Jewish Historian*. *Manethos*, a Priest of *Egypt*, calls 'em a Crew of Leprous and Nasty People, and says, they were expell'd the Country by *Amenophis* then Reigning, and driven into *Syria*; their Captain being *Moses*, an *Egyptian* Priest. A like Relation we have from *Charemon*, an Author of good Credit among the *Greeks*, who tells us, That in the Reign of *Amenophis*, Two Hundred and Fifty Thousand *Lepers* were forcibly banish'd out of *Egypt*, under the Conduct of *Tisithen* and *Peteseih* (i. e. *Moses* and *Aaron*.) And tho' other Writers differ in the Name of the King then Reigning in *Egypt*, yet all agree in asserting the *Israelites* to be a nasty Sort of People, over-run with Scabs and Infectious Boils, and that they were esteem'd the Scum and Filth of the Nation. *Tacitus*, a *Roman* Writer of unquestionable Authority, adds, That *Moses*, one of the Exil'd *Lepers*, being a Man of Wit and Reputation among them, when he saw the Grief and Confusion of his Brethren, bid them be of good Chear, and neither trust the Gods or Men of *Egypt*, but only confide in him, and obey his Counsel: For that he was sent from Heaven to be their Conductor out of this Calamity, and to Protect them from all their Enemies. Upon which, the People not knowing what Course to take, surrendred themselves wholly to his Disposol; from which Time he became their Captain and Law-giver, leading them through the *Desarts* of *Arabia*, where they committed great Rapine and Spoil, putting Man, Woman and Child to the Sword, burning their Cities, and laying all Things dosolate. Dear *Dgnet*, What could be said worse of a Company of Robbers and Banditti?

Moses is gone to Paradise, and when I mention his Name, it is with a profound Reverence; for, he was the Greatest of the ancient Prophets. Yet give me leave to have some Regard for my own Reason.

He was but a Mortal as well as I ; and without doubt, was not exempt from human Frailties. He had the Advantage to be Educated in the *College* of the *Royal Priest* at *Memphis*, which none of his Nation could boast of besides himself. Suffer me to tell thee my Thoughts frankly, and without Disguise. *Magick* and *Astrology* were the only *Sciences* then in Vogue : And he being perfectly vers'd in all the Mysteries and Secrets of *Egyptian* Wisdom, 'twas no hard Task for him to possess the Rude and Ignorant Sons of *Jacob*, with a profound Attach and Veneration for his Person : And in that distress'd Condition, to mold their flexible Spirits to what Discipline he pleas'd.

Suspect me not for an *Infidel* or an *Atheist*, because I discourse with this Freedom. I have heard some of our *Mollahs* say a great deal more in their private Conversation. And 'tis a superstitious Timorousness, not to be bold in the Exercise of our Reason, which taught even the Prophet *Moses* himself, the Methods of Conquest, and getting a Fame which should know no End.

I am not Ambitious, nor would I tempt thee to aspire at an undue Grandeur : But let us not be less than our selves, that is, Men. There is no Reason we should be impos'd upon by Fabulous Reports of Interests'd and Designing Writers : Or that we should give Faith to every credulous Fool. Doubtless, there were many Nations establish'd on Earth before the *Israelites* ; and Great Prophets, who were not of the Lineage of *Abraham*. The Date of the *Olympiads* is much more certain to a Day, nay, to an Hour, than the *Hejira* of the *Israelites* : Since the Former is demonstrated by the *Eclipses* of the *Sun* and *Moon*, interwoven by the *Gentile Historians*, in the Body of their *History* ; whereas the Latter is defective in this material Point, and is expos'd to a Thousand Disputes among *Writers*.

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My Friend, let not thou and I trouble our selves with needless Controversies, or be zealous for Things of no Moment; but adoring *One God*, and believing what is Rational, we may possess our Souls in Tranquillity and Peace.

Paris, 11th of the 3th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER VIII.

To the Kaimacham.

AT length, after a long Alienation, the *Prince of Conde* is restor'd to the *King's* Favour: For which, he is oblig'd to the *King of Spain*. I have already intimated in one of my Letters, That this was agreed on in the *Treaty of Peace* between these Two Crowns, as an *Article* Equivalent to that of the *Duke of Lorrain's* Release, solicited by the *King of France*. Now 'tis put in Execution, and the *Rebel Prince* is receiv'd with Abundance of Caresses, by the *King*, *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the whole Court.

He is counted the valiantest Man of this Age; and was so pronounc'd long ago by the *Mareschal Turenne*, who is a Soldier of no mean Character both for his Judgment and Courage. He was once extremely belov'd by all the *French*. But his Wildness and Inconstancy, with the destructive Effects of the *Civil Wars* which he rais'd, chang'd their Affections for a while into Indifference, Coldness, and Ill-Will. But now all's well again.

He and his Brother the *Prince of Conti*, seldom agreed, being often the Heads of contrary Parties, during the *Minority* of this *King*. And the Younger being

being crump-shoulder'd, *Conde* us'd to be a little Sarcastick upon him, threatening to shave his uncourtly Back into the Fashion with his Sword.

It is certain, the *Prince of Conde* was very wild and profuse when Young, but now he begins to take soberer Measures. During his Father's Life, he was call'd the *Duke of Enguien*. And to reflect on the Parsimony of the Old Prince, he us'd to take several Handfuls of Gold with one Hand, and fill a Purse, saying, *This is my Father's Practice*. Then he would turn the Purse upside down with t'other Hand, and scattering the Gold among his *Favourites*, would add, *This is my Humour*.

Once as he was passing on Foot through a Town in *France*, under his Father's Government; the chief Magistrate of the Place, who was an old Man, met him, and began to make an *Oration* with the best *Rhetorick* he could. But the *Prince* being in a frolicksome Humour, took Advantage of a very low *Conge* the old Gentleman made him, and leap'd over his Head, and stood still behind him. The Magistrate not taking any Notice of this wild Prank, turn'd very gravely about, and address'd himself with a new Obeisance, but not so low as the former. However, the nimble *Prince* catch'd him upon the Half-bent, and setting his Hands on the old *Monsieur's* Shoulders, whipt over again the second Time; which quite spoil'd his intended *Speech*, to the great Diversion of all the Spectators.

In his Youth he was much addicted to Women, and took a peculiar Delight in debauching Nuns: Which occasion'd the *Queen-Mother* to reflect on him something satyrically once, when he inform'd her that the *Suisse* Soldiers were guilty of great Disorders, some of them getting into the *Nunneries*, and violating the Chastity of those Consecrated Females. For the *Queen* replied, *If you had told me they broke into the Wine-Cellars, I would believe you;*
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for the *Suiffes* are all known Drunkards. But as for *Amours with Nuns*, none so likely to make 'em as the Duke of Enguien.

However, all that I have said, hinders not but that he is now a prudent Man, a good General, and Fortunate in recovering his Sovereign's Favour.

In a Word, this Court is so overjoy'd at the Marriage of the King with the *Infanta* of Spain, that they have no Room left for peevish Resentments. All Crimes are forgiven. And the Devil himself would be welcome at the Wedding, provided he would be *debonair*, and good Company.

The *Nuptials* are only celebrated by *Proxy* as yet: But here are vast Preparations making for the completing the Ceremony.

What the Issue of this Marriage and Peace will be, 'tis not easy to divine: But I doubt, the *Christians* are hatching Evil against the *Ottoman Porte*, in regard all the *Princes* in Europe are coming to an Agreement.

Illustrious Kaimacham, let not this Intimation pass away as a Dream. For I tell thee again, these *Infidels* are plotting of Mischief.

Paris, 1st of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER IX.

To the same.

I Believe thou wilt now receive from me the earliest News of a mighty Change, a surprizing Revolution in the *English* Government. Know then, that he whom I have so often mention'd under the Title of King of the *Scots* in my former Letters, the eldest Son and rightful Heir of the *British Kingdoms*, Charles II. is restored to the Throne of his Fathers,

without Violence or Blood-shed, by the Unanimous Consent and Earnest Desire of his Subjects.

This young Prince has been an Exile for Twelve Years in Foreign Courts, and has heard of as many several Alterations in the State of his Dominions during his Absence ; every Change producing a New Form of Government. The *Rebels* had run over all *Aristotle's* Politicks, and the various Models of *Plato* and other *Philosophers*, who treated of *Commonwealths*, to find out such Patterns as best suited with the Necessities and Genius of that Nation. There is not a Species of *Aristocracy*, *Democracy*, and *Oligarchy* which they did not put in Practice to support the *Frame* of that *Government*, whose *Basis* they had remov'd ; for it was founded on a Monarchy of a long and hereditary Descent. And therefore all their most artificial Contrivances were ineffectual, and they might as well have endeavour'd to make Buttresses for a Castle in the Air. In a Word the *English* found themselves so disjointed and weaken'd by *Civil Wars*, *Taxes*, and the other usual Effects of *Usurpation* and *Tyranny*, that they had no other Way left to save their *Nation* from utter Ruine, but by bringing their lawful *King* back again, who is the Angular Stone whereon all their Welfare and Interest is built.

There is one Thing remarkable in this Turn of *English* Affairs, That their Sovereign landed and made his Triumphant Entry into that Island, on the *Anniversary Day* of his Birth. Which puts me in Mind of what is generally discours'd here at *Paris* ; That on the Day of his *Nativity*, there was seen a bright *Star* in the *Heavens*, when the Sun was just above the *Meridian*. From hence the *Astrologers* of those Times predicted great Things concerning him. And those of the present Age, who have seen his Fortunate Return to his *Kingdoms*, presage yet greater Events to come.

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God only knows what Embryo's are in the Womb of Futurity; and we *Mussulmans* have no Reason to rejoyce at the Grandeur of any of these *Infidel* Princes. Yet such a Sign as that of a Star appearing at Noon-Day, just over the Place where a mighty Queen was in Labour with a Prince, has something in it Extraordinary, and full of Promising Circumstances. It was an Appearance of this Nature which render'd the Birth of the *Messias* so Illustrious, tho' otherwise obscure enough; when the *Eastern Magi*, directed by such a Star, came and found *Mary* the Mother of *Jesus* in a *Stable*, and the *Infant Prophet* lying in a *Manger*, instead of a *Cradle*. So we are told, That Eclipses of the Sun portend the Misfortune or Death of Great Personages; and that all other Prodigies, whether in Heaven or Earth, have their proper Signification.

But whether these Observations be true or no, 'tis certain this late banished Prince, is return'd with Abundance of Splendor and Advantage to his Native Royal Possessions. And I thought it would be a Grand Neglect in me, to let one Post-Day pass, before I gave thee an Account of a Revolution so astonishing to all *Europe*, and which is like to give a New Turn to the Affairs of most Christian Princes and States.

Besides, I know there is an Ambassador from *England*, residing at the *August Porte*; which determines the Quarrels of all the Nations on Earth. There are also Abundance of *English* Merchants in the *Imperial City*. They may have Feuds among one another. The *Interest* of some of them is join'd with that of the *English Rebels*; others are for their King. Therefore knowing of his *Restoration*, thou wilt be better able to adjust all Matters of this Nature, according to Reason, Equity, and the Honour of the Majestick Porte. For this King makes already a greater Figure than any of his Progenitors,
and

and therefore his Friendship is not to be condemn'd.

The Care of these Things rests on thee, who art the *Vicar's Vicar* of the *Vicegerent* of God.

Paris, 3^d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER X.

To Mehemet, an exil'd Eunuch, at Caire
in Egypt.

OH that I were in one of the *Pyramids* near the City where thou residest, shut up in tremendous Darknes, in the most obscure and horrible Vault of the *Royal Pile*! That I might converse with the *Ghosts* of *Egyptian Kings*, hug *Demons* in my Arms, and run the Gerit with *Hobgoblins* and all the *Spirits* of the Night round the *Tomb* of *Cheops*, or up and down the dismal Galleries, or in the Nest of *Bats*, *Screech-Owls*, *Harpies*, and the rest of the winged *Monsters*, the excrementitious *Spawn* of humane Souls, or at least the *Superfétation* of pickled Carcasses, repositied there for *Eternal Mummies*, some of them before *Noah's Flood*, and the rest after, if the Story be true. God knows whether it be or no: That's nothing to me: But I have a strong *Inclination* to try what I can find in those *Antique Monuments*, after all the Search of so many *Travellers*. I have a specifick Sort of *Melancholy* upon me, which cannot be vented any other Way, than by keeping Company with the *Dead*, or having Ten hundred thousand ugly rampant *Spirits* dancing their *Infernal Measures* about me, and grinning like *Baboons* of *Hell*. Oh God! How 'twould set me a Laughing? An Entertainment of this Nature would

would ease my Spleen, and restore me to a good Humour.

Are there no *Beings* extant, but those which are every Day expos'd to our Senses? Or, is *Nature* poorer than the Imagination of a Mortal, which can form the *Ideas* of an Infinity of *Creatures* that he never saw? I am cloy'd with the *Crambe* of Objects and Joys which these narrow *Elements* afford, and therefore would fain grope out some new and untry'd World, to find Refreshment in.

But oh, my *Mehemet*, when I look toward the Heavens, and behold the Moon and Stars; when my Eye is lost in the boundless Firmament, and my Soul can find no *Limits* to the *Universe*; then I sink into my self, full of Humility and Confusion, because I have injuriously reproach'd the *Omnipotent*, and cast *Obloquies* on his *Works*. For all Things appear admirably Beautiful and Perfect, and the least *Atome* is large enough to afford *Apartments* for a thousand Souls. Every Thing in *Nature* is pregnant and full of pleasing Wonders: Yet I cannot be free from these Hypochondriack Fits at certain Seasons. I am sometimes the saddest and most melancholy Man in the World. I take all Things by the wrong Handle, look on them through false Opticks, and yet persuade my self I am in the Right, and see them in their true Complexion. Such is the fatal Sophistry of this black and sullen Passion: It takes away the Gust and Relish of the sweetest Enjoyments. And if the Contagion could possibly find Admittance among the Bless'd above; surely 'twould render their *Paradise* a Hell, and would afford some Ground for the Fiction of the ancient Poets, who brought up the Use of *Nepenthe* among the Gods, to appease their Choler, and put 'em in a good Humour.

I know not what that *Drink* was: But I tell thee, my *Nepenthe* is a Glas of good Languedock Wine,
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which is as rich, and far more delicious than the Wines of *Tenedos* and *Mitylene*. I once could boast of another Method to subdue my Melancholy, by giving Battle to my Thoughts in open Field; but now I am fain to have recourse to Stratagems and Ambuscades, trepanning the ugly, hideous Monsters out of their strong Retrenchments and Fastnesses in the Spleen, by generous Frolicks and Wine, Women and Musick. I bury all Care in profound Sleep, the Effect of brisk and free Drinking: And then I awake as merry as a Lark; as young as if I'd been in *Medea's* Cauldron.

What signifies it to pretend Sanctity in our Words and Exteriour Carriage, whilst at the same Time we are ready to burst with Malice, Pride, Ambition, Avarice, and a Thousand more Vices: Whereas Wine, seasonably drank, cures all these Distempers of the Soul, makes a Miser liberal, a cruel Man tender, a spiteful Fellow kind; melts stiff and haughty Spirits into a wonderful Softness and Complaisance: In fine, it makes a Lamb of a Lion, and changes a Vulture to a Dove, purifying and transforming Souls into a Temper wholly Divine.

Why then should we be ty'd to Laws of Morality, never practis'd by those who made them! All the Philosophers were boon Companions, and our Holy Prophet himself privately drank the Juice of the Grape. Our Emperours and Grandees do the same. The only Reason why they forbid it to their Subjects, is, lest they should grow too Wise, and strive to shake off the Yoke: For Wine elevates the Spirits, emboldens the Heart, and transforms a Slave to a Lord in his own Conceit. For Want of this Liquor, all Nations where the Vine grows not, have found out one Beverage or another, as efficacious to relieve Melancholy, and drive away Sorrow from the Heart. The *Chinese* make Wine of Rice.

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In my Country they have another intoxicating Drink compounded with certain Roots. The same is used in some Parts of *Persia*. In these *Western* Provinces, they brew divers Sorts of Strong Liquors of Wheat, Barley, Honey, Molossa's, and other Ingredients. And they make Wine of Apples, Pears, Cherries, Currans, and most Fruits that grow. I tell thee, my Friend, there's no living, unless we sometimes give *Nature* a New Ferment to rouse her from her Lees.

Yet let us practise a due Mediocrity, remembering that God gave us these Things for our Health and Refreshment, and not for our Bane. In a Word, *Mehemet*, let us be Merry and Wise.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

I Have taken some Pains; turn'd over a great many Memoirs of old *Courtiers*, and convers'd with not a few now living, who can remember the Days of *Henry IV.* that so I may comply with thy Order, and oblige thee with some Remarks on the Life of that Prince, who' tho' he had but a little Body, yet like another *Alexander*, had so vast a Soul, and perform'd such illustrious Actions, as deservedly fasten'd on him the Title of *Great*, and made him be esteem'd the Arbiter of all *Europe*.

It is observ'd of him, that he was always Unfortunate in his Wives; yet they relate a pretty Passage

Passage of his first Wife, *Margaret of Valois*, which seems to contradict that Remark.

He was then a *Protestant*, and only King of *Navarre*, when the famous *Massacre of Paris* was committed, with Design to murder him among the rest of his Religion. But being aware of this, when he heard the *Assassins* making toward his Chamber, where he sat with the Queen, he hid himself under her Garments as she sat in her Chair. The Villains rushing in, ask'd for the King. She with a great Assurance of Spirit, told 'em, *He went out from her in a Passion*. They seeming satisfy'd, went away without doing any farther Hurt. Which occasion'd a common Jest, *That Queen Margaret's Smock sav'd King Henry's Life*.

This Woman was call'd the *Minerva* and *Venus of France*, on the Score of her Learning and Amours, never denying any Thing to her Lovers, and being seldom without Men of *Science* in her Company. In a Word, King *Henry* look'd on himself as a noted *Cuckold*, and so gave her a Bill of *Divorce*. Her own Mother *Katharine de Medicis*, was call'd the *Fourth Fury of Hell*.

It is recorded of this Lady, that she practis'd much with Wizards and Magicians, who in an Enchanted Glass, shew'd her who shou'd Reign in *France* for the Time to come. First appear'd this *Henry IV.* then *Lewis XIII.* next *Lewis XIV.* and after him a Pack of *Jesuites*, who should abolish the Monarchy, and govern the Nation themselves. This Glass is to be seen in the *King's Palace* to this Day.

As for *Henry IV's* Second Wife, 'tis said, he never enjoy'd a *peaceable Hour* with her, but when she was asleep. They often fought together, and she spar'd not sometimes to beat and scratch him even in his Bed, so that he has been forc'd to quit the Field, and take Sanctuary in another Chamber. This Prince was tax'd with Ingratitude towards his
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most faithful Servants, and Want of Liberality to all. It was a common Saying of his *Predecessor Henry III.* *That he shar'd his Kingdom with his Loyal Servants and Friends.* But *Henry IV.* lov'd not to part with any Thing which he could handsomely keep.

Yet he was very obliging to his Mistresses, and his Passion for them carried him into many *Irregularities.* He was so deeply enamour'd of one, that to enjoy her he sign'd a Promise of Marriage to her with his own Blood; which one of his *Favourites* seeing, tore the Paper in Pieces. The King being incens'd at that, swore by the *Belly of St. Gris*, an ordinary Oath with him, that this Person was mad. *Yes,* reply'd he, *but I wish I were the only mad Man in the Kingdom.* Thereby reflecting on the King's Extravagancy. Another Time he gave Fifty thousand Crowns, for one Night's Enjoyment of a Lady.

I have many Years ago spoke of the Death of this *Prince* in my Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte.* Now I will acquaint thee with one Circumstance, to which I was then a Stranger.

It happen'd, that the *Vice-Roy of Navarre*, was walking with several Nobles in the Meadows of *Bearn*, a Town under his Jurisdiction, wash'd by the River *Pau.* When on a sudden all the *Cows*, (of which there was a great Number in those Fields) ran violently into the River, and were there drown'd. The *Vice-Roy* being astonish'd at this, as at a *Prodigy*, writ down the Day and Hour when it happen'd, which prov'd exactly the very same Time to a Minute, when *Henry IV.* was stabb'd in his Coach by *Ravaillac*; as the *Vice-Roy* was soon certify'd by *Dispatches*, which he receiv'd from the *Court*, containing *Intelligence* of that *Tragedy.*

All this may be pure *Chance*, for ought I know; but there are Abundance of Symptoms of something else.

else. As for Man, he is wholly a Stranger to himself, and the secret Operations of his own Soul are hid from him. How then can he know the Natures of other Things, or be familiarly acquainted with the occult Dispositions of Beasts? The least Worm or Insect baffles our severest Scrutiny, and we are lost in the Speculation of their *Embryo's*. The most silent and inanimate Beings, proclaim aloud the Folly of our boasted Science: Every *Atom* in Nature, ridicules our best Philosophy. Who then will pretend to unriddle the more uncommon Mysteries of Providence, or trace the Footsteps of Eternal Destiny? Historians speak variously of this Parricide. Some say, the Villain was approv'd of at the Court of *Rome*, and that he was there rank'd in the Number of Martyrs. 'Tis certain, he underwent as horrible a Death, as the Wit of Man could invent, to punish his matchless Treason. And it seems, the Judges that examin'd him, were either afraid, or asham'd to divulge what they heard from his Mouth: Obliging themselves by an Oath to eternal Secrecy. *Ravaillac* himself own'd, that he had twice before attempted to kill the King, but was thrust back by one of his Nobles, who suspected some ill Designs in his Looks.

Sage *Hamet*, may God preserve our glorious *Sultan* from the Rage of Mutineers, from a *Jewish* Physician, and from the common Disasters of Humane Life. And the Care of his Attendants will prevent the sudden Strokes of a desperate Assassin.

Paris, 25th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.



LETTER

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LETTER XII.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THis City is now as full of Noise and Lights, as some Cities of *Asia* are at an *Eclipse* of the Moon, or as *Constantinople* is during the *Fest* of *Ramazan*. 'Tis near Midnight, and yet here's such a Medley of Noises compounded of the loud Acclamations of Mortals, the Ringing of Bells, Beat of Drums, Sound of Trumpets, and other Musical Instruments, with the Thunder of Sky-Rockets, Guns, and other Fire-works, that a Body would think one's Self in a Battle or a Siege.

The Occasion of all this, is the publick Entry of the New-married King and Queen, it being the First Time they have seen *Paris* since the *Nuptials*. Neither my Tongue nor Pen are able to express to the Life, the inimitable Pomp and Magnificence that have appear'd to Day in the Royal Train, and in the Preparations which the City made to receive them. The Lustre of Silver, Gold, and Precious Stones, dazled one's Eyes from all Parts; and I could have wish'd for a *Mussulman* Army, to have been at the Plunder of such immense Riches. Yet there were Forty thousand of the Citizens, and King's Guards in Arms, to augment the Glory of the Day.

The Monarch with his Royal Spouse, appeared seated on a Majestick Throne, all glittering with Gold and Diamonds. It was rais'd on High, and there were several Steps or Degrees to ascend up to it. On these were placed the Princes of the Blood, the Dukes and Peers of the Realm, with other Grandees and Nobles; as also Princesses, Dutcheesses, and Ladies of the first Quality.

'Twas at the Foot of this Throne, there were made innumerable Speeches, and Congratulatory
Ad-

Addresses by the Priests and Monks of all Orders, by the Students in the Academy, and by the several Companies of Tradesmen. But, that which was most surprizing, a certain strange Maid utter'd several *Oration*s in *Latin*, *Greek*, *French*, and *Spanish*, wherein she magnify'd the King's heroick Undertakings, his wonderful Successes, great Wisdom and Courage, with other Vertues, which she made the Subject of her Panegyrick. She also no less extoll'd the Queen's matchless Beauty, the Greatness of her Birth, the royal Endowments of her Mind; and concluded with reflecting on the Joy of all *Europe*, for this illustrious Match, and Alliance of two the most potent *Crowns* in *Christendom*.

She deliver'd her self with such an incomparable Grace and Modesty, as drew the Eyes and Ears of all that were present. And 'tis said, the King was extremely pleased with her; much more the Queen, who had never before encountred so learned a Female.

The *French* Ladies have for many Years applied themselves to the Study of *Languages* and *Philosophy*. But 'tis not so in *Spain*, where the Men are too rigorous to the *Fair* to allow 'em that Liberty. They are as morose to *Women* as the *Moors*, from whom a great Part of that *Nation* are said to descend. Every Country in *Europe* has suffer'd mighty Changes, by the *Incurfions* and *Conquests* of the *Moors*, *Goths*, *Huns*, and *Vandals*. So that 'tis difficult to trace the *Original* of any *People* in such a *Hotch-Potch* of *Foreign Blood*: Neither have they any Care of their *Genealogies*, as we *Arabians* have in the *East*.

Illustrious *Aga*, tho' it signifies nothing to spring of a noble *Stock*, unless we inherit the Vertues of our *Ancestors*, as well as their splendid Titles and Estates: Yet 'tis both profitable and pleasant to have by us a Register of our Families, that reading their Characters and heroick Actions, we may imitate their

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Examples, and add to the Glory of the Tribe from which we descend.

Paris, 6th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Know not whether I shall finish the Letter I begin ; or, if I do, whether it will be above Ground, or in the Bowels of the Earth. However, I cannot forbear writing to thee, my dear Friend, tho' both the Paper and I, with the House wherein I lodge, and all this beautiful City, may, for ought I know, be transported to another Region before Morning. Nay, 'tis possible this very Hour may People Elyzium with a new Colony from *France*, and *Paris* may descend with all her magnificent Palaces to the Shades below, changing the Banks of the River *Scyne*, for those of *Acheron* or *Styx*, and the refreshing Airs of *Champagne*, for the choaking Sulphurs of *Hell*. In a Word, we have felt the Menaces of a terrible Earthquake this Evening, but as yet we have suffered no Damage.

When I liv'd in *Asia*, an Earthquake was almost as common as the *Yearly Revolutions* of a *Summer* and *Winter* : And we took as little Notice of it, as we did of Lightning, Hail, or Rain. Besides, one *Musfulman* encourag'd another, and the general Faith of True Believers confirm'd us all, That we ought to be resign'd to God, and to the Appointments of Eternal Destiny, whether it were for Pleasure or Pain, Good or Evil, Life or Death. But now I have been so long disus'd to these Convulsions of the Globe, (for I have not felt one above these two and twenty Years) and am also separated

ted from the Society of the Faithful ; that I am become like the rest of the World, and even like these *Infidels*, timorous, astonish'd, void of Reason, and of little or no Faith.

My Mind at first stagger'd as much as my Body, when I was walking cross my Chamber, and felt the Floor rock under me with that singular Kind of Motion, which no *humane Art or Force* can imitate. I soon concluded 'twas an *Earthquake*, but knew not how to bear that Thought with Indifference. *Death* is familiar to me in any other Figure, but that of being so surprizingly buried alive. It appeared horrible to sink on a sudden into an unknown Grave, I knew not whither : Perhaps I might fall into some dark Lake of Water ; or it may be, I might be drench'd in a River of Fire, or be dash'd on a Rock : For, who can tell the Disposition of the *Caverns* below, or what Sort of *Apartments* he shall find under the *Surface* of the *Earth* ? We walk on the Battlements of a Marvellous Structure, a Globe full of Tremendous Secrets. And whether *Nature* or *Destiny*, *Providence* or *Chance*, occasion the *Ruptures* that we find are made in divers Parts of the *Earth*, it matters not much, so long as we are in Danger of tumbling in. Such a terrible Fall, would put the best Philosopher in the World out of Humour, and spoil all his Reasoning. I'm sure 'twould vex me thus in a Trice to be plunder'd of my Thoughts. Which makes me either wonder at the Vanity of *Empedocles*, if he threw himself into the flaming Chasm of Mount *Ætna*, only for the Sake of being esteemed a God (as the common Report is ;) or gives me Reason to conclude, he had some other End in his venturous Leap : Since 'tis not probable, that empty Fame could be esteemed by that great *Sage*, as his final Happiness. A much easier Way had *Aristotle*, who, disgust'd at his Ignorance of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the Sea, threw himself in, to put an

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Vol. VI. *a Spy at PARIS.* 47

an end to his *Disquisitions*, if the Story be true. But I can hardly believe the *Stagyrite* was such a *Fool*. I guess of other Men, according to the Experience I have of my self. I am as little solicitous about Death as any Man; yet I should be unwilling to hurl my self out of the *World* headlong, without a *Firm* or a *Testa*. I love new *Experiments*, but am not very fond of such as take from us irrecoverably the Means of trying any more.

We had News here of an *Earthquake* which has overthrown Part of the *Pyrenean* Mountains, some Days before this happened at *Paris*; but few regarded it. Calamities at a Distance frighten no Body: Yet those which we feel, put us all in Tears. For my Part, it has this Effect on me, that I am improved in my Carelessness, and become fearful of nothing. And, I think, there is Reason on my Side, since all my Care, Apprehension and Forecast, can never defend me from the Underminings of the *Omnipotent*.

Paris, 15th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XIV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

LET not the Distance of *Time* between my *Letters*, prompt thee to conclude, I forget my Duty; or that I am *careless* to oblige so illustrious a *Friend*. I have many *Obligations* to discharge; and therefore endeavour to Husband my Hours to the best *Advantage*, and so to divide my *Dispatches*, That the *Grand Signior* may be served, the *Divan* inform'd
of

of all material Emergencies, and the Expectations of each *Minister* gratified.

As to the *Reign* of *Lewis XIII.* it was shar'd successively between the *Mareschal d' Ancre*, the *Duke of Luines*, and *Cardinal Richelieu*. The first was the *Queen-Mother's* Favourite; the Second was the *King's*; as for the Third, he was absolute Master both of *King*, *Queen*, and *Kingdom*.

During the *King's* Minority indeed, *Queen Mary de Medicis*, the *Relict* of *Henry IV.* took the *Regency* into her own Hands, and manag'd Things in an arbitrary Manner. But the *Princes* of the *Blood*, with other *Grandeess*, not able to brook the Government of a Woman, conspir'd against her. Among these were the *Prince of Conde*, *Father* to the present *Prince*, and the *Duke of Bovillon*. The former was a bold Man, and durst do any Thing that was brave: The latter was a cunning Statesman.

They caball'd not so privately, but the *Queen-Mother* was acquainted with their Meetings, and the *Duke of Bovillon* was the first who knew his *Parzy* was betray'd. This Intelligence was brought him from assur'd Hands, whilst he was sitting with the *Prince of Conde*, and other *Nobles* at the *Place* of their private *Rendezvous*. Whereupon he acquainted them with it, exhorting all to abscond immediately, lest they should be seiz'd on the *Spot*. But they retorting, That the *Queen* would not venture on an Action of such dubious *Consequence*; he started up and took his Leave of 'em, with these Words, "My
" Lords, you may follow your own Counsel. I'll
" immediately to Horse, and escape to *Sedan*, in
" my Stockings: Where, if they make me wear out
" a Pair as an *Exile*; by *Heavens*, I'll make them
" wear out a thousand Pair of *Boots*.

His Words came to pass, and the Effect was a diminutive *Civil War*; when the *Queen* was forced to raise an Army to reduce this *Prince* to Obedience,

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the rest of his Party being imprisoned, as soon as she heard of his Flight.

Whilst these *Disturbances* lasted, the *Moors* were expell'd out of *Spain*, to the Number of Six hundred thousand. Part of those who liv'd toward the *Maritime* Coasts, went by Sea into *Africk*. The rest, whose Residence was farther within Land, sought a Passage over the *Pyrenean* Mountains, and so thro' the *Southern Provinces* of *France*; offering a *Ducat* a Head to the *Vice-Roy* of *Navarre*, for their safe Conduct. He, out of Curiosity, coming to see these Travellers, and beholding 'em ragged and almost naked, with Visages like *Ghosts*; took Pity on them, and gave 'em Liberty of Passage *gratis*: Saying, " God forbid I should extort so much Money from " these miserable Wretches, who are abandoned " to the wide World.

But it seems, his Compassion was needless. For these *Mussulmen* were too cunning for him, having their squalid, torn Garments, quilted all over with Gold and precious Stones. Which occasioned all People to ridicule the *Vice-Roy's* Easiness, and to call him the Friend of the *Gibeonites*.

I should appear too partial in reflecting Satirically on this *Prince*, whose Generosity deserves Praise: Yet I cannot but smile at the Craft of the *Moors*, whereby they not only escaped paying the accustom'd Tribute of Passengers, but also blinded these *Infidels*, and took from 'em the Suspicion of greater Riches; which if they had once *known*, perhaps not a *Moor* should have carried a Piece of Money along with him into *Africk*.

This Passage seem'd *worthy* of thy *Knowledge*, since it in Part resembles the famous Departure of the *Israelites* out of *Egypt*, tho' it comes short of the *Robbery* and *Plunder* which they committed on the Inhabitants, the Day before they began their Journey. However, this Story may afford thee some Divertisement.

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As to the *Marshal d' Ancre*, the *Queen's* Favourite, in his Life and Death, he was compared to *Sejanus*, being qualified with the like Vertues and Vices, and having much the same Fortune; his Body after having been drag'd about the Streets by the Rabble, was at last torn to Pieces.

If thou would'st know, how the *Duke of Luines* obtain'd the *King's* Favour, it was by Ingratitude. For, when he and his Brother were first brought to Court, they were both so poor, that they had but one Cloak between 'em; and for that Reason could not go abroad together. Yet being recommended to the *King* by a certain *Nobleman* for excellent *Falconers*, they were receiv'd into Favour. But they abus'd the Kindness of their Patron; and insinuating malicious Things into the *King's* Ear, against the *Nobleman* and his Family, caused him to be banish'd from the Court. After which they managed all Things.

Then succeeded *Cardinal Richelieu* in the chief Ministry; of whom I have said a great deal in my former Letters to the *Grandeess* of the *Porte*; and thou wilt find them in the *Register*. I will now add, what I never mention'd before; That he was very ambitious to be thought a good Judge of *Verse*. He gave to one *Poet*, for a witty Conceit on his Coat of Arms, two thousand *Sequins*, tho' 'twas but a *Verse* of Seven Words. Another he promoted to an Ecclesiastical Dignity, worth a Thousand a Year, for comparing him to the *Primum Mobile*. But he caused a Third to be kick'd out of Doors, for his Obstinacy in denying to alter a Word of his *Poem*, which the *Cardinal* disliked.

This Minister was very revengeful, and amongst other Effects of his Temper, none was more taken notice of, or reflected on, than the Death of *Monsieur de Thou*, whom the *Cardinal* cut off for no other Reason, but because his Father in a *General History* which he wrote, had represented one of *Richelieu's* Ancestors, under a very ignominious and abominable

ble Figure. That Historian was the Renowned *Thucydides*, of whom, I suppose, thou hast heard.

As to King *Lewis XIII.* himself, he was esteem'd a great Dissembler: accustomed to caress those with more than ordinary Endearments, whom he design'd suddenly to ruin: Whence it grew to a Proverb in his Time at the *French Court*, when they saw any *Nobleman* smil'd on, to say, *His Business is done*. It cannot be denied that this Prince had a great Spirit, and some Wisdom; yet he was observ'd to take Delight in many petty Actions unbecoming *Royal Majesty*. He would spend much of his Time in Painting, and send for the most famous Masters in that Art, to view his Works. An equal Inclination he shew'd to Musick. And sometimes he was ambitious to be thought a good Cook. Once he made a great Pasty with his own Hands, filling it with *Venison* only fit for the Mouths of *Infidels*, viz. The Flesh of *Dogs, Wolves, and Foxes*, with other abominable *Animals*, of which it is not lawful for a *True Believer* to taste. This he caus'd to be serv'd up to a Table at a Feast which he made to some of his Courtiers, who to Honour the King's Handy-work, eat greedily of the horrid Dish, and highly prais'd his Skill; whilst he diverted himself with laughing at them. He had many other such Freaks as these, which render'd him contemptible and ridiculous to the *Grandeess* of his Kingdom. In a Word, he was more revered Abroad, than at Home. And this was owing to the Conduct of *Cardinal Richelieu*; who was justly esteem'd the very *Genius of France*.

Illustrious Minister, all that I have said of this Monarch, speaks him but a Man: And no Body is wise at all Times. But the Follies of Princes are more conspicuous, than those of meaner Persons.

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

LETTER XV.

To Mahummed in the Defart.

MA Y the Angel of Peace pitch his Pavilion at the Entrance of that Blessed Cave where thou resideft. May thy Soul feel calm and undifturbed Joys, and for ever repose in Divine Tranquillity ; whilst the reft of the World are molefted with perpetual Cares and Fears, Broils and Enmities ; Paftions within, and Furies without : In a Word, whilst they are always in Danger of one another, of themfelves, and of the Elements which compound their Nature.

O Man, highly belov'd of God, Favourite of the Angels, Care of Heaven, and the fingular Darling of Providence. The Palm of an Almighty Hand is, extended under thee when thou fitteft down or walkeft, always ready to fnatch thee up from the Calamities which threaten this lower World, and lift thee to Paradife, where the Affembly of the Juft wait for thy Prefence.

There has been an Earthquake lately in thefe Parts, which has put all *France* into a great Confternation, aftonilh'd every Body, and encreafed the Thoughtfulnefs of the Wife. The firft Effects of it were felt by the Inhabitants of the *Pyrenees*, which are certain Mountains dividing *France* and *Spain*. There it did great Mifchief ; overwhelming fome Medicinal Baths, many Houfes, and deftroying Hundreds of People. Only one Mofque or Church, which funk into the Caverns below, was thrown up again, and ftands very firm, but in another Place. This is look'd upon as a great Miracle, efpecially by the *French*, who, for ought I know, may cenfure partially, favouring their own Intereft ; in
regard

regard this Church has been disputed between them and the *Spaniards*, each Nation claiming Right to it, as standing before exactly on the Frontier Line. But now their Quarrel is uncontestably decided; for 'tis removed by this Convulsion of the Globe, near half a League from its former Situation, which is so far within the acknowledg'd Limits of *France*. This the *French* Priests, magnify, as an apparent Proof of the Justice of their Pretensions, and the People seem very willing to believe it.

As for me, I have another Opinion of Earth-quakes, and am persuaded, that they are as natural as the Winds, which no Man knows how to draw into any Party or Faction, unless we believe the Stories of the *Lapland Witches*. I'm persuaded, that this Globe is much more ancient than the Generality of Mankind imagine it to be; That it has undergone various Changes by the Predominance of Fire and Water: And that it is now hastening towards another Revolution. I believe the central Fire has eaten its Way almost to the Surface, and kindled all the Mines of Sulphur, and other inflammable Matter, which it meets with in its circular Ascent. These, corroding and daily consuming their own Vaults, approaching also sometimes too near the vast Receptacles of subterranean Waters which lie nearer the Surface, overheat those Lakes, which being thus rarified into Vapours, and pent up in the Hollow of the Globe strive to break forth with immense Violence, which causes that heaving and rocking of the Superfices, that so terrifies Mortals. But then the Cause is very deep and far from us. For where the Surface is shallow, in such Passions of the Globe, the Earth commonly breaks and tumbles in, with whatsoever is upon it. Nay, whole *Cities* sometimes have been thus swallowed up. And the Danger is easily foreknown by a short snatching and Trepidation of the Ground, Houses, Trees, Men,
and

and every Thing within its Reach; for then the Convulsion is generally fatal. But where the Motion is heavy, grave, and regular, 'tis a Sign that both the Source and the Danger of it are far off. And this is so much the more evident, by how much farther the Earthquake is felt above Ground. For the nearer any such Passion happens to the Center, it must be granted, that its Force is extended the Wider on the Circumference. This depends on a Mathematical Demonstration, and there needs no more be said to thee who art consummate in the *Sciences*.

What I esteem a due Reflection on this is, That tho' there be no Peril in these remote Earthquakes, yet we know not how soon they will come nearer to us, neither can we be assured, where or when they will happen, or how far they will reach. It follows therefore by a natural Consequence, That since these Things are unavoidable, and all the Wit of Man cannot invent a Means to escape sinking into the Bowels of the Earth where it breaks in; we ought to be careless and indifferent what Death we die, and only be solicitous to live like Men, that is, according to Reason. For whether our Souls survive or no, 'twill be comfortable to expire in Peace, and full of our own Innocence.

Paris, 5th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1660.

The End of the First Book.

LET.



LETTERS

Writ by
A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK II.

LETTER I.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THERE is now like to be a great Change at this Court. Cardinal *Mazarini* is dead. He died at the Castle of the Wood of *Vinciennes*, on the 9th of this Moon, having been sick a long Time. There happen'd a great Fire at the *Louvre* (so they call the King's Palace in this City) about five Weeks ago, which obliged the Cardinal, who lodged there at that Time, to remove to his own House. From whence, for the

the Sake of the Air, he was advised by his *Physicians* to go to the aforesaid *Castle*. But all in vain: For Death, which finds Access into the strongest Fortresses, pursu'd him thither, and led him in Triumph to the *Region of Silence and Forgetfulness*, who made so great a Noise and Bustle in this our *World*.

It is reported, that a certain *Astrologer* foretold him, he should die in this *Moon*. But the Cardinal gave no Credit to him: Tho' one would think he had some Reason to believe him in this, for the Sake of a former Prediction of his, concerning the *Duke of Beaufort*. I have mention'd this *Prince*, and the *Enmity* that was between *Mazarini* and him, which occasion'd the *Duke's* Imprisonment in the *Castle of the Wood of Vinciennes*. During his *Re-staint*, the fore-mentioned *Astrologer* gave it out in *Paris*, That the *Duke* should escape out of Prison precisely on such a Day. The *Cardinal* being inform'd of this, waited till the Day came, designing to punish the *Astrologer* as a Cheat, or at least to expose him for an ignorant Person. To which End he sent for him, and upbraiding him with Presumption and Folly, in that the Day was now come, and yet the *Duke of Beaufort* was still a Prisoner, without any Hopes, or scarce a Possibility of escaping, order'd him to be sent to the *Bastile*. But the *Astrologer* addressing himself with much Submission and Earnestness, spoke to this Effect: *May it please your Eminence only to respite my Sentence till to Morrow, and then hang me if you do not find that I have spoke Truth. The Day which I foretold, is come indeed, but it is not past. A Courier will soon convince you, that I have not studied this Science in vain.*

The *Cardinal* mov'd with these Words, only confin'd the *Astrologer* in a Chamber of his own *Palace*. And the next Day he receiv'd an *Express*, which gave him an Account of the *Duke's* Escape, and the
Manner

Manner of it, *viz.* That on the Day before, he had let himself down by a Ladder of Ropes into the Castle Ditch, and was no more to be seen or heard of. Thus the *Astrologer* escap'd the *Cardinal's* Revenge, and got much Fame at the Court, which was increas'd by the *Cardinal's* Death, falling out exactly according to his Prediction.

This Minister was a very subtle Man ; and *Cardinal Richelieu* us'd to say of him, *That if he were minded to put a Trick on the Devil, he would only set Mazarini to Work.* Therefore he made him his Confident, instructed him in all Secrets of the *French Court*, the Art of Government, and on his Death-bed recommended him to the King, as the fittest Man to succeed him in the Management of the Publick. He was after the Death of *Lewis XIII.* at first opposed by several *Grandeess* ; but the *Queen's* Authority, and that of the Prince of *Conde*, supported him : Whence arose a common Proverb in those Days, *The Queen permits All, the Cardinal commands All, and the Prince puts all in Execution :* For this last had then the Office of General.

This Minister was not esteem'd so covetous as his Predecessor ; yet he heap'd up vast Treasures ; Part of which he bestow'd in magnificent Buildings and Furniture, the rest he sent into *Italy* to his Father ; who, astonish'd at the prodigious Quantities of Gold he receiv'd, us'd to say, *Sure it rains Money in France.* However he made himself odious to the Subjects of this Nation by his continual Oppressions ; and they are glad he is gone.

'Tis a By-word at *Rome*, when any *Pope* dies, to say, *Now the Dog is dead, all his Malice is buried with him.* But I doubt it will not prove true in the Court of *France*, at this Juncture. For the King will either find a Minister equal in Subtilty to the deceas'd *Cardinal*, who shall supply his Place ; or he will take the Administration of Affairs into his

own Hands. Be it which Way it will, we are like to see the same Maxims pursu'd, so long as *Cardinal Richelieu's* Memoirs are in Being, who first taught this Crown to understand its own Strength.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER II.

To the Vizir Azem at the Porte.

I Have sent a Dispatch to the *Musri*, acquainting him with the Death of the *Cardinal Mazarin*, First Minister of State, and the greatest Favourite that ever liv'd. Now I will inform thee of some Passages which I omitted in my Letter to that venerable Prelate. It is necessary for me thus to distribute my Intelligence, with a due respect to the different Quality of my Superiors.

Thou, I suppose, wilt require some Account of his Disposition and Morals, with such a Character as may render this great Genius familiar to thy Knowledge.

He seem'd to place his chief Happiness in aggrandizing his Master, whom he serv'd with a Zeal so pure and disinterested; a *Loyalty* so incorruptible, and by such *regular Methods* of Prudence and Policy; as if in his Days, nothing were to be counted Virtue or Vice, but what either favour'd or oppos'd the King of *France's* Interest. He was of a happy Constitution for a Courtier, being by Nature *debonair*, complaisant, affable, and of a sweet Deportment. Yet Experience and Art, taught him to improve these Advantages, to the Height of *Disimulation*. You should see Courtesy and extraordinary

ordinary Goodness flowing into every Feature of his Face; you should hear Words breathing from his Mouth, like the soft Benedictions of an *Angel*. Yet at the same time, his Heart gave the Lye to both. He meant nothing less, than that a Man should find him as good as his Word. He was ever ready to promise any Thing that was demanded of him: But in Performance slow, and full of Excuses; frugal of his Prince's Money, and liberal of his own: Magnificent in his Buildings, and the Furniture belonging to them; aiming in *all* Things to exceed other Men, his *Equals*, and in *some*, to surpass, even mighty Princes, his Superiors. In a Word, he was accomplish'd with all Qualifications requisite in a fortunate *Courtier*, and a good *Statesman*.

Yet after all, this sublime *Genius* yielded to *Death*: But not like common Mortals. He died altogether like *himself*, without so much as changing that settled Gravity, and serene Air of his Face, as had been remarkable during his Life. He made the King Heir of his Estate, and bequeath'd Abundance of Legacies.

To say all in Brief: If he was Great in his *Life*, he was much more so in his *Death*; mingling his last Breath with the Sighs and Tears of the King, who lamented his Departure with the Mourning of a *Son* for a *Father*.

Paris, 26th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1661.



LETTER III.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the
Customs, at Constantinople.

Y^Esterday a *Dispatch* came to my Hand from a very remote Part of the Earth. Our Cousin *Isonf* sent it from *Astracan*, a famous City for *Traffick*, formerly belonging to the *Crim Tartars*, but now in the Possession of the *Muscovites*. He has been there a considerable Time, finding Profit by Merchandise: For there is a vast Resort to that City from *China*, *Indostan*, *Persia*, *Moscovy*, and other *Provinces* of *Europe* and *Asia*. The Roads to it, are daily covered with the *Caravans* of trading People. And the River *Volga* can hardly sustain the innumerable Multitude of Vessels that transport Passengers with their Goods backwards and forwards, between *Astracan*, and the *Regions* round about the *Caspian Sea*, into which that mighty River discharges itself.

Isonf is ingenious, and has pitch'd upon some advantageous Way of enriching himself, which tempts him to take up his Abode in that City, and there end his Travels; or at least, he will repose himself there, till Fortune presents him with a fairer Opportunity of encreasing his Wealth.

In the mean Time, I perceive by his Letter, that he gets Money apace, lives very happily, and has the Wit to keep himself free from the Yoke of Marriage, which embarrass'd him so much formerly. He soon put that troublesome *Wife* out of his Mind, after he had divorc'd her; and he never fail'd to gratify himself with new Amours, where-ever he came in his Travels. He writes very comically; and I can't forbear smiling, when he tells me, He has

has had as many *Concubines* as the *Grand Signior*. By which thou wilt perceive, that *Isouf* is much addicted to Gallantry. He frankly confesses, that he first learned this Mode of loving at large in *Persia*, especially at *Ispahan*; where he says, 'tis a Mark of Honour for a Man to be good at intriguing with the Ladies: And he is call'd a *Turk* by Way of Disgrace, who frequents not every Evening the Gardens and Houses of Pleasure in the Suburbs. But he adds, that in *India* the Liberty of courting Women is much greater. And that the very Nature of that *Climate*, disposes a Man to this soft Passion. In a Word, our amorous Kinsman retains the same Humour still.

Yet this does not hinder him from prosecuting his necessary Affairs with Diligence and Alacrity. He dispatch'd a Business for me at *Archangel* in *Russia*, and another at *Mosco*, very dexterously. Which convinces me, that he is not less sedulous and careful in *Things* which concern himself. He says, the *Muscovites* are the greatest *Drunkards* in the *World*. Their chief and most beloved *Liquor* is, what the *French* call, *The Water of Life*. 'Tis a *Chymical Drink*, extracted from the Lees of *Wine*, or other strong *Beverages*: Such as thou know'st is common among the *Greeks*, *Armenians*, and *Franks*, in the *Levant*. When the *Muscovites* are once got into a House where this *Nectar* is sold, and are a little warm'd and elevated with it, they will not depart till all their Money is gone: Nay, they will pawn their very Garments from their Backs in a Frolick, rather than want their Dose of this inebriating Stuff, and go out stark naked in the coldest Weather, that is, fall asleep in the open Streets, and yet are ne'er the Worse for it when they wake, but go to their daily Work with the greater Ardour. For, 'tis only the common People are guilty of this Extravagance. As for the

Gentry

Gentry and Nobility, they are more close and reserv'd in their drunken Debauches.

The *Muscovites*, according to the Character he gives me of them, are a very rude and unpolish'd People; surly to one another, and extreemly rugged to Strangers. They despise all other Nations in the World, and say, 'tis impossible for any Man to go to Heaven, who has not a *Muscovite* Soul in him. They profess the *Christian Religion*, and were formerly of the *Greek Church*; but now they have separated themselves, and set up a *Patriarch* of their own; to whom so great a Veneration is paid, that the Emperor himself holds his Stirrop when he mounts on Horseback.

Brother, I desire thee to speak advantagiously of *Isouf*, to the Illustrious *Kerkar Hassan*, and to the other *Bassa's* of the Bench. He will be a serviceable Man to the *Grand Signior*, if encourag'd by some Place of Honour and Profit. I wish I could say the same of our *Cousin Solyman*. But he is too wise in his own Conceit.

Dear *Pesteli*, excuse my Abruptness; for my Hours are divided between the Service I owe to the *Sultan*, and the Affection I bear my Friends.

Paris, 7th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER IV.

To Orchan Cabet, Student in the Sciences,
and Pensioner to the Sultan.

I Have heard of thy Fame, and the Manner of thy Conversion to the Law brought down from Heaven: How that from a *Christian Priest*, thou art become a *Mussulman Abdalla*, that is, a Believer and
Servant

Servant of the True God. May thy Reward, both here and hereafter, be according to thy Integrity in this Change of Faith and Religion: For *Hypocrites* are neither acceptable to God nor Man; yet most Men are profelyted for Interest, Fear, or other human Regards. And in the Sense of the *Christians*, thou know'st, a Renegado and a Villain are reciprocal Terms.

The insupportable Miseries of Servitude, tempt many to embrace Circumcision, which at once sets 'em free, and often puts 'em in a Condition to mend their Fortunes, and live more happily than they did, even before they were Captives: Whilst Ambition and Avarice, are prevailing Motives with others in more prosperous Circumstances to be of the *Grand Signior's* Religion, that so they may rise in his Fayour, and obtain some considerable Preferment at the Court, or Office in the Army; like the ancient *Melchites* among the *Christians*, who were so call'd, because they always profess'd the Faith of the *Gre-cian* Emperors, without examining whether it was *Orthodox* or no. A Sort of religious *Parasites*, who would be any Thing to serve their own Interest, and adore the *Devil* himself, provided their Sovereign shew'd 'em an Example.

Yet after all, there are some who change their Religion in pure Sincerity, only compell'd thereto by the Dint of exalted Reason, and Motives of Virtue. Such as these are thinking Men, Persons of bold Spirits, who dare call in Question the Tradition of their Fathers, examine the Principles in which they were educated, dispute every Thing, and bring all to the Standard of natural Truth.

I rejoyce to hear that thou art one of this Character, and not in the Number of Counterfeits or Bigots: For such bring no Credit to the Religion they embrace, but rather a Scandal. Yet the Arms of
the

the munificent *Porte* are open to receive all who profess that *God* is One, and that *Mahomet* is his Apostle; leaying the Scrutiny of their Intention, to him who searches the Heart.

Thy Learning gives thee fair Opportunities of doing Good. Put it to a right Use. Convince the *Infidels*, whom thou hast forsaken, of their Errors; confirm the True Believers in the Faith, without Blemish.

Do this by Discourse, by Writing, and by thine own exemplary Life, which last will prevail above Ten thousand eloquent Sermons.

In a Word, shew thy self a true and faithful Follower of the Prophet on Earth, and God will translate thee to his Company in Paradise; where *Moses* will introduce thee, *Jesus* will entertain thee with Joy, and all the 124000 Prophets will welcome thee to the Pleasures which know no End.

Paris, 21st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER V.

To the Mufti.

WE are apt to admire some strange Passages which we find Recorded in ancient History, and whose Truth is out of the Reach of any Mortal to prove: Yet we slight the Miracles which are before our Eyes, evident Matters of Fact, which no Body can contradict. Whence this should proceed, I know not; unless it be from a natural Kind of Drowsiness in the Soul, common to the greatest Part of Men; like the Sleep of those, who cannot so soon be awaken'd by the loudest Noises they are accustom'd

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accustom'd to, as by the soft and still *Idea's* of a strange *Dream*; so we regard not the Things to which we are daily habituated, tho' in themselves never so prodigious: Whilst we start and are amazed at the most ordinary Relations of *Antiquity*, only because they are novel to us, and we were not Eye-witnesses of the Things themselves.

I formerly sent a *Letter* to *Cara Hali*, the *Sultan's Physician*, wherein I mentioned several *Physicians* of *Arabia*, who in past Ages, were eminent for some remarkable Cures. But, I tell thee, not one of them could match the King of *France's* Success in curing an *Epidemical* Distemper, which they call the *KING's EVIL*. The general *Symptoms* of this *Malady*, are certain Swellings in the Face, Neck, or other Parts of the Body; sometimes accompanied with Blindness, Deafness, Lameness, and other Imperfections. Those who are troubled with this *Disease*, flock to the *King's* Court at certain Seasons of the Year, and being introduced into his Presence, he only touches the Part affected with his Hand; and an infallible Cure follows.

They say, this Gift has been inherent in the *Kings* of *France* for many Generations: And the Priests magnify it as a great Miracle. But, I tell thee, all the Prodigy in my Opinion, lies in the Strength of the People's Imagination, which thou know'st works half the Cure in many Distempers. The Priests stand by the King, whilst he touches the Sick: They repeat their *Gospel*, and use certain Prayers and Exorcisms, being vested all in White like Magicians. These *Ceremonies* are perform'd with Abundance of Gravity, which strikes an Awe into the credulous Patients. And to render the Business yet more mysterious; whereas other Physicians take Money of the Sick, this Royal *Æsculapius* bestows a Piece of Gold on every one whom he touches, which they are oblig'd to wear about their
Necks

Necks as long as they live. Now, whether the *Charm* lies in the *Gold*, or the *King's Touch*, or the *Prayers* and *Ceremonies* of the *Priests*, or finally in the *Patient's Fancy*, it matters not much. This is certain, that *Thousands* who come to the *King's Feet*, very much disorder'd by this *Evil*, find a sensible *Alteration* in their *Bodies*, before they depart from his *Presence*; and in a few *Hours* or *Days* at most, are perfectly recover'd.

Perhaps, the *Kings of France* have some *Magical* or *Physical Tincture* in their *Blood*. Or, it may be, they have found out the *Philosopher's Stone*, so much talk'd of; and deliver'd it down to their *Posterity*, as a *Part of the Royal Inheritance*; which enables the present *King*, to do so many prodigious *Things* both at *Home* and *Abroad*, in *Peace* and in *War*, besides his *Part* in curing this *Sickness*. I am no *Roscrucian*, nor very fond or credulous of *Miracles*; yet I often wonder at the *Treasures* of this *Monarch*, which appear *Inexhaustible*. But the *Ways of Kings* are secret, and he of *France* is singular in his *mysterious Methods* of growing *Rich* and *Great*. Neither do all his magnificent *Expences* seem to diminish his *Wealth*. The *King of Sweden* has been his *Pensioner* ever since he began to reign: And *Millions of French Gold*, are dispersed among the *German Princes*.

These *Things* cause his *Subjects* to descant variously. But I refer 'em to thy *oraculous Judgment*, whose single *Testa* is of ten thousand times more *Worth*, than the *Decrees* of a *French Parliament*.

Paris, 3d of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1661.



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LETTER VII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.

NOW I will vent Holy Things, and what the Divinity shall inspire. The World was in Weeds when *Hosain* the Prophet was slain, and the Moon put on her Mourning Dress. The Timbrels of *Persia*, *Arabia*, and *Babylon* were heard in the Dead of the Night: Their Sound reach'd to the *Third Heaven*: The *Shepherds* ran to the *Heights* of the *Earth*, to discover the Occasion of so much Noise. The *Centinels* of *Forts* and *Castles* gave the Alarm, and the *Men of War* took hold of the Sword, the Bow, and the Spear. The *Tygris* overflow'd its Banks, and *Diarbekir* became a Lake. A dark Body of Clouds o'ercaft the Sky, and pour'd forth Thunder, Lightning and Hail. Fire ran all along on the Sands of the Desert, and the Air was all in a Flame. Horror possess'd the Minds of Mortals, and the Angels themselves were uneasy. The Beasts of the Field ran into Dens and Caves, and the Dragons were touch'd with Remorse: Only the more venomous *Kisilbasci* swell'd with Pride: The Poison of Murder and Heresy had puff'd up the Souls: They and their Posterity are accurs'd to this Day, and to the Hour of the irrevocable Sentence.

O *Santone*, great is thy Faith, in that thou hast abandoned the Shadow of this World, and separated thy self from the Contagion of Mortals. I revere the Majesty of thy sublime Soul, the Intellect ranging at Liberty. Thou daily gatherest Flowers from the Garden of *Eden*, and being in the Body, enjoyest the Sweets of *Paradise*. Kings would lay down their Crowns to taste of thy Pleasures, did they

they but know them; and exchange all the Glory of Empires for one Moment of thy unspeakable Bliss. Thou Companion and Care of Angels, Darling of the Monarch Omnipotent!

Where-ever thou liest down, whether by Day or by Night, the Watchers above stand ready with *Umbrella's* to skreen thee from the scorching Beams of the Sun, the chilling Darts of the Moon and Stars, and from all Injuries of Weather. The Elements go out of their Courses to serve thee, and all Nature espouses thy Interest.

The Merchant hires a thousand Camels, and loads them with the choicest Riches of the *Levant*. He endures all the Fatigues of a long and dangerous Travel, thro' *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*; runs the Risque of Robbers,, Diseases, and ten thousand Methods of Death: and after all his Hazards and Pains, is not half so happy nor so rich as thou, who aboundest in every Thing, because thou desirest nothing which thou hast not, or that is unnecessary. The Ploughmen labour for thee in the Field, and so do the Artificers in the City. The Noble and the Vulgar are thy *Purveyors*, and the greatest *Sovereigns* pay Tribute to thee. Every House is thy Home, and they count themselves happy, under whose Roof thou vouchsafest to sleep. They are really so; for Benediction accompanies the perfect Man in all his Ways, and the Favours of Heaven overtake them that shew Kindness to him. Thou art Lord of other Mens Estates, and every Man's Field is thy Inheritance. Thou enjoyest the Richest of this World, without being tainted with the Vices that attend 'em, and receivest immortal Assurances and Seals of the future Glory, in the Life which is to come. O happy Estate of the Righteous! O Life to be truly envied!

As for me, I'm like a *Galley-Slave*, chain'd down to the *Oar*, and forc'd to row incessantly whither the

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the Master of the Vessel commands. So I am oblig'd to obey the Dictates of my Superiors, whether there be Sin in the Case or no. I am fasten'd in the Cares of this vain World, and the more particular Anxieties of State. From all which thou art happily free.

Oh that it were lawful for me to shake off the fretting Yoke, and disintangle my self from the Snares of human Policy! That I might live like the Men of the First Ages, who honour'd the Earth as their common Mother, and made no envious Enclosures! They sported innocently on her fragrant Bosom, and never molested their kind Parent, by Cruelty to any of her Off-spring. They suck'd the Milk of her Breast: Her Veins stream'd with Wine and Honey. They banquetted on Variety of excellent Fruits; and no Body thought of killing and eating his Fellow-Animal. The Birds could then range the Air without Fear of the Fowler; neither did any yawling Huntsman rouse the timorous Hare from her Seat. The Roes and the Hinds could scamper at Pleasure o'er the Plain, without being hatter'd to the Mountains and Rocks for Sanctuary; neither did any sly Angler trepan the Fish of the Rivers. As for the Sea, 'twas then unknown; no Man, as yet, had ventur'd on that perfidious ELEMENT, or found out the Use of Ships. There was in those Days no foreign Commerce or Traffick, or any Need of it. Every Region supply'd its Inhabitants with what was Useful and Necessary: And those temperate Mortals desir'd no more. They liv'd without irregular Appetites, free from Ambition, Fraud, and Blood.

This is the Life so much desir'd by me, and which thou actually enjoyest. God augment thy Felicities and Raptures, that thou mayest pass from one Vision and Extacy to another, till *Gabriel* snatch
thy

thy Soul away in a Divine Transport, beyond the Possibility of a Relapse.

Holy *Santone*, whilst thou art on Earth, pray for me ; and when thou art among the Immortals, do me some Favours which may last for ever.

Paris, 26th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

MY Business in this Place obliges me to keep Company with all Sorts of People. Hence I indifferently associate my self with Statesmen, Soldiers, Courtiers, Priests, Fiddlers, Mechanicks, Seamen, or Persons of any Profession, from whom I can hope for any Improvement : For, there is hardly so despicable a Fellow in the World, who may not teach an inquisitive Mind something, to which it was a Stranger before.

Sometimes I converse with *Painters*, whom I generally find to be Men of Wit and Sense, but very lewd and dissolute : However, they serve to divert my Melancholy, to which thou know'st I am much inclin'd. For they are the merriest Sparks in the World, abounding with smart Repartees, Jest and comical Stories, besides a Hundred mimical Tricks of good Buffoonry to make one laugh ; that it is almost impossible to be sad in their Company.

They are most of them bred in the Academy, or in Colleges and Schools where the Sciences are profess'd : It being in a manner necessary, That Men of this Trade should have a Smack of all Sorts of Learn-

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Learning, and especially, that they should be indifferent good *Historians*; they being many times desir'd to represent Pieces of antique and modern History, without a Pattern. They have a very facetious Way also of telling a Story to the Life, as well as of drawing it so in Picture. They would dissolve the most stiff and morose *Hadgi* into Laughter and Jollity, to hear how gracefully they will ridicule the most serious Matters, and turn every Thing into *Burlesque*: For they are admirable *Satirists* by Nature.

Yet these are not all alike, but differ in their Tempers like other Men. Some of them are proud and flately, others fawning and abject: And all of them great *Humourists*.

It was an odd Whim of *Martin Heemskirk*, a Famous Painter, that was born at a Village of the same Name. He died in the Year of the *Christians Hegira*, 1574. This Man had amass'd together in his Life-time a vast Quantity of Money; and having no Wife or Children, nor other Relations of his own to leave it to, he was resolv'd to do something, for which he might be talk'd of after his Death. I have heard of many dying Men, that have had one Caprice or other in making their last *Will and Testament*: But thou wilt say this of *Martin's* was singular. For, on his Death-bed he bequeath'd all his Wealth to be distributed into equal *Dowries* or *Portions*, wherewith to marry a certain Number of Maids of *Heemskirk*, his Birth-place, yearly, on this Condition, That the New-married Couple, with all the Wedding-Guests, shou'd dance on his Grave.

It is necessary for thee to know, that since his Death, there has been a great Alteration of *Religion* in those *Parts*: The Inhabitants, which in his Time were *Roman Catholicks*, are now all *Protestants*. And at the Time of this Change or Reformation, as they

they call it, it was the general Practice of the *Protestants*, to demolish all *Images* and *Crosses* where-ever they found 'em. Now it was the Custom of the *Roman Catholicks* to set up a *Cross* at the End of every *Sepulchre* of the *Dead*. Yet, so great a Veneration have the *Heemskirkers* for the Memory of this *Painter*, that whereas there is not a *Cross* to be seen standing, in all the Country besides; yet his, being of *Brass*, remains untouch'd, as the only *Title* their *Daughters* can shew to his *Legacy*.

'Twas a more cruel and inhumane Caprice of an *Italian Painter*. (I think his Name was *Giotto*) who designing to draw a *Crucifix* to the Life, wheedl'd a poor Man to suffer himself to be bound to a *Cross* for an Hour, at the End of which he should be releas'd again, and receive a considerable Gratuity for his Pains. But, instead of this, as soon as he had him fast on the *Cross*, he stabb'd him dead, and then fell to drawing. He was esteem'd the greatest *Master* in all *Italy* at that Time. And having this Advantage, of a dead Man hanging on a *Cross* before him, there's no Question, but he made a matchless Piece of Work on't.

As soon as he had finish'd his *Picture*, he carried it to the *Pope*, who was astonish'd as at a Prodigy of Art, highly extolling the Exquisiteness of the Features and Limbs, the languishing, pale Deadness of the Face, the unaffected Sinking of the Head: In a Word, he had drawn to the Life, not only that Privation of Sense, and Motion, which we call Death; but also the very Want of the least vital Symptom.

This is better understood, than express'd. Every Body knows that it is a Master-piece to represent a Passion, or a Thought well and naturally. Much greater is it to be describe the total Absence of these interior Faculties, so as to distinguish the Figure of a dead Man, from one that is only asleep.

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Yet all this, and much more, cou'd the *Pope* discern in the admirable Draught which *Giotto* presented him. And he lik'd it so well, that he resolv'd to place it over the Altar of his own Chapel : For, thou know'st, this is the Practice of the *Nazarenes*, to adore Pictures and Images. *Giotto* told him, since he lik'd the Copy so well, he wou'd shew him the Original if he pleas'd.

What dost thou mean by the Original, said the *Pope* ? Wilt thou shew me *Christ Jesus* on the Cross in his own Person ? No, reply'd *Giotto*, but I'll shew your Holiness the Original from whence I drew this, if you will absolve me from all Punishment.

The good old Father suspecting something extraordinary by the Painter's thus Capitulating with him, promis'd on his Word to pardon him. Which *Giotto* believing, immediately told him where it was : And attending him to the Place, as soon as they were enter'd, he drew a Curtain back, which hung before the dead Man on the Cross, and told the *Pope* what he had done.

The Holy Father extremely troubled at so inhumane and barbarous an Action, repeal'd his Promise, and told the Painter, he should surely be put to an exemplary Death.

Giotto seemingly resigned to the Sentence pronounc'd upon him, only begg'd leave to finish the Picture before he dy'd ; which was granted him. In the mean while, a Guard was set upon him to prevent his Escape. As soon as the *Pope* had caus'd the Picture to be deliver'd into his Hands, he takes a Brush ; and dipping it in a Sort of Stuff he had ready for that Purpose, daubs the Picture all over with it, so that nothing cou'd now be seen of the Crucifix : But it was quite effac'd in all outward Appearance.

This made the *Pope* stark mad : He stamp'd, foam'd and rav'd like one in a Phrensy. He swore
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the Painter should suffer the most cruel Death that cou'd be invented, unless he drew another full as good as the former : For if but the least Grace was missing, he wou'd not pardon him. But if he cou'd produce an exact Parallel, he wou'd not only give him his Life, but an ample Reward in Money.

The Painter, as he had Reason, desir'd this under the *Pope's* Signet, that he might not be in Danger of a second Repeal : Which was granted him. And then he took a wet Sponge, and wip'd off all the Varnish he had daub'd on the Picture. And the Crucifix appeared the same in all Respects, as it was before.

The *Pope*, who looked on this as a great Secret, being ignorant of the Arts which Painters use, was ravish'd at the strange Metamorphosis. And to reward the Painter's treble Ingenuity, he absolv'd him from all his Sins, and the Punishments due to them ; ordering moreover his Steward, to cover the Picture all over with Gold, as a farther Gratuity for the Painter. And, they say, this Crucifix is the Original by which the most famous Crucifixes in *Europe* are drawn.

I need make no other Reflection on this, than that as the suppos'd Murther of *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, is the Source of all the Christians Devotion ; so the real Homicide which this Painter committed, has made it more intense and fervent, by how much the Crucifixes drawn after this Pattern, excel all that were seen before them, in the tragical Portraiture of the Martyr'd *Messias*.

And, from this Reason it is, that Painters are in so great esteem among the *Italians*, because they form the Gods which those Infidels adore. It is no Wonder therefore, that the Chief Head of their Church, should so easily absolve Murther in a Painter, as a venial Sin, especially when it is done in *Ordine ad Deum*, as the Jesuits say, that is, to promote

mote God's Glory, as the Pope easily persuaded himself this was: Since *Idolatry* is the main Engine which supports the State and Grandeur of the *Roman Court*. And all the World knows, that Holy City is a Type of Heaven; or at least, the crafty Priests would fain represent it so.

My Friend, thou and I have seen enough of their Tricks and Holy Frauds in *Sicily*. Praise be to God, they had no Power to pervert us. Our Faith remains inviolate: We still possess the Integrity of *Mussulmans*, the native Attach we owe to the Prophet, who was sent to exterminate *Idols*. In a Word, we adore none but one God, Creator of the Worlds. May that Incomprehensible for ever keep us in the same Faith and Practice, till the Release of our Souls.

Paris, 13th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1661.

LETTER VIII.

To Lubano Abufei Saad, an Egyptian Knight.

THIS Court is now at *Fontainebleau*, and all seems to be dissolv'd in Joy for the Birth of a *Dauphin*. The Queen was deliver'd of this young Prince, on the first Day of this Moon. There's nothing but Feasting, Dancing, and Revelling on this Account, with Bonfires and Congratulatory *Addresses*. Only the Duke of *Orleans*, the King's Brother, has little Reason to be over-merry, since he was the next presumptive Heir of the Crown, in Case the King died without Issue Male: For the Laws of *France* exclude a Female from Reigning. Yet, this Duke

dissembles his inward Grief, for being thus put by his Hopes, and appears as joyful as the *Father* himself. He hugs and admires the *Royal Babe*, wishing him Health and long Life in a Compliment, whom he really could rather wish out of the World; or, at least, that he had never come into it. So violent are the Temptations to a *Crown*, so strong the Desire of *Empire*, that the Nearness of Relation, which endears the rest of Mortals one to another, estranges the Hearts of Princes from those of their own Blood, if they stand in the Way of their Ambition. And I can assure thee, the *French* do not spare to say, the Duke of *Orleans* has enough of this Vice to attempt great Things, were not his *Genius* over-aw'd by the matchless Fortune and Spirit of his Brother.

Neither is the *King* himself insensible of this; remembering with what Warmth the Duke receiv'd the flattering Addresses of some *Courtiers*, during his Brother's dangerous Sicknes, when the Physicians had well-nigh given him over for a dead Man.

I was acquainted with this Passage but lately, by *Osmin* the Dwarf, who watches all the Motions of this Court. He tells me that the *King* being informed, a Rumour was whispered among the *Grandeess* of his Death, caused them all to be sent for, and to pass through his Chamber, whilst the Curtains of his Bed were drawn open, that they might see their Sovereign alive, tho' in a bad State of Health. He says moreover, that the true Reason, why several Lords of late have been removed from their Offices about the *King*, is because he resented ill the too early and passionate Court they made to the Duke of *Orleans*, on the Report of his Brother's Death. 'Tis natural to all Men to love themselves, and to desire the Disposal of their own Affairs. No Man would be content to have his Estate given away

away by his Servants at their own Discretion. And Sovereign Monarchs are the most Jealous of all Men in such Cases: Particularly, the *King of France* is known to be a Prince very sensible of his Honour, and soon touch'd in that Point, by the least Appearance of Disrespect in his Subjects, and of Incroachment in his Neighbours.

As for the Duke of *Orleance*, he is a Prince of no great Character, either as a Soldier, or a Statesman: Neither has he been much talk'd of in the World, till the Beginning of this Year, when he married an *English* Princess, by Name *Henrietta*, Daughter to the late murther'd King of that Nation.

We have had another Match here also, between the late Duke of *Orleance's* Daughter, and the Prince of *Toscany*. These things occasion various Discourse among those who pretend to weigh exactly the different Interests of *Christian Courts*, especially of such as are concerned in the *New Alliances*. For, the greatest Monarchs here in the *West*, marry only for Profit and Advantage, to fortify themselves by a closer Union with the House to which they are Ally'd. Whereas our Eastern Princes only indulge their Passions in the Choice of their Wives; admitting none to their Embraces, but the most exquisite Beauties that can be found. And where they once pitch their Fancy, they neither regard Riches, Honour, or any other Recommendation, save what their Love suggests; being themselves inexhaustible Fountains of Wealth, Nobility, and good Fortune to all who have the Happiness to be in their Favour.

They scorn to sell themselves, and prostitute the Glory of their *Diadems* to a Foreign Prince, for the Sake of a little Gold, and much more Trouble, with a proud Female, whom perhaps they never saw. Yet this is the common Practice among the Princes of the *Nazarene* Belief; who consider not, that in-

stead of a Wife, a Partner of their Empire, and a Friend, they often entertain a Snake, a Traytor, an Enemy: Especially if she be a Woman of Wit and Intrigue, as most of them are. This made the now Queen-mother, the Relict of *Lewis XIII.* suspected by her Husband; and the present Queen of *France* is under the like Circumstances: And it will always be so, where Princes match themselves after this Manner, and cannot debar their Wives from holding a secret Correspondence with the Family from which they descend.

Assuredly, the *Ottoman* Politicks are the most refined and secure of any in the World; our Religion most Holy, and our Morals most Sound. Which Three are evident Signs, that God has raised up this Sacred Empire, to subdue all the Nations on Earth, and bring 'em to the Faith of his Divine Unity.

*Paris, 9th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1661.*

LETTER IX.

To Cara Haly, Physician to the Grand Signior.

I AM now in my Chamber by a glowing Fire, wanting nothing that can comfort a reasonable Man: Whilst I hear the Winds whistling, the Snow driving upon my Windows, and the hollow Voices of the Watch proclaiming a Night little less Cold, than that lasting One they feel in the Arctick Circle once a Year. Yet I wish my self in a Plain, or on the Top of some High Mountain, where I might feel Nature in the most rigid of all her Humours.

mours. I love Variety, and 'tis a Pain to be confined to Pleasure itself, when 'tis all of one Kind, or what I am us'd to.

'Tis to thee my dear *Haly*, I owe this Thought, when you told me once, as we were walking together in the Cemetery of *Sultan Solymán's Mosque*, *That Man is made for all things.*

I remember the Elegance and Force of Reason with which you explain'd your Sentiment, upon a Loss which I had then sustained by *Shipwreck*; comforting me with this Reflection, that all the Gains on Earth are only Burthens: All the Riches, Honours, Pleasures, and whatsoever is desired by Mortals, are but so many Clogs to tie us faster to this little narrow Globe, which we are born to trample on as our Foot-stool.

All this is true: But I consider farther, that the Occurrences of this Life ought to be received with Indifference, and we should be as chearful in a Prison as in a Palace; because Nothing can happen to us, which was not decreed by Fate. Methinks I could go as freely to Torments in a just Cause, as to a sumptuous Banquet. I could smile at the Malice of my Persecutors, and triumph o'er the vain Executioners, when I see them sweat at their inhumane Toil, and yet can never have their Wills of a Soul cast into such a Mold as mine, whatever they may do with my Body. Tho' they excruciate me with a thousand Inventions of Cruelty, tho' they reduce me to Ashes, yet they cannot rob me of my Reason. Neither Fire, nor Sword, nor Rack, nor any other Instrument of barbarous Rage, can hurt my Thoughts. I shall still have the Power of Meditating, in Spite of 'em all: And I esteem that the specifick Happiness of a rational Creature. There's no such Thing as Pleasure or Pain, but what our Opinion makes so. I have try'd to handle Fire; I've grasped hot burning Coals in the Palm of my

Hand with which I now write. The devouring Element soon fasten'd on my Skin, and eat its Way through into my Flesh, whilst I was busie in contemplating its Nature and Effects, without being concern'd in any Sense of Pain. I kept a tight Rein, and curb'd my Soul. I held it within Compass, and would not suffer it to winch, or lash, or flounce out of it self, or descend into my Body, to rescue the Part affected, or be concern'd at its Grievance. But when I reflected on the Inconveniences that might follow, and that it would hinder me from serving the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I threw the Coals away, well satisfy'd that I had made the Experiment without prejudicing my Reason, or falling into any Passion unbecoming a Man.

I take as much Pleasure in Fasting, as in Eating or Drinking; in Labour, as in Rest; in Watching as in Sleep. There's no Excess or Contrariety in Nature, which does not afford me as much Delight as Mediocrity, or the Golden Mean it self. I find Gust in every Thing that happens to me. And this I take to be the proper Part of a *Mussulman*, or of one resign'd to God.

Yet this hinders me not from bustling in the World, and prosecuting my Business with Alacrity and some Eagerness. We are born for Action, and not only for Thought. 'Tis a mix'd Life we are to lead on Earth. But when I fail of my End or desir'd Success in any Undertaking, I am not troubled, considering I was born to encounter Evil as well as Good in this mortal State.

In all that I have said, I do not pretend to the celebrated *Apathy* of the *Stoicks*. I feel Pleasure and Pain from the same Objects which thus effects other Men: But I feel 'em with Indifference, not suffering my Understanding and Judgment to participate with my Passion and Sense.

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I have perceiv'd my self sometimes in *Agonies*, which I thought exactly answered the Character of those which dying Persons feel. And I believe they were in a Degree the very same : Yet I found no panick Fears upon me, no Dread of that amazing Change : But rather certain blooming Hopes, young, tender, springing Joys, arising from the Thoughts of a new Life, the unavoidable Effect of that which we call Death, wherein I promised my self the Pleasure of fresh Enjoyments and Diversions, to which I was wholly then a Stranger.

If thou thinkest this too extravagant, and that Death is not a proper Object of our Wishes, yet thou wilt at least acknowledge, that it may furnish us with sufficient Arguments of Content and Acquiescence, since no Man can avoid it, and it is sure to entertain us with Novelties which we never were acquainted with before, which recommends it under a very desirable Figure, because humane Nature perpetually covets new Things.

I have seen Persons condemned to Death here in *Paris*, who have been offered Life on certain Conditions not agreeing with their Humour, yet have refused it, and rather chose Death which they knew would free 'em at once from all their present Troubles. And thou know'st with what Resignation our Greatest *Bassa's* submit their Necks to the *Executioners*, when the *Grand Signor* thinks fit to call for their Lives. All that they reply to the *Fatal Mandate*, is, *The Will of my Sovereign Lord be done*. They at once gather up all the Strength of their scattered Reason, and shrink their dilated *Souls* to a Point. Then with a redoubled Force, they shake off their Inclinations to Honours, Riches, and the Pleasures of this Life, as a Man rowzes from a long Dream or Trance. With Smiles, and a profound Submission they kiss the *Royal Firme*, being
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awaken'd to the Thoughts of more Illustrious and Serene Joys than this gross Earth affords, even to the ineffable Pleasures of *Eden*, the sure Reward of those that die in Obedience and Peace: Since they are to be esteem'd Martyrs, as well as those who meet Death in the Field of the Sacred Combat, in the War for our Holy Faith.

Oh! that it were my Lot thus to expire in Honour, to have my last Breath mixed with the devout Aspirations and Suffrages of True Believers, that so my Example might edify others, and the publick Character of an untainted Loyalty might benefit my self: Whilst Fame proclaimed it before my Arrival at the invisible Regions, to prepare the Ghosts of Just Men to bid me welcome, and give me a kind Reception who am yet wholly a Stranger in those Parts of the World: For Death it self cannot banish me out of the Universe. And there's my last Comfort.

Thou, my dear Physician, wilt conclude, I'm Melancholy by this kind of Discourse. But I tell thee, 'tis only another Way of expressing the secret Pleasure and Tranquillity of my Soul, which is more to be valu'd by him that enjoys it, than all the Laughter and extravagant Mirth in the World. These only ruffle our Passions, and raise a Dust in our Eyes: Whereas the other compose and purify our Reason, giving us a constant Prospect of Things past, present, and to come. So that we can never be at a Loss, but always ready equipp'd for the worst Contingencies. *Hali, Adieu.*

Paris, 15th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1661.



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LETTER X.

To the same.

THe Court of *France* in all Things endeavours to imitate the ancient Grandeur of the *Roman* Emperors, and their Policy. As they had their *Amphitheatres*, whereon were exhibited all Sorts of Shews and Spectacles to divert the People in Time of Peace; so have these their Theatres whereon, according to the more acceptable Mode of the present Age, are represented the various Kinds of Vertue and Vice; Men's Follies, and Perfections; modern Humours, and the ancient Morality; Intrigues of Love, and of State; surprizing Actions of War, and the subtle Overtures of Peace; the Tyranny of Sovereigns, and Rebellion of Subjects. In fine, whatsoever is treated of in Books, is here acted to the Life on the Stage, and with so much Advantage of Scenes, Interludes, Musick, Dances, Language, Wit, Humour, and the like charming Circumstances, that a Man at some Hours cannot better pass away his Time, than in being present at these Entertainments. Where all that he has read, either in ancient or modern History, deserving Remark, shall be successively presented to his View, as efficaciously as if the Persons were now living, and in presence, whose Actions each Play describes.

There you shall be introduced as it were, into the Court and Camp of the *Grand Cyrus*: You shall accompany *Alexander the Great* in his Expeditions through *Asia*: You shall see him die of Poyson at *Babylon*, and the *Macedonian Empire* cantonized among his Officers: You shall behold all the *Roman Casars* in their Rise and Fall: With whatsoever Particularities were observable in this or any other renown'd Monarchy on Earth; not excluding the

last and most universal Empire of the *Ottomans*. For these *Infidels* presume to act o'er again, the Part of *Tamerlane*, and lead about in Dramatick Triumph, the encaged, yet still invincible *Bajazet*. In Habits, which only become the destin'd Conquerors of the World, these Slaves dare personate the Glorious *Solyman*, *Mahomet the Great*, the Victorious *Selim*, and even *Amurat* himself, the stoutest Emperor that ever reigned: I mean, the Uncle of our present Sovereign.

Besides, true History thus represented, the Spectators are sometimes diverted with fabulous Entries of *Gods*, *Nymphs*, *Fauns*, *Satyrs*, *Muses*, *Graces*, *Monsters*, and whatsoever we find in the ancient Poets.

There you shall see *Prometheus* fetching Fire from Heaven, to give Life to his Man of Clay; *Lycaon* transformed into a Wolf, for his inhospitable Carriage to *Jupiter*; *Ganymede* snatched up into Heaven by an Eagle, and made *Jupiter's* Cup-bearer, for his singular Beauty. It is pleasant also to see *Phrixus*, with his Sister *Helle*, swimming o'er the *Hellespont* on the Back of a Ram, with a Golden Fleece; whilst she for Fear, falls off, and is drowned: And from her Name (*Helle*) that Sea is supposed to be so called. In the mean While, *Phrixus* swims forward, and arrives at *Colchis*, where he sacrifices the Ram, and hangs the Golden Fleece up in the Temple; which was afterwards stole away by *Jason* and his *Argonauts*. It is equally diverting, to see the Artifice of the Scenes and Machines, which represent *Jupiter* transforming himself into a Show'r of Gold, and so descending into *Danae's* Lap, when he begets *Perseus* on her, who subdued the *Gorgons*, and with *Medusa's* Head, turned the *Cephen* Nobles into Statues: In a Word, all the ingenious Fictions of *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Ovid*, and the rest of the Greek and Roman Poets, are here translated, not so much from one Language to another, as from Words to Actions,

Actions, and from dead, inanimate Characters, to living Figures of the Things themselves. For these Sort of Plays are acted by Men, Women, and Children, culled out and educated for that Purpose; and the Managers are at a vast Charge, for Variety of proper Scenes and Dresses for every Occasion; each Actor being exactly apparel'd according to the different Quality of Persons represented; and the Mode of the Age and Country wherein they lived.

These Sort of Divertisements are very agreeable both to the Court and City. The King takes great Delight in them, especially in Ballets and Pastorals, which consist chiefly of good Songs and Dances, mixed with bold and uncouth Entries of Antiques, representing Monsters and Devils, as the *Christians* usually describe 'em.

But there was lately a Check given to their Sport, by an Accident which has surpriz'd all People that hear of it, and has puzzled the most intelligent Heads to give an Account of so strange an Occurrence.

On the 19th of this Moon, the King and the whole Court were present at a Ballet, representing the Grandeur of the *French Monarchy*. About the Middle of the Entertainment, there was an Antique Dance perform'd by twelve Masquerades, in the suppos'd Forms of *Demons*. But before they had advanc'd far in their Dance, they found an Interloper amongst 'em, who by encreasing the Number to Thirteen, put 'em quite out of their Measures: For they practise every Step and Motion beforehand, till they are perfect. Being abash'd therefore at the unavoidable Blunders the Thirteenth Antique made 'em commit, they stood still like Fools, gazing at one another: None daring to unmask, or speak a Word; for that would have put all the Spectators into a Disorder and Confusion.

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Cardinal Mazarini (who was the chief Contriver of these Entertainments, to divert the King from more serious Thoughts) stood close by the young Monarch, with a Scheme of the Ballet in his Hand. Knowing therefore that this Dance was to consist but of Twelve Antiques, and taking Notice that there were actually Thirteen, at first imputed it to some Mistake. But afterwards, when he perceived the Confusion of the Dancers, and that they could not proceed, he made a more narrow Enquiry into the Cause of this Disorder. To be brief, they convinc'd the *Cardinal*, that it could be no Error of theirs, by a Kind of Demonstration, in that they had but twelve Antique Dresses of that Sort, which were made on purpose for this particular Ballet; whereas the thirteenth Dancer was disguis'd after the same Manner. Therefore they concluded, that either the Devil or some Body else, had put a Trick on them. That which made it seem the greater Mystery was, that when they came behind the Scenes to uncase, and examine the Matter, they found but twelve Antiques, whereas on the Stage there were thirteen.

The preciser sort of Bigots gave it out for certain, That the Devil was amongst 'em: Whilst others more probably say, 'twas only some envious or ambitious Dancing-Master, who was either resolv'd to be reveng'd for not being One of the Twelve, or design'd to shew his Parts *Incognito* against another Opportunity, and in the *Interim*, set the Court a wond'ring at his singular Skill and Dexterity: For it was observ'd, that one of the thirteen far surpass'd all the rest, and did things to a Miracle.

Be it how it will, it has brought to Memory a Passage that happen'd on the like Occasion at a Town not far from *Paris*, about eighteen Years ago, yet was not half so much talk'd of then, as 'tis now; which was the Reason, I took no Notice
of

of it in any of my Letters. But now they are big with it: 'Tis the general Discourse of all Companies who make Comparisons of that Event with this. Perhaps 'twill not be unpleasant to thee to know it.

In the Year 1644, toward the latter End, a Company of *Stage-Players* were at a Place call'd *Vitry*, entertaining the People with *Comedies*; but there happen'd something really tragical to one of the *Actors*. This Man was to perform the Part of one *Dead*, and then he was to revive again by *Magick*. He acted his Part too truly, and baffled the *Necromancer's Art*. For when he touch'd him with his *Talisman*, as the Rules of the *Play* requir'd, in order to his *Resurrection*, the *inanimate Trunk* could not Obey. The Man was *Dead* indeed.

Whether he overstrain'd himself in imitating the silent, still, and irrecoverable Privations of that passive State, and gave his slippery *Soul* a strong Temptation, with a fair Opportunity to escape its Bonds; or whether *Heaven* had a *particular Hand* in so remarkable a *Catastrophe*, I will not presume to divine. But this and the other Occurrence, has put the People quite out of Conceit with *Plays*.

Sage *Hali*, remember the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, 'Tis not good to Jest with God, Death, or the Devil. For the First neither can, nor will be mock'd; the Second mocks all Men, one Time or other; and the Third puts an eternal *Sarcasm* on those that are too familiar with him. Adieu.

Paris, 30th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1662.



LET

LETTER XI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

GOD unravel my Soul, reverse my Faculties, turn my Nature inside out, make me a Monster of a new Predicament, or annihilate me, which he pleases, if I am not true to my Trust; yet the Ministers of the *Porte* suspect me.

By the Thoughts of *Mahomet* our holy Law-giver, whilst he was climbing the boundless Heights of the Firmament, I've a Heart like the *Roman Curtius*, who bravely leap'd into the fathomless *Abyss* to save his Country from Ruin. They mistake *Mahmut*, who think he'll be pimp'd out of his Loyalty by Frowns or Smiles, Flatteries or Threats, Gold or Tortures. I'd run the Risque of Damnation it self to serve my Sovereign, or to do any Thing becoming a Man of Honour. Yet my Superiors use me like a Villain or a Traytor. Their Letters are full of Reproaches and Threatnings, as if I were not worthy to live. 'Tis a strange to me, whence all this Malice should proceed; and that after I have done and suffer'd all that could be expected from a *Mussulman* in my Post, to demonstrate my incorruptible Fidelity to the *Grand Signior*, I should still be persecuted as a *Tiafer*, and Enemy to the *Ottoman* Interest. I know not what to think of it.

If I have done any thing which deserves Death or Imprisonment, why do not they send for me to *Constantinople*, and execute Justice on me? Or if I am not thought fit to continue any longer in this Post, why do they not call for my Commission, and give it some Body better qualify'd? Either of these would be a merciful Proceedings, compar'd with the more cruel and ignominious Way they have invent-
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ed to murther me: For, now they put me to a lingring Death, by continually corroding and wasting the Peace of my Soul, which is my Life, with Contempts and Reproaches.

I am not at all troubled when they tax me with Atheism, or say, I'm a *Kysilbaschi*, a *Libertine*, a *Christian*, a *Heathen Philosopher*; or when they are pleas'd to make a *Monster* of me, a *Mungrel Gallimaufry*, a walking *Hotpotch*, compounded of *Jew*, *Turk*, *Nazarene*, and *Epicure*. In loading me with these opprobrious Titles, they rank me with some of the greatest Mortals, and engage even our *Holy Prophet* himself to espouse my Cause, and vindicate my Reputation; since he is in these very Terms blasphem'd by the Followers of *Jesus*: Those *Infidels* forgetting that their own *Messias* was after the like Manner traduc'd by the *Jews*, who call'd him *Impostor*, *Magician*, *Heretick*, *Devil*, and I know not what. This has been the Lot of all holy Men and Prophets, to be envy'd and aspers'd by the *Grande'es* of the Nation and Age wherein they liv'd: Because they boldly reprov'd their Vices, and taught them the sincere Maxims of Virtue both by Word and Example. And though I have not Vanity enough to Lift my self in the Number of Prophets, or perfect Men; yet I have reason to conclude, That all this Persecution is rais'd against me, on the Account of the Liberty I take to reprehend the Errors and Failings of those, who are Slaves to the *Grand Signior* as well as I: Tho' I have been commanded to do this by the most August Minister of the Empire. But great Men in Power, love not to be told of their Faults. They wou'd live Arbitrary as Sovereigns, without the least Check or Controul. They will rather cherish a thousand Flatterers and Sycophants, than suffer one *Diogenes* to live.

But that which vexes me most is, That they glance upon me in some Expressions, as if I were
false

false to the Trust which is repos'd in me. A Crime for which I ever had an invincible Abhorrence, and which wou'd sooner tempt me a thousand times to die, than to be once guilty of it. Thou know'st my Temper, and I need say no more.

I shou'd have burst with Grief and Indignation, had I not given my Resentments this Vent, and that to a Friend who, by knowing my Affliction, takes one Half of it for his own Share, and so I'm eas'd.

Paris, 2d of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XII.

To Abraham Eli Zeid, Hadgi, Preacher
to the Seraglio.

They have a Proverb here in the *West*, which says, *All is not Gold that glisters.* And 'tis frequently verif'd in their own Priests, who are generally the greatest Hypocrites in the World.

I had not been long in this City, before I sent a Letter to *Bedredin*, Superior of the *Dervises* of *Cogni* in *Notalia*, whose Soul is now with God; wherein I gave him an Account of the Converse I once had with a Jesuite. For, pretending to be a Student and Retainer to the Clergy, I cou'd not avoid the Company of Ecclesiasticks; besides, it was my Interest to insinuate into their Acquaintance; and to tell the Truth, I have made it a great Part of my Business to gain a Familiarity with Priests and Dervises, ever since I came hither.

There was abundance of Reason for this, on several Accounts. For I improv'd my self much by the Society of those amongst them, that are learned;
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and I edify'd not a little by the very Ignorance and Follies of others. From some I squeez'd out Secrets of State, and the Designs of Cabals: By others I penetrated into the mysterious Vices of their own Order. In a Word, all of them taught me something or other which I knew not before; and I never had Occasion to repent of keeping them Company.

I contracted a particular Friendship with an honest Friar or two in this City, who were Persons of Candour and Learning: But, now they are Dead. Besides, I have had no small Intimacy with *Cardinal Richelieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*. I tell thee, if I had not coveted the Friendship of these Princely Priests, yet it had been impossible to escape their Knowledge, as obscure a Figure as I make. For, it was their constant Practice, thus to seek out all the Strangers and Travellers in this City, under Pretence of that great Regard they had for Men of Merit; but in Reality, to pump out of them foreign Secrets.

Cardinal Richelieu profess'd a great Kindness to me, because I had been at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions. He seem'd also to value me not a little for my Skill in interpreting *Greek*, *Sclavonick*, and other *Languages* of the *East*. What he thought of me in's Heart, I cannot divine; but I have Reason to think, he suspected me for a *Mussulman*. And yet I wonder he never search'd for the main Proof, the Mark of *Circumcision*. Perhaps, 'twas an Effect of his good Nature, as being loth to ruin me irrecoverably. But, I rather ascribe it to Providence, which would not suffer him, it may be, to make so fatal a Reflection: Yet, by his Order some Years ago, I was imprison'd for six *Moons*. What the Meaning on't was, I could never dive into. But I had a shrew'd Jealousy of a certain *Transylvanian* Resident

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at this Court, who perhaps might do me some ill Offices. The World's like a Lottery, wherein we must expect to meet with many unlucky Chances.

By what I have said, thou wilt easily perceive, that tho' the Priests make a fair Semblance of Piety, Mortification, and other Religious Vertues, yet they are great Busy-bodies, and wholly taken up in secular Affairs.

If this were the worst Character they deserve, they might pass for very good Men, and necessary Instruments of the publick Welfare: Because, they have the Tutelage and Guardianship of all Men's Consciences; they form 'em in their Youth, and govern 'em in their ripest Years. Besides, they have many Advantages of studying the Politicks, more than other Men, as being all educated in the Academies, where if they be not very dull, they cannot fail of becoming good Historians, and indifferent Statesmen. For, their Libraries abound with all Manner of ancient and modern Writers, and their Conversation is generally refin'd and pregnant in Intrigues.

But they corrupt their Learning with false Maxims which they borrow from an intolerable Pride and Sensuality; persuading themselves, that they are as far above other Men, that is, the *Lainy*, as those are above the *Beasts*, that God has bestow'd on them a *Dignity* superior to that of the greatest Temporal Monarchs; and, in fine, that this *Earth* is a *Paradise*, and themselves the Gods and Lords of it.

When I speak at this Rate of the *Nazarene Priests*, understand me not without Restriction. There are some good and holy Men amongst them, Persons of unblemish'd Manners, and incorrupt Sincerity. But, these are very rare; and the *French Priests* are esteem'd the most sincere of any within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

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As for the *Italian* Clergy, they are mere Libertines; the most debauch'd and profligate Fellows in the World.

Adonai the Jew, a late private Agent of the *Grand Signior*, who had travell'd up and down thro' all *Italy*, and resided a considerable Time in the chief Cities and Towns of Note, made many curious Observations and Remarks on the Lives of the Priests, which he set down in his Journal. This I have by me now, it being sent me, according to my Desire, after his Death by *Zeidi Alamanzi*, his Successor in that Station, who is at present at *Venice*.

I have perus'd this Relation my self, with no small Pleasure; and believe 'twill not be unwelcome to thee, to give thee an Abstract of what he says.

It is possible, he may exaggerate some Things, and deliver himself too partially in others, out of the natural and inherent Aversion the *Jews* have for the *Christians*. But thou wilt find, that in the Main, he insists only on such Reflections as it becomes any Man to make, who has the least Spark of common Morality and Reason.

In the first Place, he finds Fault with the Ecclesiasticks, in that they abstain from Marriage themselves, yet recommend that State to the Laity as a very holy Sacrament and Mystery of Religion: Whilst they indulge themselves at the same Time in all Manner of Lasciviousness; wallowing in Fornication, Adultery, Incest, and Sodomy it self. He says, there is hardly one Priest in Ten, who does not keep two or three Harlots; and the most Recluse Dervises, are either Pimps to other Men's Lusts, or they indulge their own with the most infamous *Courtezans* and *Catamites*. These Pretenders to Perfection and Sanctity, are often found Masquerading and Revelling about the Streets, in the Time of the *Carnaval*, with a Company of Whores
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for their Attendance. Nay, all the Year round their Monasteries are no other than *Stews* or *Brothel-houses*. They introduce Women into their *Cells* in a *monastick* Habit, and so they pass for Men who come to visit them as Friends, Relations, or Travellers. These Ladies of Pleasure lie thus conceal'd for many Days and Nights together. And the *Superior* of the *Convent* winks at this for a little Money, being most commonly as bad as any of them.

These *Holy Fathers* go marching and slouching along the Streets, in the most mortify'd Manner imaginable. You wou'd take 'em for perfect *Santonnes* and *Idiots*. Yet this is all but Mummery, whilst they are the most glozing *Hypocrites* in the World, mere *Devils* in a City, and abounding in wicked Thoughts and Practices.

Adonai tells a pleasant Story of a young Monastick of *St. Dominick's* Order at *Rome*. This Monk was of noble Extraction, and his Parents were very rich and powerful in the City. On which Account he was indulg'd many Liberties, deny'd to the rest of his religious Brethren. He was permitted to carry good Quantities of Gold and Silver about him, for his personal Expences; and to wear a *secular* Habit, suitable to his Birth and Quality. But this Liberty had like to have prov'd fatal to him one Night during the *Carnaval*.

It was late, and very dark, when this religious Bully was beating the Streets, upon the Hunt for *Whores*; and walking under certain *Piazza's* near the River *Tyber*, he was accosted by a Woman mask'd, and in a very good Dress; who spoke to him frankly, asking him the Way to *Il Rotundo*. This is the Name of a Church in *Rome*, dedicated to All the *Saints*: In the Time of the *Gentiles*, 'twas call'd *Pantheon*, or the Temple of all the Gods. The Monk being in one of his rambling Equipages, and his Inclinations equally bent on Pleasure; having
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also a Hundred *Florins* about him ; presently made answer, He wou'd conduct her to the Place she enquired for. She, after some counterfeit Essays of a modest Repulse, at length accepted his Offer : And by the Way, he persuaded her into a Tavern. The cunning Nymph manag'd her Business so well, that the Monk over-heated with Wine, and other costly Entertainments, grew so in Love with her, that he forgot she was to go to the *Pantheon*, and offered to wait on her Home. She accepted the Motion, and telling him, her House was seated on the Banks of the *Tyber*, they return'd the same Way as they came.

When they arriv'd at the Piazza's, where they first met, three Persons appear'd, muffled up in Cloaks : Two of which suddenly seiz'd the Monk, holding their Ponyards at his Breast ; whilst the Third, disclosing the hidden Light of a dark Lanthorn, which he held in his Hand, fasten'd on the Lady, and made her unmask. As soon as he saw her Face, he stamp'd and rav'd, menac'd and swore, he wou'd be the Death of that Villain who had debauch'd his Wife. All this was but a fore-laid Design. In a Word, after all the Parts of an abus'd, incens'd, revengeful Husband, acted to the Life, at last, through the Intercession of the two other Ruffians, and the Monk's penitent and submissive Address, it was concluded to spare his Life, and only strip him naked ; leaving him in that Condition to seek his Fortune among the Watch.

This was soon put in Execution, and the Freebooters, with all their Prey, securely march'd off. The poor Monk, thus miserably abandon'd, without Garments, Money, or any Thing to comfort him in this Calamity, or to bribe the Watch, gave himself over to Melancholy and Despair, in regard this Accident would bring an eternal Infamy on him, and he shou'd be no longer able to shew his

Face

Face in *Rome*, the Seat of his Nativity; nor among any of his Kindred and Friends. Sometimes he thought to drown himself in the *Tyber*; or else to counterfeit a Phrensy, and so run brawling, driveling, and talking Nonsense thro' the Streets; hoping the rest wou'd never be divulg'd.

Whilst he was in these pensive Thoughts, irresolute what to do, the *Watch* walking their Rounds, bolted upon him on a suddain; and seeing a naked Man, at that Time of Night, in such a solitary Place, at first were startled, as tho' they had met a *Ghost*; but recollecting themselves better, they boldly seiz'd his Person, and examin'd how he came in that Condition.

It was in vain for him to beg, entreat, and promise any Thing, if they wou'd not expose him to open Shame. This did but increase their Curiosity and Suspicion. In a Word, the Place of their Rendezvouz being very near the same Tavern where this unfortunate Monk had regal'd his Strumpet, they led him thither, and kept him Prisoner till the Morning. He that kept the House, remember'd his Face again; and knowing that the Governor of *Rome* had a secret Enmity against the Monk, and all his Race, sent him private Intelligence of this Adventure, encouraging him to take this Opportunity of Revenge; hinting withal, that he need not take notice, that he knew the Monk, but only punish him as an ordinary Fellow, breaking the Laws of the City.

The Governor, glad of this Occasion, when the Monk was brought before him, order'd him to be whip'd through the very Street, where his Monastery stood. This was done accordingly; and as he pass'd by the Gate, his Brethren, seeing him in that Condition, rush'd out, and rescu'd him from the Executioner's Hands, breathing Revenge against the Governor, and all that were concern'd in putting

ting this Dishonour on their House, and the whole Order.

I must be forc'd to break off, before I have inform'd thee of half their Tricks, least I shou'd tire thee with the Length of my Letters. Besides, it is necessary for me to conclude, unless I wou'd miss my Opportunity: For the Post tarries for no Man.

Venerable *Hadgi*, live thou to enjoy the serene Pleasures of Virtue and Innocence, and pray for *Mahmut*, that he may never be stain'd with the Corruptions and Vices of *Infidels*, among whom he resides.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XIII.

To the Chiaus Bassa.

THE French King's *Genius* seems altogether bent on Martial and Politick Affairs; and tho' he allows some Moments to his Love, yet the greatest Part of his Time is consecrated to the necessary Affairs of State, and to the Improvement of Military Discipline. This has been his Course ever since the Death of *Cardinal Mazarini*. That Minister, whilst he was living, endeavour'd nothing so earnestly as to divert the young Monarch from minding Business, by *Plays*, *Ballads*, and other soft Entertainments. But as soon as he was Dead, the King began by Degrees, to forsake his youthful Recreations, and look into the Affairs of his Government.

The first bold Stroke of regal Authority which he gave, was the suppressing the Superintendant of
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the *Finances*, a very ancient Office in *France*, but much abus'd of late by those who have enjoy'd it. For, having the Management of the *Royal Revenues*, it has been found out, That they embezzel'd them to their own private Uses, purchasing Houses, Castles, Towns, and the fairest Estates in the Kingdom for them and their Posterity.

The last in this Office, was the *Sieur Fouquet*; who, besides the Waste he made of the King's Money in this Kind, was laying up an extraordinary Provision of Arms and Powder in *Belle Isle*, a Sea-Port of *France*: Which gave the King so great a Suspicion of his ill Designs, That he went in Person after him as far as *Nantes*; and being there farther informed of a private Correspondence held between the *Sieur Fouquet*, and some Malecontents of *Cardinal de Retz's* Party, he caus'd him to be arrested, and sent Prisoner to the Wood of *Vinciennes*: From whence he has since been brought to the *Bastile*. This was done in the 9th Moon of the last Year, and was the Occasion of erecting a new Chamber of Justice, to enquire into the Conduct of those who were employ'd by *Fouquet* in the Management of the *Finances*.

The great Discoveries this Chamber has already made, of the Cheats and Tricks practis'd by those through whose Hands the King's Revenues have pass'd, will, its thought, move the King to establish it as a perpetual and Sovereign Court of Inquisition: So that not the Value of an Asper shall henceforth be paid out of the *Royal Treasury*, without the Approbation of this Chamber. He has also retrench'd many superfluous Offices in his Household, that he may the more easily support the Charges of those that are necessary.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Wisdom of this Prince, when thou shalt know, that he trusts nothing absolutely to his Ministers, but pries into every

every Thing himself. He examines Matters of the smallest Moment, as narrowly as the most important Concerns. He makes daily Reformati^ons among his domestick Servants, and new models both the Army and the State. Which is also no small Argument of his Courage, and the Greatness of his Spirit; in that he dares contradict the Methods of all his Progenitors; take the Frame of this mighty Government, as it were, to Pieces; and having mended every Thing that was amiss, join it together again; but after a Pattern wholly depending on his own Judgment. This has astonish'd the greatest Statesmen of the Age, who consider the Boldness of the Undertaking, and yet cannot find one false Step in his Measures. For, whereas formerly the Princes of the Blood, the Officers of the State, the Governours of Provinces, with other Grandees, having given frequent Trouble to the Kings of *France*, and not seldom rais'd Civil War when any Thing disgusted them (so great was their Power, and so small their Dependance on the King): This Monarch has by a happy Effect of his Judgment and Resolution, given so dexterous a Turn to the whole System of the Publick, that the Princes find themselves more aggrandiz'd than ever; the Officers of the Crown perceive their Dignity encreas'd with new Lustres, and the Governours of Provinces exercise a stronger Hand over their Subjects, yet all of them are reduc'd to an entire Dependance on the King himself, not being in a Capacity ever to rebel again. Which is esteem'd a Miracle of Policy. As he has thus gained the Point of his Subjects at Home, and established his Realm in the most perfect *Oeconomy* that can be imagined; so he has recovered a particular Honour abroad, that till this Time has been always disputed between the Crowns of *France* and *Spain*.

It seems an Ambassador from *Sueden* arriv'd at the *English* Court in the 10th Moon of the last Year: The *French* Ambassador sent his Coaches to honour the Publick Entry, as is usual between Friends. But the *Spanish* Ambassador, designing to affront the *French*, sent his Coaches also to attend the Cérémonie, accompanied by his own Servants, and a Rabble of idle Persons whom he had hir'd on purpose. These fell on the *French* as they were passing along the Street, kill'd several of them, and by Force stopp'd their Coaches, till those of the *Spanish* Ambassador were got before them; the Pre-eminence of Place being the chief Thing aim'd at.

This was highly resented at the *French* Court, and every Body thought that a fresh War would break out again between the two Nations on this Account. The angry young Monarch commanded the *Spanish* Ambassador resident here to depart the Kingdom; and when another was sent to supply his Place, the King forbid him to enter his Dominions. Complaints were made at *Madrid*, and all Things tended to a Rupture. Till at length the King of *Spain*, having promised to make Satisfaction, his Ambassador was received at this Court, who assured the King, That his Master disavow'd the Action of his Minister in *England*, and had given express Command to all his Ambassadors in Foreign Courts, not to dispute the Place with those of *France*, but to yield it to the latter, where they should both be present at the same Entry. This was declar'd in the Presence of Thirty Foreign Ministers residing at this Court. Which has rais'd a vast Reputation to the King of *France* among all his Neighbours, and struck the greater Reverence into his Subjects at Home.

In a Word, he is look'd upon as the most fortunate Prince in *Christendom*, and every State courts his Friendship. He gives the Law to the rest of *Europe*,

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Europe, yet remains himself Arbitrary and above Controul.

How long his Affairs will continue at this Height, is known only to God, who exalts and abases whom he pleases; who is the sole Monarch of all Things, reigning for ever without the least Shadow of Revolution or Change.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year. 1662.

LETTER XIV.

To the same.

IT was late when I finish'd my other Letter being the Hour of the Devil's Range, when the Infernal Spirits are permitted to air themselves in this Upper World. Methoughts I heard the Clattering Echo of the Gates of Paradise, which are shut at that Season to keep out the *Demons* from entering and disturbing the Repose of the Bless'd. This made me conclude so abruptly, lest some Busie Scribe of the Dark Regions, should have inserted Evil in my Letter whilst I were asleep. I recommended my self to God, and went to Bed, After Two Hours Rest, awaking, I perceiv'd by the Crowing of the Cocks, That the Troops of Hell were retir'd to their Den, chas'd down by *Arcturus* and the Guardian Constellations of the South, and by the Angels of the Second Watch. Then I arose, and chearfully address'd my self to God, praising him for the successive Benefits of Day and Night, and extolling his magnificent Works, with the exquisite Order that he has establish'd in the World. Remem-

bring also that I was a Man, and not born to sleep, but to serve the *Grand Signior* and my Friends, I readily set Pen to Paper again, to give thee a farther Account of the *French King* and his Court, with such Occurrences as have happen'd of late.

This Monarch is very singular in his Conduct, and Manner of Life; not brooking to be confin'd to the Maxims of others, but squaring all his Actions by Rules of his own: Yet 'tis difficult to find a Fault in his Proceedings. He hears the Advice of his Counsellours and Friends; and when they have done, he convinces them in many Things, That they are under a Mistake; which makes 'em admire the Force of his Reason, and the Readiness of his Wit, especially when they see the Events answering Expectation.

Neither is he altogether so intent on State-Matters, but that he sometimes gives himself the Diversion of a familiar Discourse with the most ingenious Artists of all Sorts, who find themselves much improv'd by the Quickness of his Invention, and the Solidity of his Judgment in the Mechanics: For he is an excellent *Gun-Smith*, *Sword-Cutler*, *Arrow-maker*, and every Thing that becomes a King to profess.

He is a good Architect also, and takes vast Delight in Buildings, having laid the Foundations of several magnificent Structures, Palaces of a noble Design, and intended to outvy the most polite and glorious *Fabricks* of ancient *Greece* and *Rome*. For, I tell thee, this Monarch would not willingly come short of any of the *Cæsars*.

At the Beginning of this Year, he aggrandiz'd his Court, by a Promotion of Sixty two Knights of the Holy Spirit. I have often mention'd this Order in my Letters to the Ministers of the *Porte*; and thou that hast been in *France* know'st, That 'tis the next Step to being made Peer of the Realm. I shall only inform

inform thee, that during the Ceremonies of this last Promotion, the Dukes of *Vendosme* and *Longueville* had a Feud about the Precedency, which at last was adjusted in Favour of the former. 'In a Word, the King declar'd the House of *Vendosme* to have a Right of Priority before all other Princes, and to succeed in the Throne itself, next after the House of *Bourbon*.

This is look'd upon as a bold Effort of Royal Power, and has startled all the Court. No less surprized were they to see the Duke of *Lorraine* resign all his Estates to the King of *France*, reserving only the Possession of 'em during his Life.

And, now the King having weather'd the Point with all his Enemies, both Foreign and Domestick, studies nothing more earnestly, than to divert his Queen, and to let his Subjects taste the Sweets of Peace, the Effect of his matchless Fortune, to which even crown'd Heads find themselves compell'd to stoop and submit.

On the 5th of the foregoing *Moon*, by his Appointment was held a *Tournament* or *Caroussel*, as the *French* call it. This is a Sort of Exercise on Horseback, in imitation of the ancient Manner of fighting with Spear and Shield.

The Place where they ran, was rail'd about, and magnificent *Choises* erected for the Queen and Ladies of the Court to sit in, as Spectators. The Diversifement was very pompous; and the King was one of the *Combatants*. The rest were the Duke of *Orleans* the King's Brother, the Prince of *Conde*, the Duke of *Enguien* Son to the Prince, and the Duke of *Guize*. Each of these led a Troop of Horse into the Field. That of the King's was habited after the Manner of the old *Roman* Knights. The Duke of *Orleans's* made a Figure like the *Persians*: The Prince of *Conde's* represented the *Ottomans*: The Duke of *Enguien's* Troops were in *Indian* Habits; and the Duke of *Guize's* appear'd like the *Salvages* of

America. It wou'd be too tedious to describe the particular Magnificence of each. Suffice it to say, That they were all prodigiously majestick and rich in their Equipage. The Courses also they made, were brave and full of Gallantry. But the Prize, which was a Diamond of great Value, was adjudged to the Prince of *Conde* by the Queen-Mother.

One of the former Kings of *France*, lost his Life at this Royal Exercise, being run through the Eye into the Brain by the Spear of an *English* Knight then at the *French* Court, and one of the *Combatants*: For which Reason, the following Kings of *France*, forbore to expose themselves to the like Danger: But this young *Mars* fears nothing, being as venturesome and bold as was *Sultan Amurat*, the Trophies of whose victorious Combat with the *Persian Challenger* at the Siege of *Babylon*, hang up in the Treasury to this Day, as Monuments of his invincible Courage and Strength. *Sultan Achmet* also took great Delight in throwing the Lance with his Courtiers in the *Atmeidan*. These are Sports fit for Kings and great Generals. And some of the *Roman Casars* themselves would play the *Gladiators*.

It is not lawful for me to censure or reflect on the Actions of my Sovereign. But I will tell thee what the *French* say of him by Way of Contempt; That he never combated in his own Person, with any Thing but timorous Hares and Hinds. It makes me blush to hear the great Emperour of the East thus blasphem'd by the prophane Mouths of *Infidels*. And it were to be wish'd, he wou'd do some surprising Action, to raise himself another Character. I say no more, but recommend thee to God and the White Angel.

Paris, 12th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at
Venice.

THOU hast oblig'd me beyond my Expectation, in that ample History of thy Life, which thy Letter contains. I esteem thee not the worse, because thou wert born of Christian Parents; but rather put the higher Value on thy Merit, in that being bred in Superstition and Error, thou hast voluntarily embrac'd the Truth, without any Prospect of advancing thy Interest.

When a Man of a noble Stock, born to Riches and Honours, bred in Softnesses and Delights, and actually possess'd of a fair Estate, shall thus abandon his Country, his Relations, Friends, and Acquaintance, with all his native Rights and Enjoyments, purely for the Love of God, resigning himself wholly to the Will of Destiny, and the Conduct of Providence, without consulting his own Ease and Delight in this World; 'tis an evident Sign of a faithful Heart, and that his Integrity is without Stain.

All this, and much more, it seems, thou hast done, and therefore thou can'st not fail of being happy in this World, and in Paradise.

I am extremely pleas'd in reading the various Adventures of thy Youth, thy early Inclinations to visit foreign Countries, and thy actual Travels through *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*. This is the only Way to learn true and compleat Wisdom. For, a Man edifies a thousand Times more by his own personal Experience of Things, than by all the most elegant Descriptions, that can be made by others. Besides the Advantage of becoming expert in the

several Languages and Dialects of the Earth; which he can never learn so perfectly in Books, as by conversing with the Natives of each Country through which he passes.

Beyond all this, there is an infinite Pleasure in seeing the Variety of Objects, which every where expose themselves to a Traveller's Eye. There is nothing more delightful to humane Nature, than to try all Things. Man is cloy'd with what is too familiar to him. The most magnificent Palace, wou'd appear as a Prison to him that were always confin'd to it. The greatest Fields, and most shady Groves, wou'd afford us no Refreshment, if we had not Liberty to straggle out of them when we pleas'd. Man is naturally wild as other Animals, and 'tis as bad as Death to be restrain'd of his Freedom. I had rather at certain Seasons, range in a Wilderness, all over-run with Weeds and Briars, than in the most regular and fragrant Garden in the World. I would willingly chuse the Fatigue of climbing up a high, steep, craggy Mountain, for the Sake of a new and larger Prospect; before the Ease of walking always in a low Valley, or even Plain, tho' grac'd with never so many inviting Objects, which must always be the same: So fullsome are the very Pleasures we are daily accustomed to.

I doubt not, but that it was very agreeable to thee in thy Journies, when every Remove thou madest from Stage to Stage, promis'd thee something novel and fresh. A Man in such Cases, is apt to think the Sun himself new, who has shined upon him from his Nativity: The Air, the Earth, and Waters, appear not the same Elements, in different Places; or if our Reason convinces us their Nature is not changed, yet we look upon 'em as *Masquerades*, every Day in a new Dress: especially when we go from one Region and Climate to another, the Strangeness of the Disguise is heighten'd. So Infinite

finite a Variety presents it self to those who travel.

But nothing affords a Man greater Delight, than to be familiarly acquainted with the different Habits, Laws, Customs, Manners, and Religions of Mortals like himself. To see 'em in one Part of the World adoring the Sun, because he shines on 'em but once a Year, whilst all the rest of the Time they are shut up in continual Darkeness, very near being starv'd with Cold, and making hard shifts to live; in another to behold 'em grimacing, and hear 'em cursing that glorious Planet, because he is always too near 'em, rendring their Countries barren, drying up their Water, and scorching their Persons almost to Death; must needs be delightful to a contemplative Man. And for ought we know, the Laughter of *Democritus* might be the Result of as good Thoughts as *Heracitus's* Tears. Who would not smile to see some paying divine Honours to the Scare-Crow of their Garden, to a Tree, a Hog, a Dog, or any Thing they first cast their Eyes on in the Morning, as they do in *Lapland*? And yet who can forbear to weep, when he sees Men professing to believe the Laws of *Moses*, and the *Messias*, (who both preach'd up the divine Unity) pretending to the purest Religion in the World, and bred in the Study of the Sciences, worship Stocks and Stones, Pictures and Images, Nails, Rags, Bones, Hairs, Bits of old Wood, or any Thing that their cunning Priests impose upon 'em as adorable.

Happy art thou, *Zeidi*, who art freed from these Superstitions of the *Nazarenes*; and thrice happy, in that thou hast chang'd 'em for the Faith unblemish'd, the Doctrines of Truth and Reason, the Practices of sincere Morality and Virtue. Thou hast not shunn'd a Rock, to fall into a Quick-sand, nor abandoned *Idolatry*, to sink into Atheism: But thou hast escaped from narrow Gulphs and Streights,

into a free and open Sea; from the dark Fogs and Mists of frozen Christianity, to the bright Empire of the *Osmans*, the serene Company of *True Believers*, where Charity and Zeal are in their genuine and primitive Warmth.

Since the Time that thou first liftedst up thy Finger to Heaven, and madest a Confession of One God, and *Mahomet* his Apostle, none of the *Imaum's* or *Mollah's* have ever attempted to circumvent thy Reason with feigned Miracles, foolish Pilgrimages, Tales of Old Women, Fictions of Poets, or any holy Frauds. Thou perceivest nothing but downright Integrity, in the Conversation of the Faithful. Whereas the Christians whom thou hast justly deserted, have a thousand Windings and Turnings, Foldings and Intricacies, in their Doctrines and Lives. So that it is almost as easy for a blind Man to walk from *Paris* to *Constantinople*, as for these *Infidels* to grope out the Way to Paradise, through so many *Meanders* and *Mazes*: They are involved in a perfect Circle of Error and Vice.

Praise be to God, who planted the Moon in the Heavens, and causes the Stars to dart their refreshing Rays by Night; thou art happily delivered out of their Snares. Let not thy Residence now among them, ever tempt thee to return to the religious Vanities of holy Trifles, which have once made thee sick at the Heart. Remember, that thou bearest in thy Body the Mark of a *True Believer*, the Seal of a great Sacrament, the Character of a profound Mystery, Circumcision, the Emblem of Purity, by which thou art more enabled, than by the Blood of the *Pollonian* Lord, thy Father, which streams in thy Veins. For now thou art incorporated into the Society and Lineage of *Ibrahim*, the Illustrious Patriarch, and Friend of God. Consider that thou art as it were engrafted into the glorious Stock of the *Ismaelites*,
born,

born to subdue all Things, and in the determin'd Time, to possess the Empire of the Universe. Thou hast the Honour also to serve the *Grand Seigneur*, Lord of the *Climates* and *Seas*, majestic Heir of the *Ottoman House*, Shadow of God on Earth.

Hold fast therefore the Profession of an unblameable Faith; and whatever Temptation thou mayest meet with, keep thy Mind always fixed on the unseen Joys of *Paradise*, the Crown of just and faithful Men, the Reward of such as adhere to God and his Prophet without flinching.

Mahmut salutes thee in Imagination, with a parting Kiss, and an affectionate Squeeze of the Hand, which thou knowest was, in all Ages, a Token of hearty Good Will and Friendship.

Paris, 15th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVI.

To the Kaimacham.

There is like to be a Breach between this Court and that of *Rome*, if the *Pope* does not condescend to the Demands of the *French King*, who styles himself the Eldest Son of the Church, and therefore highly resents an Indignity that has been done him of late, in the Person of the Duke of *Crequi* his Embassador at the *Roman Court*.

It seems, the *Pope's* Guards on the 20th of the 8th Moon, made an Attempt on the Life of this Minister and on his Wife: They also put barbarous Abuses on all the *French* that were in that City: Insomuch, as the Duke and Dutchess of *Crequi* were oblig'd to quit *Rome* privately, and retire into *Tuscany*; being advis'd

advis'd to take this Course, by all the Cardinals and other Grantees that are Friends to *France*.

The King receiv'd News of this, by an Express which came from the Duke of *Crequi* on the 11th of the 9th Moon. And he was passionately touch'd at so sacrilegious an Injury, whereby he is not only wrong'd himself, but the Law of Nations is violated in a most notorious Manner.

Wherefore to shew his Resentments, on the same Day that the *Courier* came from *Rome*, the King order'd the Lieutenant of his Guards, to tell the Pope's *Nuncio* at this Court, That he must forthwith depart the Kingdom, under the Conduct of thirty Horse. This was performed accordingly, and the *Nuncio* was hurried away immediately, without suffering him to speak with any Person living, save those who were to accompany him to the Frontiers: And this Order was publicly proclaimed in *Paris*. The King also wrote to the *Pope*, demanding Satisfaction for so horrible an Outrage, and caus'd Dispatches to be sent to all the Cardinals in *Rome*, advising them to contribute what lay in their Powers, towards a good Understanding between the *Pope* and him, protesting that otherwise the Calamities which might follow, were not to be laid to his Charge. This is a modest Way of Threatning, us'd by Christian Princes, who do not always speak in Thunder, like our Eastern Monarchs when they menace War.

I relate this as a Thing, which tho' it appear of small Moment at the Beginning, yet its consequences may be great and extensive, if the *French King* and the *Pope* should come to an open Rupture. All the Princes in Europe would find themselves engag'd on one Side or other. And we *Mussulmans* might live to see the whole State of *Christendom* disjoyned, alienated, and embroil'd in Wars among themselves; whereby they would lay their Countries naked

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ked and open to the invincible Arms of the *Ottomans*, a Lineage of high Renown, and destin'd to subdue all Things.

But 'tis thought the Holy Father at *Rome*, will not farther provoke so daring and powerful a Monarch as him of *France*, by justifying the Insolences of his *Janizaries*, who proceeded to that Height of Fury, as to discharge Guns into the Windows of the *French* Ambassador, kill'd several of his Retinue, and assassinated the Dutchess of *Crequi* in her Coach, as she passed along the Streets.

Illustrious Minister, these are Violations not practised by the most barbarous Savages. And 'tis an evident Sign of a decaying Empire, where the Publick Faith is thus perfidiously broke. God infatuates the *Infidels*, that he may speedily bring 'em to Ruin. Whereas he daily enlightens the Just Followers of the Prophet, and directs them in the Ways of Prosperity and Peace.

Paris, 3d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

LETTER XVII.

To Mohammed, *the Illustrious* Eremit of
Mount Uriel in Arabia.

I N the Name of God, Benign and Merciful, I approach the Residence of great Sanctimony, the tremendous Solitude, the Cave blest'd by frequent Visitations of Angels, and by the former Presence of the most Sublime among Mortals, *Mahomet* the Legate of the Eternal, the Plenipotentiary of *Alla*, King of Heaven and Earth. *Alla!* There is but One! Whose Name resounds through all the Orbs Above,
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when pronounc'd by the faithful Adorers of the Divine Unity on Earth: And the Eccho thereof, from the adamantine Gates of Paradise, reaches the Abyſs of Hell, ſtriking the infernal Spirits with Horrour and Aſtoniſhment. They tremble at the Sound of the dreadful Word, which chains them up in their Priſons of Darkneſs. Whereas had they Faith, they would rather rejoyce, believing that the ſame Word will one Day releaſe 'em from their Torments. For ſuch is the Clemency of the Omnipotent, as our Holy Doctors teach.

O *Mohammed*, Friend of the Moſt High, and Tenant to his Prophet; I have experienc'd, that it is good and whoſome to begin every Thing we do or ſay, in the Name of God. Whoſoever does otherwiſe, either fails in the Progreſs, or the End of his Deſign, and ſo remains in Confuſion. *Tagot* creeps into his Enterprize, and through Malice ſpoils it, robbing a Man of his Crown: or *Negidher*, the Spirit of Envy, winds himſelf in, and intangles it: or *Ablis*, the *Damon* of Melancholly, caſts a Damp on it, and bereaves the Undertaker of his Joy. Such is the Fate of thoſe who thro' Prophaneneſs, Sloth, or Contempt, forget to pay the due Veneration we owe to the Author and Source of Providence, and good Succeſs.

Let us not therefore think the Time miſpent, which is taken up in the Praiſes of Him who has neither Beginning or End, Father of all the Generations in this viſible World, and that other which is conceal'd from Mortals. He is the Governour of our Lives, and our ſole Patron in all Neceſſities. Let us extol and magnify his Attributes without End.

I am by Nature contemplative, and thoughtful; but I muſt needs acknowledge, That I owe to my Education among the *Muſſulmans* the Force of my Faith and Religion. The various Turns of Fortune and Experience, which I have had in the World,

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cou'd never yet blot out the Impressions of my early Years, or diminish the Reverence I have for our Holy Prophets. I often revolve in my Mind, the Series of past Ages, and the Histories of former Times; the Origin of Nations, and the various Laws, Religions, Wars, and Changes. I traverse the different *Epocha's* of the Posterity of *Ibrahim*, and the Gentiles, comparing the Date of *Israel's* Transmigration out of *Egypt*, with the Years of *Nabonassar* and the *Olympiads*. In all of them I find great Obscurity, Contradiction, and Doubtfulness, which puts me upon examining the Records of *Egypt* and the *Assyrians*. The Antiquity of both is very great, and yet it comes far short of the *Chinese* Chronology, and that of the *Indian Bramins*.

When I have tir'd my Soul with a vain Search of that which can never be discover'd; when I consider the Probability of an universal Deluge in the Time of *Noah*, and the Arguments which almost demonstrate the contrary, comparing this with the Flood of *Deucalion*, and that other of *Ogyges*: In a Word, when I reflect on the numberless Incongruities that are found in the Registers of past Ages, I cannot but conclude, there is as much Reason for me to believe, That God has determinately thus darkened the Knowledge of Mortals, as that he confounded their Language at *Babel*, according to the celebrated Relation of *Moses*. Whence it will be but lost Labour for us who live in these latter Times, to seek for any Assurance or Certainty of the Truth in Matters of so remote and early a Date.

Wherefore leaving every Nation to their own Traditions, the *Jews* to the *Manuscripts* of *Moses*, and their *Rabbi's*; the *Gentiles* to the *Fragments* of *Hermes Trismegistus*, *Orpheus*, *Homer*, *Hesiod*, *Theophrastus*, and other *Sages* of *Egypt*, *Phoenicia*, and *Greece*; I, for my Part, acquiesce to the Volume of Majesty.

Majesty, the great *Alcoran*; and to the Writings of our Holy Doctors, *Arabians*, the Sons of *Ismael*; not puzzling my self with endless Disputes and Questions; nor censuring others who worship God after their own Way, and the Documents of their Fathers; but firmly believing, That he who serves God according to the Dictates of his Reason; who is just to Men and Beasts, and in all Things conserves an innocent Purity of Life; is as acceptable to the Great Creator, and Impartial Judge of the Universe, as he that has had the Happiness to be instructed in the positive Injunctions of Heaven, the reveal'd Will of the Omnipotent. And this I take to be the Sense of our Holy Law-giver, of the *Messias*, and of all the Prophets in general.

Doubtless, that superlatively merciful and indulgent, connives at the Frailties of Mortals; He pities the invincible Ignorances of some, and the fatal Necessities of others. He knows the infinite Variety of our bodily Constitutions, and the equally different Bent of our Souls. He considers the Force of the Elements and Climates wherein we live, and the unconquerable Influence of the Stars under which we were born. The whole System of human Nature with its most hidden Circumstances, is expos'd to the Eyes of him who sees all Things. He is no Stranger to the Anatomy of his own Works. Therefore he requires no more of Men, than can be expected from the Faculties with which he has endu'd 'em. Neither will he damn any Man for an involuntary Evil.

O *Mohammed*, this is my Faith, my Hope, and my Confidence. Otherwise I should despair every Moment. If I am guilty of Error and Pretumption, correct me in thy Wisdom. For, before thee, I am but as an *Idiot*.

Paris, 22^d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1662.

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LETTER XVIII.

To Hasnadar-Bassi, *chief Treasurer to*
His Highness.

THE *French* have newly felt the Motions of a Joy, whose Birth and Growth was like that of a Mushrome, sudden and swift, the Product of a very little Time, and which ended in Mourning and Tears. The Moon of *November* beheld a Daughter born to the Queen of *France*: But that Planet had hardly carried the News thro' all the Signs of the *Zodiack*, and commanded the Stars of *France* to celebrate a *Dunalma*; before she was oblig'd to be the Messenger of more sad Tidings, and to proclaim the Death of this young Princess, to the Constellations that assisted at Her Birth.

In a Word: She was born on the 18th of the 11th Moon, and died on the 30th of the 12th. It looks as if she only came into the World to be a Witness of the Conclusion of the Peace between Her Father *Lewis XIV.* and Her Grandfather, *Philip* the King of *Spain*; and so return to the Region of separate Souls.

This Peace was in General Terms sign'd and seal'd long ago, but there remain'd some Difficulties in adjusting the Limits of the *French* Conquests, which were referr'd to the Management of Commissioners on both Sides: And these, after they had debated the Matter for the Space of two Years, at *St. Omers*, *Arras*, and *Metz*, at length finish'd the Negotiation on the 25th of the 11th Moon, of the last Year. Which was just seven Days after the Nativity of the *French* Princess.

This Royal Infant also liv'd to see *Dunkirk*, one of the strongest Sea-Ports in the World, re-deliver'd to her Father by the *English*, in whose Hands it had

had been, ever since 'twas first taken from the *Spaniards*. The King took Possession of this important Place in his own Person, entring the Town on the 2d of the last *Moon*.

'Tis look'd upon as a grand Oversight in the *English*, thus tamely to part with a Fortrefs which is inexpugnable by Land, and commands the Northern Seas. But Money over-rules all other Considerations. And, it seems, the *English* Court had Occasion for Gold.

There is lately a good Understanding establisht between this King and the Emperour of *Germany*. They often write friendly Letters one to another, and seem to be perfectly reconcil'd. To speak the Truth, this may be call'd the pacifick Year among the Inhabitants of *Europe*. For, excepting some Skirmishes and Bravado's of War between the *Spaniards* and the *Portugueze*, all the rest of Christendom is in Peace. And the *Portugueze* have so strengthen'd themselves by marrying their *Infanta* to the *English* King, that what thro' his Assistance and the Aid of *France*, they have almost reduc'd *Spain* to a Necessity of making Peace.

Thou wilt say the *Portugueze* have over-reach'd the *English* in the Dowry they give with their *Infanta*. This is only the Town of *Tangier* in *Barbary*. A Place which will cost them far more to defend against the *Moors* than it is really worth. For, those bold *Africans* will perpetually assault the Town, and oblige the King of *England* to maintain a vast Garrison in it, besides a Multitude of other Expences. This makes the *Portugueze* secretly smile, to find themselves handsomely rid of two great and burthenfome Charges, a Daughter of the Royal Blood, and an old Fortrefs of no Use or Service, save only to diminish the Publick Treasure, and make away with some Thousands of Men every Year.

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Illustrious Grandee, 'tis no small Encouragement to the poor exil'd *Mahmut*, that tho' he be malign'd, slander'd, and persecuted by his Enemies, yet he still finds Protection and Friendship from the principal Ministers. And that instead of Checks and Reproaches, to which I was formerly accustomed, my Salary is now augmented to the Proportion of my necessary Expences; Money is sent me with a liberal Hand, and my Slanderers are put to Silence and Shame.

Thou mayest acquaint the *Divan*, that there is now at this Court, the eldest Son to the King of *Denmark*. What his Business is, People conjecture variously. Some say, 'tis Love, others affirm 'twas only the Desire of seeing Foreign Courts drew this Prince from his native Country.

Thou mayest also inform them, that the Duke of *Savoy* has married a Princess of the Blood Royal, they call her *Mademoiselle de Valois*. *Eliachim* the Jew lies dangerously sick of a Fever.

As for me, who never had my perfect Health since I came to *Paris*, yet I retain a sound Mind, and a Heart inviolably devoted to the Interest of the *Grand Signior*: Whom God long preserve on the Throne of the *Ottomans*.

Paris, 10th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XIX.

To the Kaimacham.

HERE is a Man come to this City, a *Calabrian* by Birth, and of all Countries by Education; For he has been a Traveller from his Infancy, if
what

what he relates of himself be true. He speaks all or most of the Languages of *Europe* very fluently, and is resorted to by People of diverse Countries, under the Character of a Fortune-Teller and Physician. He performs both Parts to the Admiration of all that have been with him.

The Princes and Nobles of *France* visit him daily, and so do Persons of meaner Birth. They discover to him their secret Maladies, and this *Apollo* seldom fails of Success in curing them. He bestows ten Hours a Day in freely conversing with People of all Ranks and Qualities; healing the Diseases of some, and telling to others their future Destinies.

I went to his Chamber one Day, not to learn my Fate (for I have little Faith in modern Prophets or Astrologers; nor to be cur'd of any Distemper, having no Esteem for Quacks and Empiricks; besides, I was in good Health at that Time) but Curiosity was the only Motive which led me thither, that I might improve my self in other Respects by this Stranger's Company, and learn something which I knew not before of foreign Courts, whereby I might become more serviceable to the *Grand Signior* in this Station, and farther unravel the Secrets of Christian Princes. For so it often falls out, that a Man reaps some considerable Advantage from the Society of Travellers and Men of Experience: And I had good Reason to hope for some Profit by this Man's Acquaintance, who is thought worthy to be courted by the *Grandees* of *France*.

Wherefore I address'd my self to him with Abundance of Ceremony and Regard; using also as much Dissimulation as I thought necessary to conceal my self and the Design I had in coveting his Friendship. I seem'd a great Admirer of judicial Astrology, and told him I was very ambitious to learn the Rudiments of that Science from him, having heard his

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his Skill highly commended not only by vulgar Fame, but by the Mouths of Men of Sense and Quality, who gave him a fair Character. I said a great deal more to insinuate my self into his good Opinion. But there being Company with him, he returned my Compliments with much Civility, and desir'd me to come to him at a more convenient Season, and to leave my Name, that he might order his Servants to give me a kind Reception at any time, if he himself shou'd be out of the Way, because it was common to send many from the Door, without introducing 'em. I told him my Name was *Titus* of *Moldavia*, and that my Business at *Paris* was to study in the *Academy*, in order to my Preferment in the Church. When he had taken this down in Writing, with the Hour and Minute of the Day, after the Manner of Astrologers, he begg'd me to excuse the Necessity he was under of returning to his Company; and so I took my Leave.

Not many Days after, I went to him again, full of Hopes that I should benefit much by his Company. But as soon as he saw me, he surpriz'd me with this Language:

Sir, You have ventur'd much in coming to me: For now 'tis in my Power, to discover you and your Business in this City. But if I should betray any Man, my Gift would be taken from me. I am neither a Follower of Moses, Jesus, or Mahomet, nor of any Sect that is now extant on Earth: But I adore the Spirit and Soul of the Universe, which is Eternal and Infinite. Therefore I hate no Man for his Religion, let it be what it will. And you that are not what you seem to be, shall receive no more Hurt from me in this Place, than the Coadjutor of Paris: For I am of no Party or Faction. All Men are equally my Friends, who do me no Wrong, and every Place is my Home.

Thou

Thou may'st imagine that I was in no small Astonishment at this Discourse. But recollecting my Spirits, and considering it had always been my Opinion, That these Fortune-Tellers deal by Confederacy; and suspecting that my Name being known to him so long before, it was not difficult for him to inform himself something of me; or that some Body of his Acquaintance who knew me, had seen me go in and out from him, and so told him some of my Circumstances. I made a Shew of going away dissatisfy'd, saying, *It will be but lost Time to hearken any longer to you: For I perceive you know nothing of me, in telling me I'm not the Man I seem to be.* No, reply'd he, with an obliging Kind of Earnestness, *you are an Arabian, and serve some Eastern Prince incognito.* Then he went on, and told me in a few Words some former Passages of my Life. He hinted at the Dangers I had been in, during my Residence at *Paris*; mention'd my Captivity at *Palermo*, and the Re-encounter I had with my old *Sicilian* Master. To be brief, he told me so many other Things which I knew to be true of my self, that I grew very uneasy in his Company, and yet durst not depart from him of a sudden, or shew any Discontent. But mustering together all the Dissimulation and Artifice I could, I turn'd the Discourse to other Subjects; seeming very importunate to learn *Astrology* of him, and promising him a large Gratuity, if he would teach me, I fairly took Leave, resolving, if possible, never to see him more.

Never was a Man in greater Anxiety, than I was when I came Home to my Chamber, and ponder'd what had past between this Stranger and me. I am not credulous of Miracles, Prophecies, or pretended Revelations. Yet I protest solemnly I could not forbear thinking, he was endu'd with an extraordinary Faculty of divining, or at least, that he was an excellent *Astrologer*. Nay, to this Day I know
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not

not well what to conclude of him. He may, for ought I know, be a *Demon* incarnate: or perhaps he is a Magician. Sometimes I think one thing, and sometimes another. If he performs these prophetick Parts by Confederacy, still I'm at a Loss how he shou'd come to know so much of me, who always thought my self the privatest Man in *Paris*, and have neglected no Methods that were proper to render me such in Truth. Then I suspect my old *Sicilian* Master is one of this Man's Correspondents, and has told him some of my Circumstances: For I have no Reason to be jealous of *Eliachim* the Jew. It must be some such Way, or else he is more than a Man, that can thus readily penetrate into the Secrets of a Stranger.

Sage *Kaimacham*, I pray God defend thee from the Snares of Counterfeits and false Pretenders.

*Paris, 13th of the 10th Moon,
of the Year 1663.*

LETTER XX.

To the Captain Bassa.

What I am going to relate wou'd seem incredible to my self, and for that Reason I wou'd not give it any Room in a Letter to all the discerning Ministers of the *Porte*, were it not confirm'd by Letters from several Merchants in the *North Parts* of *Holland* to their Correspondents in this City. And they all agree, That on the 9th Day of the Moon of *November*, a strange Man was seen to float on the Sea near the Shore, being supported by a Piece of Timber, on which he sat with a Bottle of strong Waters in his Hand. Those

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who first beheld this Spectacle, were fishing in a small Boat; and judging him to be the Relick of some Shipwreck (for there had been violent Tempests in those Seas about that time) made up to him, and took him into their Skiff. He express'd his Gratitude for this Kindness, in the best Manner he cou'd (for no Body understood his Language.) And when he was come ashore, he fell on his Knees; and having lift up his Eyes and Hands to Heaven, he prostrated himself, and kiss'd the Earth. His Garments were made of the Skins of Fishes, the Hair of his Head of a flaxen Colour, and he seem'd not to be faint for want of Sustenance: Which made every one conclude, that he had kept up his Spirits with that chymical Liquor in the Bottle, which was near half emptied.

As soon as he saw the rising Moon, he fell on his Face, and mutter'd certain barbarous Words, knocking his Forehead against the Ground. Then he rose and danc'd after a wild Manner, singing pretty natural Airs: And at every Stop, with his right Hand extended, pointed to that Planet, expressing both in Tone and Actions much Devotion and Love.

Many learned Men were sent for, to consider of this Stranger, and if possible, by Signs or other Means, to discover from whence he came, and what Fate or Accidents had thus abandon'd him to the Fury of the Winds and Waves, to the Extremity of Hunger, Cold, and Watching; and to the devouring Jaws of Sea-Monsters. But all their Efforts were unsuccessful; they spoke to him in several Languages, he answer'd them, but still in a Dialect different from any of theirs, and altogether unknown. He seem'd to utter his Words in a Tone between whistling and singing; which made some conclude, he was a *Chinese*, because that People pronounce many of their Letters after the same man-

manner. So do the Inhabitants of *Tunquin*, and *Malabar*, with other Kingdoms in the East of *Asia*, and Letters with them are as significant as Words with the *Europeans*. They shew'd him Globes and Maps of the World, done by several Hands, and in various Languages, with particular Charts of all the maritime Regions on Earth. But, to no other purpose, than to excite his Devotion afresh to the Moon, whose Resemblance he saw on some of those Papers. He would smile at that Sight, kiss his Forefinger, and with a religious Complaisance touch the Figure of that Planet: Then seeming to be in a wonderful good Humour, he would turn round and fall a dancing with his Arms stretch'd and turn'd in the same Posture as those who use Castagnets, or Cymbals. Singing all the while a sort of inarticulate Sounds, but surprizingly musical and sweet. So that no Body knew what to make of him.

He appear'd very temperate, modest, and resign'd; refusing no Meats or Drinks that were offer'd him; yet neither eat nor drank to excess: Neither was he discontented at his Lodging, or any other Usage; tho' they tried to vex him several Ways, that they might see how he would vent his Passion. But he smiled at all, and submitted patiently to every Thing they impos'd on him.

One thing was observable, that where-ever he saw any Water, he would run to it immediately, and wash himself, as well as he could in those Circumstances, never forgetting to sprinkle some toward that part of the Heaven, where the Moon was visible. And when they led him into the Fields or Gardens, he wou'd crop the Grass and Flowers and with a compos'd Look, wou'd throw them up in the Air, adding such religious Gestures, as convinc'd every one, That he did it in Honour of some Power above. Various were the Conjectures of Men

about him; some were of one Opinion, and others of a quite different. No Body cou'd positively conclude any thing. Neither is it possible, as I'm inform'd, for the wisest Men in those Parts to find out this Mystery.

Perhaps he's such another, as *Imaum Rapibabet*, a *Persian* Writer, mentions, who in the Year of the *Hegira* 502, was taken up by a Merchant Ship of *India*, in the Streights of *Babel Mandel*, pretending to be dumb, but capable of hearing, writing, and expressing himself several other Ways, if any Body cou'd have understood his Language. At last he was found to be an *Ethiopian* Slave, run away from his Master; an ingenious Fellow, and one that spoke all the Languages of those Parts; and therefore, that he might be admir'd, wou'd be sure to write in a Character of his own Invention, which the greatest Sages cou'd not read.

Mighty *Bassa*, thou encounterest on that Element with strange Monsters, and Creatures under no Name or Predicament that is known, yet none so terrible and dangerous as Cheats and Impostors. From which I pray Heaven defend thee and me: For they infest both the Sea and Land.

Paris, 17th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

THe Term of our long mutual Silence, enjoind us by our Superiors, is now happily expir'd; and we have with good Success, manag'd our separate

rate Parts without holding any Correspondence together. This was only a Trial of our Fidelity, Conduct and Obedience : Or perhaps 'twas no more than a Caprice of Policy, or a vain Whim of State. For, 'tis usual with great Men, thus to practise Experiments on those whom they design to employ in the most important Affairs. Whatever it be, we have acquitted our selves like Trusty Slaves; and that's enough for us.

This comes to thy Hand by an *Armenian Merchant* : One in whom I confide. Here are abundance of that Nation in *Paris*, and other Parts of *France*. They travel up and down from one Country and City to another, under the Pretext of *Trading*; but are really *Spies*, sent from the Princes of the *East*, to observe the Counsels of these *Western Courts*, the Designs of *Nazarene Monarchs*, and to take an exact Estimate of the Strength and Riches of these *Infidels*. For, tho' they outwardly profess themselves to be Followers of *Jesus*, yet in their Hearts they believe the *Alcoran*, and honour *Mahomet* our *holy Lawgiver*.

There is a Kind of *Magick* in Truth, which forcibly carries the Mind along with it. Men readily embrace the Dictates of sincere Reason. Yet those of thy Nation are obstinate, and shut their Eyes wilfully against the very Light of Nature. You over-value your selves and your *Lineage*; because you are the Posterity of *Isaac*, the Son of *Sarah* the Free-woman and Wife of *Ibrahim* : Reproaching us, that we are the Off-spring of *Ismael* the Son of *Hagar*, a Concubine and Slave. You consider not that *Ismael* was the *Eldest Son* of that glorious *Patriarch*; and that by the Law of *Moses* it is enacted, That the *First-born Son* shall inherit his Father's *Patrimony*, tho' he were the Son of a base abject Slave, or hated Concubine. Did *Moses* make a Law contrary to that of his Fathers : Or, cou'd

Ibrahim, the Beloved of God, do any thing contrary to the Divine Will? How then cou'd he be guilty of disinheriting *Ismael* his eldest Son, the Flower of his Strength, and first Fruit of his Vigour? Doubtless the Majesty and Light of God which pass'd from *Adam* to *Seth*, *Enoch*, *Noah*, and *Ibrahim*, rested also on *Ismael*, Heir Apparent of the Divine Promises, Father of many Princes and noble Nations.

Let those therefore of thy Nation, cease to boast of their Pedigree, and exalt themselves above the victorious and triumphant *Ismaelites*, Children of a high Stock, a Race wherein shines forth the Lustre of the ancient Renown, and the Right of Primogeniture: A Lineage of illustrious Honour, multiply'd as the Leaves of the Trees, numerous as the Stars of Heaven, prosperous in all things, by the special Benediction of God. Whereas, thou know'st, the *Israelites* never made any great Figure on Earth, and are now reputed no better than Vagabonds throughout the World.

Your *Rabbi's* Reply to this, by owning that our Father *Ismael* was indeed a great Prince; but that he was withal a wild and salvage Man, who supported his Nobility and Grandeur by Rapine and Blood, dwelling altogether in Desarts and unfrequented Places; robbing the Caravans of Merchants and Travellers; oppressing the Poor, and murdering the Innocent. In fine, they give this Character of him, *That his Hand was against every Man, and every Man's Hand against him.*

To this Accusation they also add another, That the Princes of the East who descend from *Ismael*, have all along, even to this Day, establish'd their Thrones in Cruelty, Massacres, and Parricides. Fathers bereaving their Children of the Lives they gave 'em; and Children putting their Parents to Death: Brothers murdering Brothers, and sacrificing their nearest Relations to the Maxims of a barbarous

barbarous Policy the restless Suspicions of State. And that all this is more especially manifest in the sublime House of the invincible *Ottomans*.

These are the Charges of *Hebrew* Spight, the Slanders which your Doctors cast on the Progeny of *Ibrahim*, even on *Ismael* and his Children, to this Day. But I would have thee, *Nathan*, reflect impartially on Things, and suffer not thy Judgment to be imposed on by the Sophistry of your *Scribes*. Look back to the *Primitive Times* of *Israel*, examine the written Law, the Records of *Moses* and the Seniors. There thou wilt meet with frequent Examples of those very Crimes which you lay to our Charge; true Parallels of the supposed Tyranny and inhumane Actions, with which you tax the unblemish'd *Ismaelites*.

Did not your Father *Jacob* supplant his own eldest Brother *Esau*? Did he not cheat his Uncle *Laban* of his Sheep? What was wanting to him of *Ismael's* Valour and Fierceness, he supplied with a Fox-like Craft and Subtilty. Yet, how often did he plunder the Children of *Hamor*? and boasted afterwards of the Preys he had taken from them with his Bow and Spear.

When your Fathers came out of *Egypt*, what a Carnage did *Moses* their Leader commit, when he commanded the Sons of *Levi*, to arise with their Swords in their Hands, and every Man to kill his Brother, his Friend, and his Neighbour; so that there fell that Day, at the Foot of Mount *Sinai*, Three and Twenty Thousand Men? Yet, for the Sake of this detestable Tragedy he bless'd 'em, saying, *You have consecrated your Hands this Day in Blood, every Man in the Blood of his Neighbour*. Behold! the Original of your Priesthood, which is the highest Rank of Nobility among the *Jews*.

Remember how your Fathers almost cut off the whole Race of *Benjamin*, so that there were not above six hundred Men of that Tribe left alive. Forget not also, how *Abimelech* of the Tribe of *Manasse*, got the Sovereignty by massacring seventy of his own Brothers on one Stone. Your own Records say, That *God* gave you Kings in his Wrath, among whom there was not one who was not a Man of Blood. And in the whole Catalogue, you can scarce find four who were not tainted with Sacrilege, Idolatry, and other enormous Vices.

In a word, *Nathan*, both the Sons of *Ismael* and *Isaac*, were but Men; and if thou hast nothing else to object against the former, but what thou must confess the latter were equally guilty of, I advise thee henceforth to lay thy Hand upon thy Mouth, and cease to speak Evil of those, against whom no Man can sharpen his Tongue or Pen and prosper.

Paris, 22^d of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER XXII.

To the same.

I Concluded my other Letter something imperfectly, and short of my Design, being interrupted by a sudden Deluge of Humours overflowing my Eyes, accompanied with a Tempest in my Head, which at once took from me the Power of thinking regularly, and of seeing how to write. I am often subject to these Weaknesses of late, and to many other Maladies. My Body sensibly decays; Age and Care, Watching and Sickness, with a thousand Casualties

faulties beside, have almost dissolv'd this congeal'd Medly of the Elements. Methinks, I am now no more than a poor Skeleton; to which Nature and Fortune have left a dry wither'd Skin, for Modesty's sake, to cover its Nakedness; with a few evacuated Veins and Arteries; shrunk Sinews, Tendons, Muscles, and Cartilages, to tack this Machine of Bones together, and keep it in Motion. In a Word, I seem to my self to be only a *Hobgoblin*, or Ghost in disguise; I cannot say incarnate, (for I've lost all my Flesh) but only bag'd or clouted up in the most contemptible Shreds, Rags, and antiquated Relicks of Mortality, like a *Maudlin* or *Scarecrow*, I hang together by Geometry.

Yet, such as I am at these Years, I still possess at certain Seasons, more serene and vigorous Thoughts, than in the Days of my Youth, when I was full of Marrow and good Blood. I can feel my Soul sometimes fluttering her Wings, and briskly shaking off the heavy, slimy Cloggs of Earth, of Sleep, and of enchanted Life, or living Dearth. She struts and plumes herself, she mounts aloft and glides in happy, tho' but momentary Foretastes of eternal Bliss. And then lur'd down again by Charms of her accustom'd Ease and Pleasure in the Flesh, she comes to hand at call, and being hoodwink'd from the radiant Light of Heaven, she tamely perches on the meanest sensual Appetite, which easily conveys her to her wonted Darknes. This is the changeable State of Mortals, and we must not expect a fixed Condition on this side the Sepulchre. The Noble and the Vulgar are equally liable to these Inconstancies of Spirit; neither can the most exalted State of Sovereign Monarchs, privilege them from the common Frailties of Mankind. They are no otherwise distinguished from the meanest of their Slaves, than only by the Vastness of their Possessions, their numerous Retinue,

their unlimited Power, and the vain Pageantry of external Honour.

If we examine the Origin of Nobility, and Royal Grandeur; if we trace the Genealogies of Princes and Potentates up to their Fountain, we shall find the first Fathers of these noisy Pedigrees to be cruel Butchers of Men, Oppressors, Tyrants, perfidious Truce-breakers, Robbers, and Parricides. In a Word, the most primitive Nobility was no other than potent Wickedness, or dignified Impiety. And all the successive Continuations of it by Inheritance, Election, or otherwise, even to these modern Times; are but so many Traducts of exorbitant Power and Honour, acquir'd and propagated by the most enormous Vices, by Practices unworthy of Men, and of which the Authors themselves are always ashamed. Therefore they cover their unjust Encroachments and Invasions, with the specious Pretexes of Justice and Virtue, calling that Conquest, which is no other than downright Robbery, and professing themselves Patrons of Mens Liberties and Rights, Religion and Laws, whilst in Effect they are the greatest Oppressors, Hypocrites, Atheists, and Out-laws in the World.

This is not only true in the Race of *Ismael* and *Isaac*, of whom I made mention in my other Letter, but in all the Families which have ever made any eminent Figure and Noise in the World.

What were the four renown'd Monarchies, but so many Empires of *Banditti*, Governments of *Freebooters*, *Pirates*, and *Licens'd Thieves*? As *Diomedes* told *Alexander the Great*. I, says he, *because I play the private Corsair, and cruise up and down the Seas with one single Ship, am accus'd as a Pirate: Thou that dost the same thing with a mighty Fleet, art call'd an Emperor. If thou wert alone, and a Captive, as I am, they would esteem thee no better than a Thief: And were I at the Head of a numerous Army, as thou art, I*
shou'd

shou'd be revered as an Emperor. For as to the Justice of our Cause, there is no other Difference but this, That thou dost more Mischief than I. Misfortune has compell'd me to be a Thief; whereas nothing but an intolerable Pride, and insatiable Avarice, puts thee upon the same Course of Life. If Fortune would prove more favourable to me, perhaps I might become better: Whereas, thy continual Successes make thee but the worse. Alexander admiring the Boldness of the Man, and the Resoluteness of his Spirit, gave him a Command in his Army, that so he might rob and plunder from thenceforth by Authority.

But I should have begun higher in Antiquity with the Empire of the *Assyrians*, founded by *Ninus*, in the Blood and Slaughter, Ruin and Destruction of all his Neighbours, and increas'd after the same Methods by his Wife *Semiramis*, who begging of her Husband, that she might reign for five Days, and he granting her Request, she put on the Royal Ornaments, and sitting on the Throne of uncontrollable Majesty, commanded the Guards to degrade and kill her Husband. Which being done, she succeeded in the Empire, adding *Ethiopia* to her other Dominions, carrying a War into *India*, and encompassing *Babylon* with a magnificent Wall; at last she was kill'd by her Son *Ninyas*. Thus was the *Assyrian* Monarchy establish'd in Regicides, Massacres, and Carnage. And by the same Methods 'twas translated by *Arbactus* to the *Medes*. He having caus'd *Sardanapalus*, the last and most effeminate of all the *Assyrian* Kings, to die in the midst of his Concubines. Thus was Treachery and Murder handed down with the Sovereign Power; till at length *Cyrus* the *Persian*, transferr'd them to this Country; whose Son, *Cambyse*, rais'd the second universal Monarchy, on the additional Ruins of many other Kingdoms, cementing it with the Blood of his Brother and his Son. Yet, after all, it was translated

to the *Macedonians*, by *Alexander the Great*, not without an equal Guilt of Parricide, and other exorbitant Vices. From whom at last it devolv'd to the *Romans*.

What need I mention the scandalous Birth of *Romulus* and *Remus*, the Twin-Sons of an incestuous *Vestal*? Or, their debauch'd Education under a common Prostitute, fabulously veil'd by the *Roman* Historians, under the Title of a *Wolf*, to render the Origin of their Empire miraculous? Why shou'd I recount the horrid Fratricide committed by *Romulus* on *Remus* his Brother; or the celebrated Rape of *Sabine* Wives, Virgins, and Widows? It will seem invidious, to call to mind the detestable Murther of *Titus Tatius*, the good old Captain of the *Sabines*, with many other barbarous Massacres. Yet, these enormous Crimes were the Foundations of the *Romans* Grandeur and Nobility, so formidable afterwards to the whole Earth. And the Superstructure was answerable, through all the various Changes and Revolutions of Government, even to the Reign of *Augustus Caesar*, under whom *Rome* gain'd the Title of the fourth universal Monarchy.

This Emperor, tho' he was esteem'd the most merciful and just Prince on Earth, yet he establish'd his Throne in the Blood of his Kindred, sacrificing the Children of his Uncle to the Ends of State: And that he might not deviate from the Royal Ingratitude of other Princes, he barbarously extinguish'd the Off-spring of his Father's Brother, who had adopted him to the Inheritance of the imperial Dignity. Scorning by an unkingly Tenderness, to spare the glorious Names of *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, to whom he was so nearly related, and who had invested him with the Power of being so inhumane.

I will

I will not make thee sick, by rehearsing the abominable Lives and wicked Actions of the Nero's, Domitian's, Caligula's, Heliogabulus's, Galienus's, and the rest of those Royal Monsters. History itself blushes to recite such Prodigies of Impiety, and their very Names are odious to all Generations.

If we pass from these mighty Empires to Kingdoms of less Note, we shall still trace the Footsteps of the same Vices. Both ancient and modern Records are full of these Tragedies. The original Kingdom of the *Greeks* took its Rise from the Parricide of *Dardanus*; and the female Empire of the *Amazons*, began in the barbarous Massacre of their Husbands. All Ages and Nations afford us Examples of this Nature; and the highest Honours, Dignities and Commands, were ever acquir'd and maintain'd by the highest Injustice.

Therefore, honest *Nathan*, let thou and I never envy the Nobles and Grandees of the Earth; but contented in our humble Posts, sitting under the *Umbrella's* of a happy Obscurity, let us serve the *Grand Signior* with Integrity, and a Zeal void of Injustice.

Paris, 22^d of the 2^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.



LET

LETTER XXIII.

To Codarafrad Cheik, a Man of the
Law.

THou wilt approve the Sentence that was yesterday executed on a *Frenchman* in this City, who said he was the Son of God, and had persuaded a great many poor ignorant People to believe him. He was burnt alive for his Blasphemy, and his Ashes kick'd into a Ditch. Had he been convicted of this horrid Impiety in any of the Grand Signior's Dominions, he had undergone the like, or a more terrible Punishment: For the *Alcoran* expressly says, *That God has neither Wife, Son, Daughter, or Companion: And that those shall suffer eternal Pains, who teach any such Doctrine.* Doubtless there is but one God, and the *Eternal Unity* cannot be divided, or multiply'd, to make more Gods in Faction, or procreate an Off-spring of diminutive Deities. He, the Father of all things, dwells in eternal Solitude, and from an infinite Retirement, beholds the various Generations of the Universe; they are all equally his Off-spring, and 'tis Blasphemy to affirm he has a Son, or a Daughter, or a Companion like unto himself. For he is uncreated, unbegotten, and entire: sole Possessor of his own Glory, without Rival or Competitor. There was none before him, neither shall there be any after him. He is without *Beginning* or *End*.

But these Infidels harbour strange Opinions about a Trinity of Gods, and follow the Doctrines of *Hermes, Trismegistus, Plato, Plotinus*, and other *Pagan Philosophers*, who asserted a *Triad* in the Deity; and on that Basis, founded all the Politheism of the *Gentiles*. Hence *Pythagoras* drew his *Tetragrammaton*,
by

by playing the chymical Arithmetician, and extracting a Quaternity out of *Three*. But the Poets not puzzling their Heads with the Mysteries of these Divine and Unintelligible Numbers, deliver'd their Theology in plain, gross Fictions, suitable to the Capacities of the Vulgar: One midwifing a Goddess out of *Jupiter's* Brains: Another starting a God from his Thigh. But this silly Fellow, could not derive his Pedigree so near as from a little Toe of the Divinity. Therefore, he was deservedly reduc'd to his first Atoms, and spurn'd out of the World.

The *French* have various Kinds of Punishments for Malefactors; but none more terrible than breaking on the Wheel. This is inflicted only on notorious Criminals, and the Manner is thus: The Party condemn'd is fasten'd to a Wheel, with his Arms and Legs extended to their full length and wideness. Then comes the Executioner, and with an Iron Bar breaks one Bone after another, till the miserable Wretch is in the Agonies of Death, and so he is left to expire in unutterable Torments: For, some Men of strong Constitutions, will retain Life in this Condition for twelve or more Hours together.

Honourable *Codarafrad*, tho' the Executions of the East are more swift and surprizing, than those in the West; yet they are not comparable to them for Cruelty: The worst Death being but a Minute's Pain.

Sage *Cheik*, I reverence thy accomplish'd Knowledge in the Laws of Equity and Justice.

Paris, 15th of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1663.

The End of the Second Book.

LET.



LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK III.

LETTER I.

To Solyman his Cousin, at Chalcedon.



Commend thee for removing thus from Place to Place ; and cou'd wish that thou would'st not only exchange thy Residence through all the Cities seated on the *Bosphorus*, *Propontis*, *Euxine* Sea, and the *Hellepont*, but visit by Turns all the famous Marts in the World.

Praise be to God, we are not born in *Muscovy*, *Russia*, *China*, or under the narrow-soul'd Governments of *Lycurgus*, *Plato*, and such kind of jealous Law-givers ;

vers; where it would be no less Punishment, than the Loss of one's Eyes, Ears, and Feet, if not of Life itself, to travel out of his native Country, or for a Stranger to come in, excepting foreign Ambassadors and Agents, who in *China* are forced to travel with their Faces veil'd or muffled from the Confinement to the Court, lest they should spy the Disadvantages of the Country.

Doubtless this is repugnant to the Law of Nature and Nations, an Oppression of Humanity, and directly opposite to the Purpose of God, when he design'd and made us for sociable Creatures: For, the whole Earth is but as one Country or Province, common to Men and Beasts. 'Tis our Element, and therefore we ought to be free in it, to range where we please, as the Fowls do in the Air, and the Fish in the Sea, without any Law, Restraint, or Injury. Such a Thought as this, made *Socrates*, when he was ask'd, *What Countryman he was?* answer, *I am a Native of the Universe, and therefore free to live where I will.*

Thou know'st our Cousin *Isouf* has travel'd over all *Asia* and *Africk*, with some Parts of *Europe*. My Brother *Pesteli Hali*, has also visited many Regions in the East. Both of them have improv'd their Estates and Fortunes in the World, the one at *Astracan*, the other at *Constantinople*. Follow their Steps, and thou may'st have thy Heart's Content. Go, and observe the different Manners of Men, their various Customs, Laws, and Religions. Survey the *Mountains*, *Vallies*, *Desarts*, *Rivers*, *Lakes*, *Seas*, *Cities*, *Castles*, *Palaces*, and all the other desirable Objects, which embellish this Globe.

But beware of the Infirmary of most Travellers, who, *Camelion*-like, change their Humour and Manners as the Regions vary through which they pass: Mere Mimicks, Buffoons, and Apes, who place their Excellency in imitating every thing they see, or
meet

meet with. Thus degenerating from themselves; instead of improving their Minds in true Science and Wisdom, and hardening their Bodies to endure patiently the Injuries of the Elements, with all the Fatigues and Contingencies of humane Life, which are the chief Ends of travelling, next to that of learning how to serve our Sovereign and our Country in a more refined Manner.

Solyman, never think that thou wilt deserve the Character of a prudent Traveller, if at thy Return thou canst only boast of strange and incredible Things thou hast seen, tell monstrous Romances, and Fictions more fabulous than those of the *Gentile* Poets. Aim at solid Knowledge, and the Improvements of a rational Creature. As thou goest out a *Mussulman*, so return; but with all the Advantages that may recommend thee for a Person accomplish'd in *History*, *Morals*, *Politicks*, and *Divine Philosophy*.

If thou darest not undertake a Ramble at large, go to thy Cousin *Isouf* at *Astracan*, where he is settled in a Way of Traffick and Merchandise. Take thy Voyage by the *Black Sea*, and the *Palus Maotis*. Cast thy Eyes on the ancient Kingdom of *Colchis*, as thou sailest by her Shores; consider the Temper of the *Mingrelians*, *Circassians*, and *Tartars*, with the rest of the People through whose Territories thou wilt pass. And when thou arrivest at *Astracan*, tell my Cousin *Isouf*, that I wish'd thee to take this Course: He will respect thee for thy Uncle's Recommendation. Shew him this Letter, and let his own Eyes see the Hand-writing of *Mahmut*, the aged, weather-beaten Slave of the Earth's Great Sovereign; the old grey, grissled Watchman of the Sublime *Porte*, which is the Refuge of Mortals. He will find many Opportunities to advance thee. But I advise thee to wean thy self from all Fondness, Inconstancy, and Discontent. Be true to thy Trust,
sedu-

sedulous and active, patient and resign'd. Take all things as they come from Destiny, without being peevish or fretful.

So may God bless thee, and give thee the Riches of the Earth, and the sweet Influences of Heaven; make thee happy here and hereafter. Finally, may thy Rest be on high in Paradise.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER II.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the Customs at Constantinople.*

There is no doubt, but when thou wast in the Indies, the Names of Sultan *Dara, Sujah, Aurengsebe*, and *Morad Batche*, were not less known to thee, than that of their Father *Cha lehan*, the *Grand Mogul*. Thy Business as well as Curiosity, call'd thee often to the Court, where thou hast heard the Characters of these young Princes, whose early Years furnish'd the World with Matter of Noise and great Expectations, and gave the old Monarch that begat 'em Trouble and Care enough to keep 'em in Order, and prevent their Machinations against one another as well as against himself. For in those Days he saw his Family divided into Factions, and a Royal Envy mix'd with Ambition, whetting Brothers and Sisters against each other, who by Nature were made for the Offices of reciprocal Love.

Surely, 'tis but a glorious Infelicity for Children to be thus born Candidates of a Crown, when each
is

is oblig'd by a Principle of Self-preservation, to pursue his Claim, in a Method wholly repugnant to Humanity, and the Affection that is due to those of the same Blood: When shaking off all Tenderness and Compassion, the Sons of one Mother must sheath their Swords in each others Bowels, to prevent their own Fate; and ravish a Crown by Force, to save their Lives.

Yet this is the Misfortune of all the *Eastern* Courts, that they cannot see a Prince ascend the Throne, without the Slaughter of his Brethren, and all that can be suspected to pretend, or stand in Competition with him for the Sovereignty.

However, it must be confess'd that the *Indian* Policy in this Point, is far more generous than that of the *Ottomans* or *Persians*: Who either immediately after their Possession of the Throne, murder in cold Blood all the rest of their Lineage; or at least imprison them in some dark Dungeon during their Lives, and not seldom put out their Eyes. And this is owing to the Disadvantage the unhappy Children of our Monarchs lie under, in that from their Infancy they are confin'd to the *Seraglio*, and educated under the Tutelage of Women and Eunuchs, even during the whole Life of their Father; so that he who is advanc'd to the Throne, has all the rest in his Custody the first Hour of his Reign.

Whereas in *Indostan*, the Princes of the Blood, are committed to able and learned Tutors, and as they grow in Years, encreasing also in Knowledge, Wisdom and Courage, they are dispos'd of, every one suitable to his Capacity. Some being made Ministers of State, others Generals of Armies, or Governours of Provinces: Whereby each is put in a Condition to make Parties for himself, among the *Grandees*, and those of inferior Degree, and to fortify his Interest in Court and City, Country and Camp. Thus an open Field is left for all to try
their

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their Wit and Courage in, for the Sake of Inheritance: and 'tis more equal to let them nobly skirmish for a Crown, and make a warlike Lottery for Life or Death, than set up one with the Advantage and Character of a Butcher, and turn the *Serail* to a *Shambles*, always polluted with *Royal innocent Blood*.

But every State pursues its own Maxims; and there are not wanting Men of the Law, who justify this inhumane Conduct of our Sultans, as the only Means to prevent publick Distractions and civil Wars; which always happen, where there are many Pretenders to the imperial Dignity: As it lately fell out in the *Indies*.

I need not acquaint thee with what particular Dignities and Commands, the great *Mogul* invested his four Sons. Thou could'st sufficiently inform thyself of these things when thou wast at *Dehli*, the capital City of *Indostan*. Neither need I say any thing of *Rauchenara Begum*, or her Sister *Saheb*, the two Daughters of *Cha Iehan*. Thou hast been there in Person, know'st more of these things, than I, who am oblig'd to the Merchants and Travellers for all my Intelligence of the *Indian Affairs*.

But I can certify thee of something, which has been transacted there since thy Return to *Constantinople*, the Fame whereof perhaps is not yet arriv'd to the imperial City.

Know then, that in the Year 1655, a Rumour being spread abroad through the Provinces of *India*, that *Cha Iehan* was dead; each of his four Sons began to lay about him for the Crown. They did all that is usual in such Cases for ambitious Persons to do, by courting the *Omrahs* and *Rajahs* with large Presents and larger Promises, by obliging the Soldiery with immense Largeesses; in a Word, by rousing up the Friendship and Integrity of their Adherents, and by winning over Strangers to their differ-

rent

rent Parties, with whatsoever else was thought necessary to carry on a prosperous War against one another: For the innate Desire of reigning, had equally possess'd them all. But Destiny, which appoints and consummates human Events, had reserv'd the Crown for *Aurengsebe*, who surpass'd all the rest in Policy and Dissimulation.

With profound Craft this Prince over-reach'd his younger Brother, *Morad Bathe*, and put him in Chains, in the midst of *Morad's* own Army; pacifying the Officers with Bribes, and the common Soldiers with increase of their Pay, whilst he sent their General away Prisoner to one of his strongest Castles. This was the first considerable Stroke he gave toward the gaining a Crown. For, now he was not only rid of one Competitor, and the most dangerous of all the rest, but also became Master of his Army and all his Treasure, which being joined to his own, put him in a Condition to pursue his good Fortune with Success. Yet the War lasted almost six Years, his Brother Sultan *Sujah* keeping him in play on the side of *Bengal*, and Sultan *Dara* near the capital Cities *Agra* and *Dehly*.

But at last they were both forc'd to yield to the Fortune of *Aurengsebe*. In fine, he was establish'd, and now sits on the Throne of his Fathers, whilst they sell Sacrifices to the Jealousy and Revenge of their victorious Brother, being, as I am inform'd, taken Prisoners, and afterwards poyson'd or hurry'd out of the World some other Way.

Thus passes away human Glory like a Cloud driven before the Wind; or like the Smoak of a Fire, which looks bright and gay for a while, crackles and gives Heat to all that are near it, but is either suddenly quench'd with Water, or evaporates into Air, and is no more remember'd.

Dear *Pesseli*, consider that this Earth is not our native Country: We are Foreigners here below;
let

let us improve our selves, by every Thing we encounter, in Knowledge and Virtue, without learning the Vanity and Vices of Mortals.

Paris, 4th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1663.

LETTER III.

To Useph, Bassa.

HERE is great Rejoicings for the Conversion of a certain Protestant Prince to the Faith of the *Roman Church*. They call him the Duke of *Meklebourgh*. He is said to spring from an ancient Race of Kings among the *Vandals*. This Court caresses him in an extraordinary manner, as they usually do all Profelytes of his high Quality; as for poor and vulgar Converts, they serve only to become the Priests Slaves and Asses.

The King who is stiled *The Eldest Son of the Church*, and therefore ought to appear a living Demonstration of her boasted Virtues, has been very liberal of his Favours to the new Devotee, creating him *Knight of the Holy Spirit*, which is the most sublime Degree of Honour in this Kingdom, next to that of being made Peer of the Realm.

Couriers arrive one at the Heels of another from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who is cruising about on the *Mediterranean*. But, I cannot get a Sight of any of them, nor learn what their Expresses contain. The Courtiers and Statesmen here are the very Whirlpools of Intelligence. Whatever News is communicated to them, is swallow'd up and lost for ever in profound silence. They receive all, but return

none again. However, People take the Liberty to guess every Man according to his Reason or Fancy. Some say, the Duke of *Beaufort* has engaged with a Fleet of *Algerines*, and driven them into their Harbour with great Loss on their Side, and Triumph on his. Others laugh at this as only a Court Romance, who strive to prepossess the Nation with prosperous Stories of the King's Arms, both by Sea and Land. Whilst a third Sort affirm, That those Dispatches come not from the Duke of *Beaufort*, who, they say, is dead, being kill'd by a Cannon-Bullet, in an Encounter with the *Corfairs* of *Barbary*: But, that they are sent from the next chief Officers in the *Thoulon* Fleet, to give the King an Account of his Death, and receive new Orders.

In the mean while, we are wholly taken up here at present with the Reception of the *Swiss* Ambassadors. They made their publick Entry into *Paris* yesterday, after they had been magnificently entertain'd at the *Castle of the Wood*. A thousand Chariots accompanied them through the Streets of *Paris*. They are brave jolly Persons, Sons of *Bacchus*, and Hirelings to *Mars*, stout in a Wine-Cellar, and no Cowards in the Field.

Courteous *Bassa*, Thou seest I do not forget my Friends, but send to all by Turns, the Advice that come to my Hands. I wish thou would'st favour me with a short Sketch of thy Pleasure with the *Grand Signior*, in the neighbouring Plains of *Adrianople*.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1663.



LET-

LETTER IV.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

TIS hard to determine, whether the *French* King excels most in *Martial* Affairs, or in those of *State*. He is good at both. His Counsels are wise, and His Actions great. A Man both in Body and Mind, form'd for Empire: And out-stripping his Years in all Things save the Affairs of Love. These indeed he pursues with youthful Vigour and Passion, being by Nature very amorous, and esteem'd the Handsomest Prince of this Age, by those who consider a regular Shape, graceful Features, and a majestick Awfulness in the Face, as the principal Ingredients in a masculine Beauty.

'Tis certain, he's very acceptable to the Ladies, who are the most competent Judges in this Case. And they value him so much the more, because his Love never abates the due Sentiments a Monarch ought to have of his Glory. For he gratifies both Passions, without suffering them to interfere, managing his softest Intrigues with such exquisite Prudence, as he still comes off a *Hero*.

He has had many a Mistress, and 'tis a manifest Discovery of his Wit, that he never fasten'd his Affections on any that deserv'd not the same Character. She that has the greatest Share in His Heart at present, is call'd the *Duchess of Vaujour*; a Woman rais'd to that Title by the King's Bounty, for the Sake of his Love. She has a refin'd Wit, and that's all can be said in her Praise. For, as to her Body, 'twould hardly tempt an indifferent *Painter* to employ his Skill, unless it were, in describing what the *Taylor* endeavours to hide, and

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that's a Deformity much like mine, a remarkable Bunch in the Back. Yet this great Monarch loves her passionately, and will not be easily cross'd in his Amours.

The Queen and His Mother have endeavour'd by diverse Methods to reclaim Him; but all prove ineffectual. A while ago they set His Confessor to work, who, with Abundance of unseasonable Gravity, represented to the Young invincible Monarch, the ill Consequences of unlawful Love (for these Infidels esteem none Lawful, but what is bestow'd only on One Wife.) He said all that was proper for a *Jesuit* to urge on such an Occasion, and a great deal more; threatening the Royal Lover with severe Penance, and I know not what. Impatient of this Discourse from a Subject, yet respecting the Character he bore as a Priest, the King with a reserv'd Countenance, thank'd him for his pious Counsel, telling him withal, that for the Future he discharg'd him from His Service, being resolv'd to obey the old Canons of the Church, and confess to none but the Priest of the Parish. Thus the poor *Jesuit* was discarded, and besides the King's Displeasure, he has drawn upon himself the Censures and Curses of his whole Order, for disobliging so potent a Monarch, only to please two peevish Women.

Illustrious Minister, Kings are as Gods on Earth, and they esteem it a Prophanation of their Divinity, when their Actions are too narrowly scann'd by their Subjects.

Paris, 7th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1664.



LET-

LETTER V.

To Pesteli Hali, his Brother, Master of the Grand Signior's Customs at Constantinople.

THE News which thy Letter imparts, would affect me with incredible Delight, were such a Thing possible to come to pass. It is a long Time since I have been weary of dwelling in *Paris*, and of conversing only with Infidels. There is a perfect Antipathy between their Humour and mine. And 'tis no small Violence a Man does to his Nature in such a Case, when all his Actions and Words are counterfeited. This goes mightily against the Grain. But I have thought nothing too much to do or suffer, for our Great Master's Interest: and I'm still of the same Resolution. Yet Nature it self abhors Force and Restraint. Therefore 'twould be a vast Comfort to be recall'd from this disagreeable Station, and plac'd in some other Post, where I might serve God and the *Grand Signior* with more Ease.

Besides, I have met with nothing but Persecutions and Reproaches from some at the *Seraglio*, ever since I came to this City; as I have often hinted in my Dispatches to the *Grandeess*, and particularly once to the noble *Kerker Hassan, Bassa*, our Countryman and Friend. Wherein I also implor'd his Favour and Intercession, that I might have Leave to retire into *Arabia*, and spend the rest of my Days in the Place where I first drew my Breath; or at least, that I might be permitted to return to *Constantinople*, and give an Account of my Agency in these Parts, tho' it were to the Loss of my Head, if I deserv'd it.

I perceive that generous *Bassa* took Compassion on my Sufferings, and has done his utmost to relieve me. 'Tis to him I owe the Proposal that was made in the *Divan*, of sending me to the Court of the

Grand Mogul, there to negotiate some private Affairs of Importance for the *Sultan*.

There is nothing that I have had a greater Passion for these many Years, than the Happiness of visiting those remote Parts of the Earth, so venerable for the Antiquity of their Inhabitants, and the Excellency of their Laws, Customs, Religion, and Government; I mean, the *Gentile Indians*, and not the Race of the *Moguls*, who came out of *Tartary*; and are but of yesterday, in comparison with the *Aboriginal People*, whose Genealogies and Possessions of that *Country*, stretch beyond all the *Records* in the *World* beside.

Ever since I read the *Journal* of thy Travels in the *East*, I was inflam'd with an ardent Desire to see that renowned *Nation*, to converse with the *Bramins*, and pry into the Mysteries of their unknown Wisdom which occasions so much Discourse in the *World*.

I know not what ails me, but I promise my self more Satisfaction from their *Books*, were I capable of understanding the *Language* in which they are writ, or from the Lips of those *Priests* who have 'em in their Custody; than from all the *Prophets* and *Sages* in the *World*. I fancy I should find something prodigiously strange and amazing in their *History*, yet squaring with Human Reason, and Probability of Truth. I shou'd meet with Arguments which I cannot yet start, to prove the *Eternity* of the *World*; Arguments clear and demonstrative: Such as wou'd establish this *Doctrine*, against all Objections that have or can be made to the contrary.

The *Idea* which I already entertain of so unmeasurable a Duration, is only founded on my own natural Thoughts, and supported by the concurrent Opinion of several ancient *Philosophers*. But I shou'd hope to see it discover'd by these *Indian Records*, to be a Truth as bright as the Sun, and fix'd as the Center of the Earth.

There

There is another Thing, for which I mightily admire the *Indians*; and wherein I endeavour to imitate them to the utmost of my Power: That is, the Justice and Tenderneſs they ſhew towards the Beaſts. 'Tis a Thing which needs a conſiderable Expiation, if by Chance they kill any living Creature: But, if they do it wilfully, out of cruel Wantonneſs or Malice, and not in their own Defence; 'tis puniſhed with Death, no leſs than if they had murder'd a Man. No care of Health, or Fear of Diſſolution by Sickneſs, can tempt one of the *Brachman Race*, to taſte a Bit of Fleſh: Much leſs cou'd they be induced by the meer Pleaſure of their Appetites, to commit that which they eſteem ſo enormous a Sin, and the very Fountain of all other Vices. They count it the greateſt Injuſtice that can be, to ſuſtain their own Lives, by the Death of any of their Fellow-Animals; and they eſteem it a Puſillanimity unbecoming a Man, when he dares not venture his Life on the Fruits of the Earth, and the Milk of Cattle, which he may enjoy in Innocence, and Nature affords him more than enough, of all Sorts of lawful Nouriſhment.

This religious Abſtinance, is the Mother of Heroick Virtues; and thoſe who praſtiſe it inviolably, are always in a State to contemn the World, Death, and all momentary Things. Hence it is, that the *Indians* go to the *Inviſible World* as cheerfully, as they wou'd take a Journey to *China*, and *Persia*, *Turkey* or any other Part of the Earth. For they eſteem *Death* no other than a Setting-out, or Voyage of the *Soul* to a more agreeable Region.

But, I need not inſiſt ſo much on theſe Things to thee, who haſt been among them, and art familiarly acquainted with their *Genius* and Inclination. I ſlide into this Diſcourſe inſenſibly, by the Pleaſure I take in thinking of theſe People and their admirable Virtues, as a Man falls in Love with a

beautiful Woman, by attentively gazing on her, and many Times forgets himself and the Business he was about, commits Errors and Indecencies, and thro' the Confusion of his Spirits, is quite lost, like one in a Wood.

To return therefore to my Purpose: A Journey to the *Indies* would be very pleasant to me on several other Accounts. The very Stars of my Nativity inclin'd me to travel, and from my Cradle in my Father's House, I was transported to *Constantinople*, many Hundreds of Leagues from the Place of my Birth. Thou know'st what a Roamer I've been since that Time: And I can assure thee, I retain the same Disposition still. But there's no Country under the Moon which I wish to see with greater Earnestness, than *Indostan*; the very Name whereof sounds almost as sweet as that of Paradise. Doubtless, 'tis the *Eden* of the Earth, in many respects. And the Inhabitants believe there was no better for the Original Parents of Mankind to dwell in, ranking the History of *Moses* on that Subject in the Number of celebrated Fables. I approve not this Censure of the *Indians*; yet I tell thee as a *Mussulman*, I dare say, the mysterious Writings of *Moses* are quite misunderstood by the greatest Part of Mankind. Neither can any two of his Interpreters, agree exactly which was the particular Situation of Paradise. Some plant that Garden in *Mesopotamia*, others in *Palestine*; and a third sort affirm, 'twas in *Egypt*: This Man will have it in *Asia*, That in *Africa*. They are divided in their Opinions. And I might as well say, 'twas under the *Red Sea* between them both; and bring as many *cabalistical* Proofs to defend it. But, it signifies nothing to us, let it be where 'twill. Every Place is a Paradise, which a Man fancies to be so; and nothing can beat me off from the Conceit I have of the *Indies*.

Besides, I shou'd take a vast Delight in my Journey thither; whether I went by the Way of the
Black

Black Sea, and so through the ancient Kingdoms of *Colchis*, *Georgia*, and *Cathay*, coasting along the Foot of Mount *Taurus*: Or, by the more common Road, through *Syria*, *Arabia*, and *Persia*. Either Way wou'd afford Matter of Thought to a contemplative Man, whilst in some Places he beholds the Ruins of famous Cities; and his Eyes revels on the Spoils of Time, of Fire, of War, or of Earthquakes. In others, he beholds whole Provinces laid waste, and dispeopled, only meeting here and there a few Cots, Herds, or Tents of *Arabs*, *Tartars*, or *Circassian* Herdsmen; who straggle up and down the pleasant Fields of *Asia*, to pick and chuse convenient Pastures for their Cattle.

How pleasant would it be to travel through my own Country, and behold the Tents of the Sons of *Ismael*, spread o'er the Plains of the vast and horrible Defart? To meet with *Emirs* and *Sheghs* of *Arabia*, with their Flocks and Herds, summering it up and down, and frolicking from Mountain to Valley at their Pleasure.

From this to pass to another Variety in *Persia*, wou'd be equally diverting. What Kind of Thoughts should I have whilst on my Bed, within the Walls of *Bagdat*, the Stage of so many great and renown'd Actions mention'd in ancient History! I should call to mind *Semiramis*, the Foundress of that noble City, and all her Wars with the *Indians* and other Nations of the East. I should reflect on her Policy, and the Weakness of her Son *Ninyas*. I should consider the various Translations of the *Eastern Empire*; the alternate Fates of the *Medes*, *Assyrians*, *Babylonians*, and *Persians*. And from thence I should naturally fall upon the Conquest of *Alexander the Great*; the Rise of the *Macedonian Empire*; the Death of that mighty Hero in *Babylon*, and the cantonizing the Empire among his chief Officers. Such Memoirs as these, would waken my Thoughts of the Vanity of all hu-

man Affairs, as it does at this Time : And particularly I reflect on my Folly, in setting my Heart so much on travelling to a Country, which I am never like to see.

For, alas, my dear Brother, I am not able to endure at this Age the Hardships of so long a Journey, as I could in my Youth. Much Sicknefs has impair'd the Strength of my Constitution. I am grown as tender as an Infant. The least Puff of Wind is ready to blow out the Flame of Life. And whereas formerly, neither Heat nor Cold, Hunger nor Thirst, Labour or Watching could hurt me; now my Health receives Damage from every one of these. I could not possibly out-live the Fatigue and Pain of travelling two or three Days together without a Drop of Water to fresh my panting Soul. An habitual Fever has made me the thirstiest Man in the World. Then I am not able to bear the scorching Heats of the Sun, to which a Traveller in those Parts is necessarily exposed. I should daily dissolve like Wax, or rather exhale in Smoke, in the midst of so many Fervors. In a Word, my Body is so infirm, that I am very sure to die, before I can get half Way to *Indostan*, let me take the nearest Road I can.

Yet if the *Ministers* of the *Porte* shall think fit to send me, I am resign'd. For I take no farther Care of my Life; than as I may be serviceable to the *Grand Signior*.

I intend to write to our illustrious Friend about it. In the mean Time do thou for me, what the Prudence of a Man, and the Affection of a Brother shall suggest, as most conducing to the Interest of our Sovereign, and our own Honour, which we ought to prefer to our Lives.

Our Mother is in Health, and salutes thee with a tender Embrace.

Paris, 9th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1664.

L E T T E R

LETTER VI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary
of the Ottoman Empire.

THIS Court of late makes a double Figure ; the One of real Sorrow for the Dutcheſs of *Savoy's* Death, who was of the Blood Royal of *France* ; the Other of counterfeit Mourning for the Death of *Caro-lus Joſephus* Brother to the *German* Emperor. For they inwardly rejoice at this latter, and wiſh the whole Houſe of *Austria* were laid in their Graves : That Family being the only Obſtacle to the Grandure at which the *French* Monarchy aſpires. The only Rub which *Cardinal Richelieu*, and his Succeſſor *Ma-zarini* found in their Way, when they ſought to ex-alt the *Bourbons* to the Empire of the *West*.

The Riſe and Fall of Kingdoms, the various Changes of Government, the alternate Fate of Nations, are Themes worthy of a *Muſſulman's* Thoughts ; conſidering that the victorious and happy *Oſmans* at this Day poſſeſs the Territories of ancient Renown, the Provinces and Dominions which formerly made the greateſt Figure and Noiſe in the World.

What is now become of the moſt famous Monarchies of *Babylon*, *Persia*, *Aſſyria*, *Macedon*, *Greece*, and *Rome* ! Look for the Myſterious and Learned Kingdom of *Egypt* ; the religious State of the *Jews* ; the moſt ancient Kingdoms of the *Sycionians* and *Argives* ; the Commonwealths of *Lacedæmon* and *Athens*, with many other Countries mentioned in the Records of Time, and we ſhall find them all ſwal-lowed up in the univerſal Empire of the *Ottomans*.

The Hiſtory of *Beluſ*, and how he got the Sovereignty by Hunting ; of *Ninus* his Son who fiſt taught the World the Methods of *Idolatry* ; of *Semiramis*, *Nynias*, *Sardanapalus*, *Arbaces*, *Belochus*, and

the rest of those *Assyrian* Monarchs; found now like an antiquated Tale, or Dream. Neither is there any more Life at this time in the *Babylonian* and *Persian* Registers. The mighty Acts of the *Nebuchadnezzars*, *Cyrus's*, and the rest of those renowned Conquerors, now serve but as Foils to set off the more glorious Enterprizes and Successes of our immortal Sultans.

'Tis true, the *Persians* at this Day retain some Fragments of that once vast and formidable *Eastern* Empire. And the *Germans* have a Shadow of the ancient imperial Majesty of the *Romans*. But both the one and the other, are grown effeminate and weak; they have lost the Virtue, the Power, and Fortune of their Predecessors.

Thou hast travell'd over all the Dominions of the *Sophi*, and been an Eye-witness of the *Persian* Luxury, Libertinism, and Nakedness. Thou hast seen the Off-spring of heroick Sages, transform'd to Swine, Dogs, Asses, and other contemptible Brutes, as if they'd drank of *Circe's* Cup. So fatal is it to decline from the Way of Virtue; nay, so impossible even to stand still in that sacred Path, without being violently pull'd backward. In a Word, thou art so thoroughly acquainted with the present State of *Persia*, and all its Circumstances, that I should appear too officious in pretending to describe either the Country, or the People that inhabit there.

But as to *Europe*, thou professest thy self a Stranger, and hast commanded me to characterize this Quarter of the World: Wherein *Germany* makes the most majestick Figure by Land, *England* and *Holland* by Sea: *Spain* boasts of her Gold; whilst *France* treasures it up to pay her Armies, to keep foreign Kings in Pension, to build mighty Fleets, and magnificent Palaces; to corrupt the *German* Princes, and make 'em Pimps to her Ambition, Instruments of her design'd Grandeur, which is no less than the *Western* Empire

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As for the Duke of Savoy, he is a mere Tennis-Ball, or a Shuttle-Cock, bandied to and fro between the Kings of France and Spain.

The *Swisses* are poor and mercenary. They cannot stay at home unless they could banquet on the Turfs and Stones: For all the Flesh, Fruit, and Corn in the Land, is not half enough to keep them alive, and they have little or no Money, but what they get abroad. This makes 'em all Travellers, and most of them take up the Trade of War. They serve the Pope, the French King, and many other Princes for Pay: And where they once engage, they are very true to their Trust. But, I can tell thee, they would be unwilling to fight for the *Grand Signior*, unless he would allow 'em Plenty of Wine, which thou know'st is contrary to the Discipline of the *Mussulman's* Armies: And these *Swisses* are the profess'd Adorers of *Bacchus*.

The *Hollanders* are industrious and rich; they mind nothing but Merchandizing and Mechanicks. They would fain engross the Trade of the *Indies* and the *Levant*, to themselves. They traffick, that they may be in a Condition to fight; and they fight to establish their Commerce; having no Sense of Honour but only of Profit. If they attempt any Conquest, or make an Invasion, it must be in *America*, or some other remote Country; for they are only upon the defensive among their Neighbours, not daring to be the first Aggressors in a War: In a word, they're like a Nest of Pismires, that trudge up and down continually to get Provision, but sting and bite those under whose Protection they live, if they have an Opportunity.

'Tis thought, the Prince of Orange, who descends from an illustrious Stock, will e'er long reduce those Republicans to another Form of Government. The French style him the Head and Heart of the United States, and these thou know'st command the Hands and Feet.

Gen.

Germany is counted the Bulwark of *Christendom* against the mighty Power of the *Ottomans* and *Tartars*. But in my Opinion, one of our Embassadors at the Emperor's Court, gave a truer Description of it, when he compar'd *Germany* to a great Monster with many Heads and Tails. which having a Desire to break through a certain quick-set Fence or Hedge, and each particular Head making Way where it could best, among the less entangled Branches, were all caught in so many different Noozes, by the Interposition of strong Trees, and so the Monster was forc'd to retire with Shame and Loss: Whereas, he said, the *Osman* Empire, was like an Animal with one Head, and many Tails, and that one Head not encountering the like Difficulties, easily pass'd, thro' being follow'd by the Tails with one Consent, as the untwisted Ends of a ten-string'd Cord pass through a Ring or Hole, when the united Part has led them the Way.

I should have mention'd *Italy*, *Poland*, *Denmark*, *Muscovy*, and other Regions of *Europe*, but it would be too tedious for one Letter, which I shou'd neither have Time to write, nor thou Patience to read at once.

Therefore, I desire thee to accept of this only as a rough Draught, an imperfect Sketch of some Parts of the *West*. But in my future Dispatches, I will imitate the Painters, and endeavour to draw each Member and Lineament of this great Body to the Life, as near as I can discern 'em by the Lights I have in *Paris*.

Paris, 10th. of the 4th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

L E T:

LETTER VII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

MAY God multiply his Blessings on thee, and cause thy Heart to sparkle with fresh Lights, and new Joys, like the Sky-Rockets on a *Dunalma*. (or *Royal Holiday*) Accept also a small Present, not worth an Inventory, (consisting only of a few Pictures, Looking-glasses, Watches, and other Manufactures of *France*) from the Hands of *Mahmut*, thy Countryman, Son of thy Father's Neighbour, and a voluntary Slave of those who serve thee, if I had the Honour of an Opportunity.

Neither the Gift, nor he that offers it, is worthy of Esteem. But, thou hast Condescension enough to look on both with the Eye of a noble *Arab*, who knows how to value the Sincerity of any Man's Devour and Affection, which way soever he expresses it.

I can never forget the former Discoveries of thy Friendship to my Brother *Pesteli* and me; and in general, to all those of our House: Which still encourages me to expect greater Kindnesses; nay, in a manner, assures me of them: Because, I know the Nature of true Generosity is such, that where it once begins to fasten on an Object, it never ceases to communicate its Favours, till damn'd Perfidy gives a Check to the Current. And may he be damn'd that then has the Impudence to ask for any more.

But Praise be to God, my Case is otherwise, I am not in the Number of the ungrateful and treacherous: And therefore with Boldness I presume once more to address to the Dust of thy Feet, illustrious *Bassa*, begging thy Patronage and Shelter from the Persecution of my Enemies; whose whole Endeavour is to ruin me.

Thou

Thou know'st I came to *Paris* in the Year 1637 of the Christian *Hegira*. The *Sun* had then revisited the Sign he was in at my Nativity, just the eight and twentieth Time. I was a mere Youngster in the World. However, my Superiors thought me fit for this Employment. How I have acquitted my self in it ever since, I leave to themselves to judge: Yet, for Fashion's sake, they will be always a finding Faults. One Sycophant or other is perpetually railing against me, when they find any of the *Vizirs*, and other *Grandeess* in an Humour to hearken to them. I fancy 'tis for Want of Discourse. When they have nothing else to talk of, then they fall a censuring of poor *Mahmut*, who undergoes more Fatigues than a hundred thousand such

* *This Word Thlguch was left so in the Italian, and the English Translator knows not what to make of it.*

* *Thlguch as they. I can't imagine what they aim at; unless it be, that they would have me turn Christian, and enter myself into some Monastery.*

Suffer me, my noble Friend, to tell thee, that a Man cannot want for Temptations to such a Change of his Faith, without being confin'd to a reclus Life. He may be a *Friar* or a *Libertine*, a *Priest* or a *Layman*, a *Zealot* or an *Hypocrite*, a *Chimney-sweeper* or an *Abbot*, which he pleases, according as he is qualify'd. And I can assure thee, he that would be a good Man, which is beyond all the rest, has Incentives enough among the *Professors* of the *Nazarene* Worship, tho' the greatest Part are wicked.

As for me, I never thought that true Religion consisted in empty Names and Titles, in Forms and Ceremonies, in Parties and Factions, or in any thing, but in a Life conform to Reason, and to the Will of God.

They take me here at *Paris* for a *Moldavian Rambler*, that has read something more than the *Parish-Clerks*.

Clerks. And because they know I understand *Greek*, *Slavonian*, and two or three Languages more, they wou'd fain make me a Priest, Doctor, Orator, or any thing that I would accept of, to serve an Interest. And I am compell'd to use either a downright Humility, or a forc'd Pride, that I may handsomely evade their Courtship: Convincing 'em sometimes that I am not fit for such Dignities; at other Seasons telling 'em, I am above *Inferior Orders*, and that nothing less than an Archbishop's Pall, or a Cardinal's Hat will satisfy my Ambition.

Thus I really dissemble, and jest my self in earnest out of ample Estates, to serve God, his Prophet, and the Grand Signior: Yet am traduc'd at the Seraglio for a Hypocrite, an Infidel, and God knows what.

Here's honest *Eliachim* the Jew undergoes the same Fate; whilst those of his own Party, especially the *Rabbi's*, proclaim him every where for a Christian, and the *Nazarenes* point at him as a *Turk*. Only my Landlord where I before lodg'd, who is an honest old drunken *Fleming*, takes *Eliachim* for a Saint, and swears he will have him canoniz'd after his Death: And all this for no other Reason, but because *Eliachim* treats him now and then with a Bottle of Wine: So partial are all Men to their own Humours and Interests. But the Truth on't is, *Eliachim's* an excellent Counterfeit, and my Landlord is not the only Man, who has this Veneration for him. He passes for a very good Catholick, and a holy Man among a great many others. His Looks are so demure, his Mien so compos'd, and he has such godly Discourse with him, about the Sacraments, Indulgences, Miracles, and Graces of the Church, when he is in Company with Christians, that he wou'd deceive the *Spanish* Inquisition, and cheat the Devil himself.

Such is the Violence we are forc'd to use to our selves, who live in these hazardous Stations. And yet

yet no Body considers us, or regards our Zeal for the Grand Signior. Our Reputation, Liberty, and Lives are precarious. We are not only in perpetual Danger of the Revenge of the *Nazarenes* who are our real Enemies; but also expos'd to the Envy, Malice, and Persecution of those who ought to be our Friends.

I have often complain'd of the malicious Calumnies thrown on me by *Icingi Cap-Oglani*, and his Associates: And the Ministers were pleas'd to receive my Apologies. But now I suspect greater Treachery. I sent an Account to the *Reis Effendi* some Years ago, how I was dogg'd up and down the Streets of *Paris*, by a Fellow whom I knew not, and what Apprehensions that put me upon. I will acquaint thee farther, that being afraid of an Assassin in the dark, I arm'd my Breast with a Quire of Paper, which is known to be Dagger Proof. I was not at all mistaken in my Guess. For the last Night, as I was returning Home to my Lodging, between the Hours of Nine and Ten, I receiv'd a Stab in my aforesaid Breast-Plate, right against my Heart. It was not so dark but I could perceive the Person who gave me this Blow; and Self-preservation taught me immediately to seize on him, and grapple as close as I could, extending his Arms with mine at a good Distance from our Bodies. I am but little and short, yet I have a strong Spring with my Body, when I am once rouz'd, as thou wilt imagine I was now. Besides, I have generally a certain Presence of Mind in Time of Danger, which fails not to prompt me with the readiest and most proper Course to escape. In a Word, I wrested the Poneyard out of the Russian's Hand, and stabb'd him dead with it, not thinking it safe to make a Noise, but chusing rather to die if my Strength fail'd me, than by crying out for Help, run the Risque of worse Consequences: For I had
long

long expected some such Attempt as this upon my Life, from my Enemies at the *Porte*. And concluding this Fellow to be one employ'd by them for that Purpose, I thought it no Prudence to have him seiz'd by the *Watch*, and punish'd by the *Law*, lest he should in Revenge discover me and my Business to these *Infidels*. Therefore I play'd the *Executioner* my self, and sent him out of hand to another World, to prevent his telling Tales in this. Thou wilt say there was no Injustice in this, since it was in my own Defence, and to save the Honour of my *Sovereign*. As he fell, he uttered these Words in a faint broken Tone, *Mahmut, my Death will be revenged before long, and you cannot escape the Trap that is laid for you.* Then he expir'd.

This made me presently conclude, that he was employ'd by somebody at the *Porte*: For how else should he know my true Name? But upon second Thoughts, I cannot be certain, but that he was set at Work by my old *Sicilian Master*, since he knew my Name also. However, I have great Reason to suspect the Former; because, it is not probable, that the *Infidel* would take so chargeable and troublesome a Method to Murder me. Neither had he Provocation enough. Besides, for ought I know, he may be dead. *God* only is acquainted with the Truth. However, to prevent future Assaults of this Nature, and a great many other Inconveniencies, I have remov'd my self to a new *Lodging*, in the most obscure Corner of the City, and very remote from the Place where I liv'd before, being resolv'd also not to frequent the *Court*, nor any publick Places, as I have done formerly, but to take other Measures for Intelligence.

What I desire of thee is, to represent my Case favourably to the *Divan*, that they may approve of my Conduct. Do also whatever else thou judgest the Part of a Country-man and a Friend.

As

As for the Event, I patiently wait the Appointments of Destiny. For 'tis in vain to be too solicitous.

Adieu, High-born Kerker, and forget not *Mahmut* in his Distress. For, that is the Time wherein true Friendship is tried.

Paris, 17th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER VIII.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at Vienna.

BE not dishearten'd at the Troubles which thou encounterest in this World of Lotteries. But, remember the Adage of thy Rabbi's, *That EVIL which is Old at Night, is yet the Off-spring of every Morning.* The Ages are measur'd exactly, and our Hours are checker'd with equal Mixtures of Happiness and Misfortune. We are not born to our own Desires. And as not a Man of us can remember how he was form'd in the Womb, so have we no Reason to repine at what happens to us since we came out of it. Whatever Power, Wisdom and Goodness took care of us then, and afterwards inspir'd our Mothers and Nurses with Tenderness, and a thousand Degrees of Patience, beyond what is recorded of *Job*, the same will provide for us to Eternity.

The Desire of Knowledge kill'd *Adam*, and the same Lust, propagated with his Seed, destroys all his Posterity. We can never be satisfy'd in our Confinement to this World, and therefore we flounce and flutter on all Sides, like Fish or Birds in a Net, to find a Way out: Whilst we do but entangle our selves the faster, render our Restraint more uneasy, and

and delay the Possibility of our Release: Whereas Patience would soon set us free, and rank us among the Immortals. One thinks to escape by high-drinking; another by Fevers of Love or Glory; and a Third conceits he shall by his Gold, be able to bribe the Watch, who guard the last Passes of this Life, and persuade 'em to let him scamper safe to Paradise. Alas! alas! all this is but the Sophistry of our Passions. 'Tis in vain to think of hast'ning or retarding our Fate; our Time is set, tho' we know not the Period. Resignation is our best Lesson, and Prudence the next.

Perhaps thou wilt call this a Sermon, rather than a Letter. But I advise thee to read it with the Eyes of a *Stoick*; that is, whether it pleases thee or not, regard it no farther than it agrees with Reason. I would fain ask of the Man who expects to have his Will accomplish'd in this Life, whether he can prevail upon the Sun to rise any Morning within the *Artick Circle*, or the Moon to descend some Night, and sweep the Snow off from the Top of Mount *Athos*. So inexorable is our Destiny, so unalterable the Decrees of Fate.

Be not troubled therefore at any thing; but remember, that thou art a Part of the Universe, and that nothing can betide thee, which is not for the Good of the whole.

What I have said, is to arm thee against all the Contingencies which may assault thee unawares, rushing upon thee on a sudden from behind the Veil, which covers all the Designs of Providence and Nature, Destiny and Chance.

I myself have lately experienc'd, that it is good to be thus prepar'd for future Events, having narrowly escap'd Death by a little timely Forecast.

It is not necessary for thee at this Time to know all the Circumstances of my Danger. Suffice it to say, That I was assassinated in the dark, kill'd him
th

that design'd to be my Murderer, and am now forced to remove my *Habitation*.

Eliachim thy Brother in *Israel* will be at *Vienna* within fourteen Days. He will give thee a farther Account of all Things which it behoves thee to know; with fresh Instructions concerning my new *Lodgings*, and the Method we must observe for the future in conveying Letters. We cannot be too cautious in the *Grand Signior's* Business.

As for our own Lives, let us imagine they were only sent to serve him, on whose Life so many Millions of Lives depend.

Paris, 18th of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER IX.

To Zeidi Alamanzi, a Merchant at Venice.

I Am oblig'd to send Circular Letters at this Time to all the Slaves of the *Grand Signior*, who have Business with me at *Paris*; to inform them, that upon a very important Emergency, I am forc'd to change my *Lodgings*. I have already sent away *Dispatches* to *Constantinople* and *Vienna* on this Account, to prevent the Errors they might commit in addressing their Letters. For the same Reason, I now write to thee, thou need'st not enquire after the Occasion of this Conduct; nor wonder at any Thing that happens to us extraordinary in these hazardous *Posts*. We must expect to encounter with Rubs and Obstacles in serving our *Great Master*. If these Difficulties have but their proper Effect, which is to whet our Inventions, encrease our Diligence, and confirm us in our Zeal; all shall go well.

The

The Soul of Man never displays her Faculties and Perfections with greater Lustre, than when she is environ'd with Perils. These are the Tryals of Fortitude, Prudence, Justice, and all the Virtues. He that sinks under Misfortunes, and cross Events, has either no Soul, or 'tis asleep.

Courage then, Fellow-Slave, and let thy Heart bear a continual Alarm. Be not dismay'd at any Thing, nor let Self-Love bereave thee of thy Honour: But go on in thy Duty, and trust thy Soul to God.

Thou livest in a City where Virtue and Vice are in Emulation, still striving to surpass each other: There are not more wicked People in the World than *Venice* affords, nor yet more Pious and Good. Follow thou the best *Patterns*, and be happy. But do nothing by bare Imitation; for that's the right Way to become a Hypocrite. Let all thy Actions proceed from vital Principles of Reason and Generosity in thy self; and when thou seest rare Examples, let 'em serve only to awaken and rouse thy innate Virtue.

Send me no Letters till thou hast receiv'd fresh Orders from the *Porte*. They will furnish thee with all necessary Instructions. After that, let me hear from thee as often as thou wilt. Thy Dispatches will be always welcome. Let them contain Matter of Intelligence chiefly, and that of the freshest Date. Penetrate into the Counsels of the *Republick* where thou residest. Insinuate thy self with the *Senators* and *Grandeess*. Dive into their Hearts, and unlock their Secrets. Communicate nothing but the Truth to the *Ministers* of the *Porte*, or to me. If thou canst discover their Inclinations to a *Peace*, or their absolute Need of it, thou wilt do an acceptable Service to the *Grand Signior*, and to the whole *Empire* of the *Faithful*: For then we bring 'em to our own Terms.

Zeidi

Zeidi, to God I recommend thee, desiring him to preserve thee from *Wine, Women, and Cards*, which are the three capital Temptations of *Venice*.

Paris, 1st of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER X.

To Murat, Bassa.

I Cannot easily divine the Reasons why I am so much neglected by the Ministers of the *Porte*. Above four Years have passed away, wherein many notable Events have happened; yet no Body thought it worth his Labour to inform *Mahmut* of any Thing. So that all the Notices I could gain of remote Transactions, are owing either to the publick News of *Europe*, or at best to some particular Letters of Merchants residing in this City, with whom I converse an Intimacy, for the Sake of Intelligence, and for other Causes.

Thus I should have been in Ignorance to this Day, what Issue the *Bassa* of *Aleppo*'s Rebellion had, were it not for an accidental Interview I lately had of some *French* Travellers, who came from *Constantinople*. These inform'd me of the sudden Fate of that *Bassa*, when he was at the Height of all his Grandeur, within a few Days March of the Imperial City, at the Head of a potent Army, and just upon the Point of Accommodation with the Grand Signior. They much extol his Bravery and Resolution: For the *French* are naturally Lovers of such as dare boldly oppose their Sovereign. They equally condemn the sly Perfidiousness of *Mortaza Bassa*, to whose safe Conduct the *Generous Rebel* trusted his

his Life, and by that Easiness lost it. Yet they applaud *Mortaza's* Loyalty, Courage, and Wisdom, with the eminent Services he afterwards did the *Empire*, in leading the Army against *Ragotski*, Prince of *Transylvania*, which at length lifted him to the Government of *Babylon*.

All these things had been hid from me, were not the *Nazarenes* my Intelligencers. Nor should I have known how the Rebellion was carried on after his Death by his revengeful Nephew, by the Son of *Cheusaien Bassa*, by a *Bey of Egypt*, and other Malecontents. Yet such Passages are fit for a Man in my Post to be acquainted with, that he may have a clear Idea of his Master's Circumstances, and so apply himself more effectually to serve him.

It had not been amiss, if I had receiv'd timely Intelligence of the Death of Prince *Ragotski*, in regard there was always a private Correspondence between him and this Court. Which ceasing by his Death, it had been worth my Pains to observe, whether it would be continu'd by his Successor, or what other Measures they would take.

'Tis true, I was acquainted with this, but not by the Ministers of the *Porte*. I heard also of all the following Commotions in *Transylvania*, occasion'd by the different Factions of *Michael Apasi* and *Kemini Janos*, the two rival Princes. I was not sorry for this News, knowing that the Divisions of the *Nazarenes* strengthen the Unity and Force of the *Mussulman Empire*. I was likewise inform'd of the Fate of *Mortaza*, *Bassa of Babylon*, who fell a Victim to the *Grand Vizier's* Jealousy; with many other Passages. But neither from the *Porte*, nor from any other Hands could I learn the least Intelligence of the *Venetian War*, and what Progress our Arms have made in *Candia*, *Dalmatia*, and the other Dominions of the Republick. Which makes me conclude, that either the Grand Signior's Residence at
Adria-

Adrianople, abated his Inclinations to martial Affairs, which is also the common Opinion of the *Christians* here in the *West*; or, that the War in *Hungary* for a while superseded all other Designs.

However it be, 'tis certain the Successes of the *Ottoman Arms* in taking *Newhawfel*, *Ieventz*, *Novigrod*, and other Places of Strength, with the terrible Incurfions of the *Tartars* through *Moravia* and *Austria*; put the whole *German Empire* into a great Consternation. *Embassadors* are sent from the *Imperial Court* to all the *Christian Princes* imploring their Assistance in this general Danger of *Europe*.

Here is one arriv'd at this *Court*, whom they call Count *Strozzi*, a Person of good Address, and Master of much Eloquence. He has prevail'd on the *French King* to maintain, at his own Charge, Six Thousand Horse and Foot, to serve against the victorious *Osmons*. A great many Persons of *Quality*, have lifted themselves as *Voluntiers*; and the meaner Sort talk of nothing but marching to *Constantinople*, and driving the *Turks* back to *Scythia*, from whence they first came.

Courteous *Bassa*, thou wilt laugh at the Vanity of these *Infidels*; who consider not that by the Grace of *God*, and *Miracles* of his *Prophet*, our *Emperor* is the King of all the Kings on the Earth, the Mightiest of the Mighty Ones; the *Phoenix* of Honour, Power, and unparallel'd Majesty; Brother and Companion of the Sun, Moon and Stars; a Prince of a mysterious and sublime Lineage, in whom are center'd all Glory and Excellency; the Shadow of *God* on Earth!

The Breath of *Fame* goes before the Van-Couriers of his Armies, purifying all Places, and filling them with Veneration and Terror. The Dust that is raised by his Heroick Cavalry, passing thro' the Air, causes Trembling and Astonishment in the Hearts

Hearts of the *Christians*. The *Infidels* fall before the fatal Scymetars of *True Believers*.

May the *Angel* of the *House* of *Ismael* continue to prosper the *Holy Off-spring*, to extend their Conquests, and propagate the *Faith* unblemish'd; that the Names of *Alla* and *Mahomet* may be heard in all *Climates*, and from the utmost Borders of the Earth.

Paris, 5th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XI.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant at Astracan.

I Have often wonder'd, why, among the rest of the Nations in *Christendom*, thou wou'dst not bestow the least transient Visit on *Spain*. But upon more mature Consideration, I find thou art a Man of Judgment in Travelling. That Country lies under a very ill Character, for the Penury of all Things necessary to sustain the Lives of the Natives; and by Consequence, 'tis not to be thought, they can spare much for Strangers. A very inhospitable Region, abounding in Beggars, Thieves, and Drones: Full of Wine and Gold, yet barren of Corn and rich People.

Thou wilt not think this a Paradox, when thou shalt consider, That the *Spaniards* have all their Corn from *France*, *Germany*, or *Sicily*: And that for this, and other Reasons, *Spain* is but like a Sieve, through which the immense Treasures of *Peru* and *Mexico* are drein'd into other Countries.

You may travel some Days together in *Spain*, without seeing any Thing save the dry Face of a Desert. And if you chance to meet with a House, wherein you may shelter your self, and your Horse,

I

expect

expect no better than a *Ramezan* Entertainment. For you must fast all Day, and think your self much respected, if you can get a few Onions, or other Roots and Herbs, with a Morfel of Bread and Flesh at Night, to keep you from being sensible, that you are actually starving.

Then the Inhabitants are the proudest People on Earth. You shall meet with none but Kings, Princes, Viceroyes, or at least Men that conceit themselves such. They are also Merciless in their Revenge; Cruel, Obdurate, Covetous, Morose and Inexorable. In a Word, *Spain* is the *Jesuits* Paradise, the *Jews* Purgatory, and the Hell of *Women*.

I therefore commend thy Fortune, or thy Prudence rather, which would not suffer thee to fall into the Hands of those *Barbarians*, nor think it worth thy Pains to breathe an Air infected with so many Vices. Thou hast pass'd through many more inviting Provinces, and art at last happily seated to thy Mind. Improve thy Opportunities in doing Good.

I sent a Letter to our Cousin *Solyman*, advising him to give thee a Visit. If he comes, receive him kindly, and perform the Part of a Kinsman; put all Expences to my Account, and remember that no Man is born for himself.

Paris, 6th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XII.

To Afis, Bassa.

ALL Europe is alarm'd with the mighty Preparations which our *Invincible Sovereign* is making to invade the *German Empire*. Great is their Con-

Consternation and Fear, and *Couriers* are every where running up and down from one *Kingdom* and *Court* to another, to remonstrate the Common Danger, and beg Assistance. Every Body appears Zealous in a Cause which concerns all *Christendom*; and the French King has lent the *Emperor* 8000 Men.

The *Duke of Beaufort* is also gone with a Squadron of Ships to encounter the *Corfairs* of *Argiers*, and other *Dominions* of *Barbary*.

The *Pope* has sent to the *Emperor's* Assistance six thousand Foot, and two thousand Horse. And the rest of the *Emperor's* *Allies* are raising Levies for him as fast as they can: It being current News, that the *Grand Signior* in Person is at the Head of two hundred thousand Men, entering into *Hungary* as a *Conqueror*: That he has taken above forty Towns, ruin'd all the Country where he pass'd through, and that in a little Time he will be at the Walls of *Vienna*.

In the mean time, this *Court* appears insensible of the general Danger which threatens *Christendom*. They are altogether taken up in *Ballads*, *Plays*, and *Feasting*, minding their own Interest more than that of their Neighbours, and revelling as if the King of France was sole Monarch of the World.

Here is arriv'd a *Legate* from *Rome* to compose the Differences between the *Pope* and this *Crown*. His Name is *Cardinal Chisi*. He is receiv'd with unparallel'd Magnificence, as if he were an *Angel* from *Heaven*: For the French King loves to shew His Grandeur on such Occasions. Besides, all the *Nations* which are in the *Communion* of the *Latin Church*, have an unreserv'd Veneration for the *Roman Musti*, whom they esteem the Successor of *Peter* the Prince of the *Apostles*.

This young Monarch has a large Soul. The whole World seems too little to satisfy His Ambition. He lays the Foundation of Designs, greater than those

of *Alexander the Conqueror of Asia*. He heaps up Money at a prodigious Rate, raises vast Armies, builds magnificent Palaces, keeps *Kings in Pension*, supports many *Princes of Germany*; and in a Word, commands more of them, than does the *Emperor* himself, who is their *Lawful Sovereign*.

Yet after all, I cannot perceive that he loses any Degree of that Respect which he owes, and which his *Predecessors* have always paid to the *Grand Signior*, who is the undeniable *Arbiter* of the *whole World*.

God grant our *Sovereign* long Life, perpetual Victories, and a good Stomach to his Meat, which the *King of France* wants, to the Accomplishment of His Happiness: For at present he feeds like a Sparrow.

Paris, 19th of the 8th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XIII.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

THou wilt perceive the vast Respect I have for thee by my frequent Dispatches. Thy Commands are to me as the *Laws* and *Sanctions* of the *Ottoman Empire*, which I will never violate. I am no Flatterer; witness my Letters to some of the *Grandees*; wherein I have not spar'd to reprove their Vices, Errors, and Male-Administration. If a *Bassa* has been unjust, seditious, or engag'd in rebellious Practices: If he has prov'd an Extortioner, a Drunkard, or a Tyrant; he has not escap'd without a due Reprimand. I have been bold in correcting, advising, and giving Counsel to the greatest Ministers in the Empire. And this was a Province appointed me by the Flower of sublime Glory, the *Phoenix*

nix

nix of Honour, sole Favourite and Trustee of the Grand Signior, the Vizir Azem, in whose Custody were the Seals of Imperial Secrets, Majestick Decrees, and Royal Edicts; who being the *Primum Mobile* of the resurgent Mussulman State, gave Life, Activity, and Order, to all the Inferior Orbs, Springs, and Instruments of Government.

I receiv'd this Command many Years ago; and he that gave it me, is gone to the *World of Spirits*. Yet the Injunction remains in Force, being stamp'd with the *Mysterious Signet*, the *Character of Supreme and Immutable Authority*. In Obedience to which, I have never warp'd or flinch'd from the Duty enjoyn'd me. And to demonstrate, that I did not do this in a vain Ostentation of the Power which was given me; I have not fail'd all along to pay to a Man of Merit, the Attach and Veneration that was his due.

'Tis with inexpressible Pleasure, I throw my self at the Feet of a wise and virtuous Man; with extream Complacency I kiss the Dust whereon he treads, and unfold all my Faculties, in expressing my Esteem. I am full of *Platonick Love*, and build Altars in my Breast, to a Soul deserving the innocent Sacrifices of amorous Passions; the Incense of Gratitude, and a pure Affection, an *Holocaust* of Integrity and Loyal Friendship.

I protest, by the Hopes I have of sitting on the Banks of the Rivers in *Eden*, and of being regal'd in the delectable *Chioses* of *Paradise*, that I honour thy Learning and other sage Perfections; that unblemish'd Life, those excellent Morals, and the unparallell'd Sweetness of Modesty, which crowns all thy Actions. But I will say no more to a Man who cannot hear his own Praises. The best Method of expressing my Regard, will be to answer thy Expectations, in presenting thee with the true Poutraiture of these *Western Nations* and People, which thou so passionately covetest.

I must desire thee to excuse the Confusion and Want of Order in my Letters; since I send thee a Medley of Remarks, as they come to my Knowledge and Memory.

It is not long ago since I wrote to *Isof Eb'n Achmed*, a Kinsman of mine, a Merchant at *Astracan*; and among other Things, I took notice of his neglecting to see *Spain* in his Travels; for he has been in most of the Kingdoms of *Europe*, and over all *Asia* and *Africk*. In that Letter I describ'd *Spain* in its worst Colours. Now I will shew it to thee in another Figure, without swerving from the Truth: For every Country has its Perfections and Excellencies, as well as its Defects and Blemishes.

If *Spain* have a barren Soil for Corn, Nature has made Amends for that Fault, in the Purity of the Air, and the Plenty of Fruits: The Sands of Her Rivers are of the most perfect Gold. Her Villages, tho' few, are greater, and more populous than some Cities, witness *Madrid*. Her Mountains are of *Iron*, *Marble*, and *Jasper*. Her Vallies underlaid with *Lead*, *Brass*, and *Silver*; *Spain* of old was the *Tharsis* of *Solomon*, the *Ophir* of the *Phœnicians*, and the *Peru* of *Rome*.

In those Days the Inhabitants of *Spain* were famous for their Fortitude, and invincible Constancy. 'Tis recorded, that the Inhabitants of *Sagunto* in the Province of *Valentia*, when they were besieged by *Hannibal*, and so oppress'd by the *Carthaginians*, chose to burn themselves, with their Wives, Children, and all their Wealth, rather than yield to the Enemies.

Their Fidelity also was so remarkable, that some of the *Roman* Emperors had always a Guard of *Spaniards* near their Persons; as the *French* King, the Pope, and other Princes do now confide in the trusty *Swisses*.

But

But tho' there remain still some scatter'd Remnants of the ancient Virtue among them, especially in *Biscay* and *Castile*, yet the greatest Part of the *Spaniards* are degenerated. They make no Figure now in the World, but only for their Gold, and the Vastness of their Dominions; for they possess the best half of *America*, are Lords of two mighty Empires, and not without large Territories in the other Three Quarters of the World. Yet the too great Extent of their Power has weaken'd its Vigour; the Affluence of their Wealth, has really impoverish'd them; and by straining their Honour too high, they have crack'd it, being now of little or no Esteem in *Europe*. Their Glory fades at the rising Grandeur of *France*, which makes radiant and swift Advances towards its *Zenith*. This young Monarch is already become the *Arbiter* of all *Christendom*.

Accomplish'd *Minister*, there is nothing in Nature stedfast: The World is but an eternal Circulation of Events, Vicissitudes, and Changes, without Beginning or End. Only *God* remains immutable, in his own Essence, which is the Center of every Thing. May thou and I meet there, and then we shall be eternally happy. Adieu.

Paris, 12th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XIV.

To Musu Abu'l Yahyan, Alfaqui, Professor
of Philosophy at Fez.

BY the Faith and Obedience I owe to *Mohammed*,
our Holy *Lawgiver*; by the *Alcoran*, and all
that is esteem'd Sacred among the *Mussulmans*, I
I 4 I swear,

swear, thy long Silence made me conclude my first Letter was unwelcome to thee. But now I'm convinced to the contrary. Thy generous Answer has removed my Apprehensions, and fill'd me with Complacency. Henceforth I shall rest assur'd and confident of thy Friendship, promising my self vast Improvements from so learned a Conversation, tho' only by Letters at many hundred Leagues Distance.

As to what thou requirest of me, concerning the various Languages of *Europe*, I will inform thee the best I can, according to the Observations I have made, and the Intelligence I have receiv'd from Men of Letters, and from Books, which are the Pictures of learned Souls, Mirrours wherein they may behold their own Perfections, whilst they are on Earth, and after their Departure to the *Invisibles*, other Men may see the interiour Beauties of their Mind represented to the Life. For Words are the perfect *Sculpture* of the *Intellect*, or at least its *Mezzotinto*. They are the express Pourtraicture of Divine and Humane Reason. Thus the *Alcoran* is call'd by some of our holy Doctors, *The True Image of Original Increased Wisdom*.

Now of all the Words and Languages on Earth, thou know'st the Pre-eminence has been for ever given to those of the *East*, and among them to the *Arabian*, both in regard of its Purity and of its Antiquity, from whence it is styl'd the *Virgin Mother* of Languages, the *Dialect* of the Blessed above.

Thou know'st, that for this Reason it is, the *True Faithful* cover no *Species* of Learning more ardently than to be perfectly skill'd in so Divine a Speech, wherein the *Volume of Celestial Majesty* was penn'd in Heaven before the Throne of God, and sent down on Earth by the Hand of *Gabriel*, Prince of the *Messengers* who fly on the Errands of the *Omni-potent*. It was sent, I say, to the *Prophet*, who could neither write nor read, that the World might

might be convinc'd of its Divine Original. Yet the incredulous will not believe: Tho' it is manifest to any Man of impartial Sense; That a Person altogether ignorant of Letters, could not possibly compose a Book, the most Elegant that ever was penn'd in the World, and wherein not the least Blemish or Contradiction can be found from the *Chapter* of the *Preface*, to the last *Versicle*, which winds up the whole *Volume*. Oh! obdurate Hearts of *Infidels*; Oh! wilfully blind, that shut their Eyes against the Splendors of *Eternal Light*: Oh! resolutely Deaf, that stop their Ears against the Voice of God and his *Prophet*, neither will they listen to the soft Whispers which are wafted from *Paradise*.

Such are the *Nazarenes*, who for the Sake of the *Greek* and *Roman* Tongues, of which they are passionately enamour'd, educate their Children in a fair Way to believe all the monstrous Fictions of the ancient Poets, or at least all the lying Tales and *Legends* of their own Priests, which are ten times more fabulous than the former, and more inconsistent with Reason. And this they do rather than to be at the Pains of learning *Arabick*, which would instruct them in Truths as clear and serene as the *Orient* Sun.

I shall say little of these Two ancient Languages of *Greece* and *Rome*, in regard they being now grown obsolete, and only to be learn'd in Schools, thou, no doubt, are vers'd in them *ad Unguem*, as the *Latins* phrase it.

That which seems properest for me to inform thee of is, That the *Roman* or *Latin* Tongue appears like an old antiquated Mother thrust out of Doors by her four ungrateful Daughters, *Italian*, *French*, *Spanish*, and *Portuguese*. These are her natural Off-spring, begot during the *Roman* Conquests in the *West*, and degenerating after that Empire was

in its Decline. So that now they are taken for no better than *Mongrels* or *Bastards*. In *Spanish* there is a great Mixture of *Gothish* and *Moresco* Words; the *French* retain many of their old *Gaulish* Idioms. The *Italian* is corrupted with a Hotch-potch of Words, left by the *Vandals*, *Huns* and *Longobards*. Yet that Fault is recompenc'd by Abundance of *Greek* Etymologies. As for the *Portuguese*, 'tis but a Dialect of *Spanish*, and lies under the same Imperfections.

The only pure *Maternal Languages* now current among the common People in any Part of *Europe*, are the *Teutonick*, *Sclavonick*, and *British*: The first is spoken in *Germany* to Perfection, but corruptly in *Suedeland*, *Denmark*, and the *United Provinces*. The second is common to the *Hungarians*, *Moldavians*, *Poles*, *Rascians*, and many other Nations. The last is confin'd to the *Welsh*, a People inhabiting a Corner of *Great-Britain*, driven thither by the victorious *Saxons* their Conquerours, above a Thousand Years ago. As for the rest, they are only mix'd Dialects, and so not worth taking Notice of; excepting one mountainous Part of *Spain*, where the Inhabitants are said to speak pure *Arabic* at this Day. They are supposed to be a Remnant of the *Moors*.

The Criticks here in the *West*, use to give these following Rules in Reference to Languages. If you would address to *God*, speak in *Greek* or *Latin*, because of their Antiquity, Purity, and majestick Loftiness. If to *Kings*, speak in *Spanish*, in regard of its slow Pronunciation and Gravity: If to *Men*, use *Italian*; to *Women*, *French*; to *Dogs*, *Welsh*: But if you would affright an *Enemy*, or the *Devil* himself, speak *High-Dutch*.

They relate a Story of a *German* Ambassador at the *French* Court, who deliver'd his Message in *Teutonick*; which when a certain *Grande* heard, and took

took Notice of its harsh and strong *Emphasis*, he swore 'twas his Opinion, That this was the Language wherein God curs'd *Adam*, *Eve*, and the *Serpent*. The German turning to him, answered briskly, 'Tis possible, *Monfieur*, it may be so; but then I hope you'll grant, that French was the Occasion of this Curse, when the Devil chose to tempt Eve in that Language for its Effeminacy, wheedling her, *a la mode de Paris*, to eat the forbidden Fruit.

Renowned *Musu*, do me the Honour of frequent Letters: Instruct me in Things whereof I'm ignorant: Make me familiar with the Remarkables of the Country where thou residest: Transport *Fez*, with the other Parts of *Africk* which are known to thee; transport them, I say, successively to *Paris* every Moon, on a Piece of Paper, and I will send thee all *Christendom* by Way of Exchange: For thus it becomes the Lovers of Wisdom, to barter for Knowledge.

Paris, 10th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XV.

To *Osman Adrooneth*, Astrologer to the
Sultan at *Adrianople*.

Those of thy Profession here in the West, are wholly taken up in contemplating a certain Comet which appears in the Firmament. 'Tis of that Sort which they call *bearded*. And some will have it to resemble a *Lion*, others say, 'tis like a *Dragon*, a *Crocodile*, a *Bear*, and I know not what. There is hardly a Species of four-footed Beasts, to which the giddy Rabble do not resemble it.

And some assert it to be the perfect Figure of a *Sword*.

The *Mathematicians* are straining all their Skill, to take the true Dimensions of this *Celestial Apparition*. The *Painters* are drawing it to the Life; the Poets are making Songs and Ballads of it. And the more learned *Sages* are framing *Astronomical Schemes*, like so many Gins or Traps to catch this *Meteor* in. They watch all its Motions, and dog it from one *Heavenly House* to another; they track it through the most intricate Paths of the *Sky*.

If it stands still, or makes a transient Address to any *Planet*, eminent *Star*, or *Constellation*, we are presently alarm'd with the News of it, and bid to be upon our Guard, as if there were some Mischief a plotting against us *Above*. The World is harangu'd with fatal Predictions of Wars, Famine, Earthquakes, and other Calamities, the sure Consequences of this suppos'd *Prodigy*.

Tell me, thou who art conversant in the *Science* of the *Stars*, and the mysterious *Philosophy* of *Nature*, what these *Comets* are? Whether they be only *Exhalations* drawn up into the *higher Region* of the *Air*, by the Force of the *Sun*; Or, whether they be more solid and durable Substances? Whether they be of a posthumous Origin like the Clouds, Hail, Rain, Snow, and other *Meteors*, the daily products of *Nature*, the upstart Off-spring of the *Elements*? Or, whether they are in the Rank of those *Beings*, whose Antiquity is untraceable, which are as old as the World; such as the *Sun*, *Moon*, *Stars*, and this *Earth* whereon we tread?

For my Part, I believe 'tis no Heresy in *Science*, whatever 'tis in Religion, to start new *Maxims*. For we ought to know, both in the one and the other; what we call Innovation, is but a reviving those *Principles*, which thro' Desuetude, or the Corruption

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tion of Times are grown obsolete, out of Date and forgotten, tho' really the most primitive and ancient Truths in the World.

Thus I cannot forbear thinking there are some other *Globes* scatter'd up and down the infinite *Expanse*, beside those whose continual Brightness exposes them to our Eyes.

The *Moon*, 'tis known, with *Venus* and other *Planets*, receive their Light gradually from the *Sun*, by *Hemispheres*: So that 'tis certain each of these orbicular Bodies is always dark by half. And where is the *Solæcism*, if we suppose there are other opaque Bodies in the *Firmament* which receive no Light at all, and by their Nature and Qualities, are incapable of receiving any but from within themselves? So we may suppose these *Comets* to be such solid *Globes*, made resplendent by an Eruption of their central Fires.

God only knows the Truth in such Cases. And thou art better able to decide these Questions than I. Therefore referring it to thy sage Judgment, I pray him who made the *Stars*, and orders their Dominion on Earth, to bless thee with favourable *Influences*, That thy *Soul* may be always like a Land flourishing under the sweet *Aspects* of *Orion* and the *Pleiades*.

Paris, 22d of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1664.



LET

LETTER XVI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary*
of the Ottoman Empire.

THE *French* have had so many Occasions of Joy of late, that it is hard to determine, which affects them most nearly.

The Satisfaction which the *Pope* gave this *Monarch*, for the Injuries formerly done to his *Embassador* at *Rome*, began the Triumph of the *French* Court. I have already sent Intelligence of that Quarrel, and how high the Resentments of the King flew, on the same Day that he receiv'd the first News of so barbarous an Affront. Now I shall acquaint thee, That there ensu'd a *Treaty* between them at *Pisa*, a City of *Italy* in the Dukedom of *Tuscany*, after the *French* Troops had terrified them into a *State-Penitence*, by the menacing Approaches they made toward the *Ecclesiastical Territories*, through the *Principalities* of *Modena* and *Parma*, These Two are Friends to *France*, and their Interest makes them so, in regard that Crown protects 'em from the *Pope's* Oppression, who is always esteem'd an ill Neighbour, by the *Italian* Princes, whose Dominions lie next to his. For this *Roman* Prelate is very Potent and Rich; he would in a short Time be Lord of all *Europe* in *Temporals* as well as *Spirituals*, were he not curb'd by the King of *France* and his *Allies*.

This makes all the little *Sovereigns* round about *Rome*, stand in Awe of the *Monarch*, who was born to command *Crowned Heads*. Wonder not at the Expression: For I tell thee, some of the greatest Princes in *Europe* are his Pensioners. This very Quarrel with the *Pope*, has gain'd the *French* King
Three

Three *Cardinals* more than were his Friends formerly.

The Conclusion of the *Treaty* was, That the *Pope*, should send a *Legate de Latere* into *France*, to pacify the King's Wrath; and that the *Militia* or *Roman Guards* whom they call *Shirri* and *Corfes*, should be for ever abolish'd, and a *Pyramid* be erected over against their Guard-House, with an Inscription in *Latin* and *French*, declaring their Crime and Punishment.

This put the Court of *France* into a very jolly Humour. They fell presently to Feasting and Revelling; and the King's next Project was the Conquest of *Barbary*. To this End he sent the Duke of *Beaufort* with a Fleet of great Ships, to clear the Seas of *African Corsairs*, that so an Army might be safely transported from *Toulon*, and landed on the opposite Shore. His Design in this was to reduce the Inhabitants of those happy Countries to the old *Idolatry* of their Fore-fathers, to plant there the *Nazarene Superstition*, and make himself the sole Lord and Proprietor of *Africk*.

I cannot divine what Success he will have in this great Enterprize; but it appears as if *God* were angry with the *Mussulmans*; such continual Losses they sustain by Land and Sea.

It is with no small Grief I saw not long ago, the *French* who serv'd in *Hungary* this Campaign, return to *Paris* laden with the Spoils of *True Believers*. I cannot behold the very Cymetars and Ensigns which these *Infidels* took from the vanquish'd *Osmons*, hang up in their Temples as *Trophies* of their Victory, without inexpressible Passion and Regret. 'Tis said here, the *Grand Signior* has lost in *Hungary* above Thirty thousand Men this Campaign; whereof Ten thousand were kill'd in one Battle, and a Hundred and Fifty Colours taken, with sixteen Cannons.

Besides,

Besides, these *Giafers* grate my Ears with another *Bravado*, boasting that one *French Ship of War* fought seven Hours with three and thirty of the *Grand Signior's Gallies*, sunk five, scatter'd the rest, and came off with a compleat Victory.

'Tis a vast Advantage the *French* have in the Situation of their Country, in that it is wash'd on the *South* by the *Mediterranean*, on the *North* by the *Main Sea*: So that 'tis easy for them to curb the greatest Part of *Europe* on one Side, and sufficiently molest the *Levantines* on the other. As for the *Western Parts*, this Kingdom is their very Center: Where all the Lines of War, Peace, Commerce, and Traffick meet and terminate. She is to *Christendom*, what *Egypt* and *Sicily* were in former Ages to the Empire of *Old Rome*, an inexhaustible Granary. Whatsoever desirable Things Nature has frugally dropp'd here and there in other Regions, are found in this Kingdom as in their *Original Seminary*. Corn is plentiful as *Grass*, *Wine* is almost as cheap here, as *Water* is with you in some Parts of *Turkey*. The Fens and Lakes are cover'd with *wild Fowl*. The Meadows with *Sheep, Deers, Goats and Oxen*. There's nothing scarce but *Hens, Eggs*, and *True Believers*. I had almost forgot their remarkable Plenty of *Salt*, the bare Custom of which, augments the King's Coffers with four Millions of *Zequins* every Year.

France also abounds in *Hemp*, a most necessary Vegetable, whereof she not only makes all Her own Cordage and Sails, but also furnishes her Neighbours, which brings in a considerable Revenue. There is an infinite Plenty of *Fruits*, and *Trees* for *Timber*, of *Iron, Marble, Free-stone*, and all Things necessary for *building Ships or Houses*, for Defence or Offence by Land or Sea. Neither are there wanting *Mines of Gold, Silver, Tin, Lead, Copper*, and other Metals whereof Men make the Instruments of War, and the Entertainment of Peace. In a Word, this Country

try is so enrich'd with every Thing, that some Historians and Philosophers have call'd it the Parent of Plenty, others the Fountain of earthly Bliss, the most incomparable Region of this Globe, the Epitome of the World, or rather a little World itself.

Serene Scribe, thou wilt not wonder at the universal Successes of the *French Arms*, when thou considerest these Things, and here the Provinces are peopled like Kingdoms, the Cities appear like whole Provinces, for Multitude of Inhabitants. To say all in a Word, The Common Character of *France*, is the same which Philosophers give to Nature. That there can be no *Vacuum* found in it.

Paris, 25th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, President of
the College of Sciences at Fez.

PErmit me to rush into thy Presence, venerable Patron of Philosophy, without the usual *Formalities* of Address, or *Punctilio's* of Introduction. Let me be admitted like a Man with Coals of Fire on his Head, as the Custom is at the *Imperial Port*, in urgent Cases: For I am newly enflam'd afresh with *Pythagorism*, *Platonism*, and *Indianism*.

Floods, Fires, and other Devastations by War, Famine, Pestilence, Earthquakes, and such like Contingencies, have either quite abolish'd the *True* and *Primitive Science* of the first Ages, in most Parts of the Earth; or at least very much diminish'd and obscur'd their *Original Splendor*.

The best Manuscripts are lost, unless the *Indians* have preserv'd 'em. Our Fathers grew torpid, stupified,

pified, and desperate, under the publick Calamities which overwhelm'd whole Cities, Provinces, Kingdoms, and Empires: There was no Encouragement for a Scribe or a Man of Letters, to put himself to a needless Toil in labouring to preserve the Records which came from Heaven: Histories of the World invifible, celestial, perfect, and eternal; Traditions of undiscoverable *Antiquity*; *Pandects* replenish'd with bright *oriental* Wisdom, and seal'd with the *Tetragrammaton*, which thou know'st is the *Signet* of the *First and the Last*? even of the *Divinity* which comprehends all Things; and is itself comprehended of none.

Had they gone about such a Task, they knew that some ill Fate or other would swallow their Writings, and bury them in eternal Oblivion. Hence it is, that at this Day we can hardly boast of the Footsteps of ancient Knowledge, a few Fragments and Relicks of *Primitive* Learning scatter'd up and down in divers *Authors*, and much *adulterated* with the vain *Opinions* and *Errors* of After-Times. For every Writer was either inclin'd or forc'd, to flatter the Age wherein he liv'd, and not oppose their Tenets. So that now there is scarce any true *Philosophy* extant on this side the *Ganges*.

How those *Brachmans* only had the Happiness to conserve so sacred a Treasure, can be no other Way made out, than by their own constant Tradition, that the Deluge of *Noah* never reach'd those utmost Borders of the Land toward the *East*. And perhaps the same Reason may be given for the untraceable *Chronologies* of the *Chinese*, their Neighbours. For tho' they differ in the Sentiments and Rites of their Religion, in their Laws, Customs, and Manner of Government; yet they both agree in affirming the World to be indeterminately Old, putting a certain Number of Millions of Years, for an uncertain, far beyond it; which is but a modest Retrench-

trenchment of their own Thoughts, as if they were unwilling, it should be falsely censur'd that they aim'd at an *Hyperbole*.

They say, That the *First Matter* is *Co-eternal* with *God*, as *Light* is *Co-eval* with the *Sun*, produc'd also, and depending after the same Manner. For as the *Light* diffus'd through the *Air*, is not properly the *Sun*, but an inseparable Effect of it; so the *Universe* is not *God*, but his Production, ever subsisting on him, and never to be divided from his *Eternal Essence*. And, for ought I see, the most significant Language in the World, has no other Way to express Things of this abstruse Nature. They are too sublime for humane Thought; much more do they transcend the Power of Speech. All the *Dialects* on Earth are too barren of Words, and Words too defective in Sense, to describe the ineffable Secrets of *Eternity*.

As for the various Ranks of Beings, the infinite Diversity of Forms, resulting from the *First Matter*, they think it reasonable to believe, that they were successively produc'd in Time; every one in its Order, and according to its Perfection.

I tell thee, it appears much more rational for me to believe this, than that the *First Matter* itself was produc'd out of nothing above five or six thousand Years ago, as the *Jews* and *Christians* seem to teach. Rather than starve my Reason with so short an *Idea* of the World's Age; I would embrace the Sentiments of *Democritus* and *Epicurus*, suppose an *Infinity* of Spaces and Worlds, an *Eternity* of Generations and Corruptions, a continual Change not only of *Individuals*, but of the very Species of Things, through the fatal Concourse and Blending of *Atomes*: Yet not denying the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, nor undervaluing his *Providence* all the while. For these Things are, in my Opinion, very compatible one with another.

I do

I do not pretend to be singular, or set up for a *Dogmatist*, Neither am I ambitious of being esteem'd a Wit, by venting Notions above the Reach of vulgar Capacities. 'Tis only the pure Love of Truth, which encourages me to take this Liberty with thee, who in Matters of *Philosophy* art the only Master of the Age.

To thee therefore I submit all my Sentiments, as to an Oracle; desiring thy impartial Answer, and couching the Faculties of my Soul, in the most humble Attach to thy venerable Wisdom, I become mute as a Mummy.

Paris, 30th of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1664.

LETTER XVIII.

To Mirmadolin, Santone of the Vale
of Sidon.

What is this World, that on all Sides invades our Senses? This Earth under our Feet; those Clouds whirling over our Heads; these Winds shaking the Trees; that azure Sky, with all its glittering Ornaments? What's all this but an eternal Dream; a mere Shadow of *God Almighty's* Thoughts? 'Tis pleasant living in it; 'tis also painful. In his Sense this Universe is perfectly good; in ours 'tis mixed with Evil. He made it for his own Diversion, and our Scrutiny. 'Tis to us a Field of Riddles and Contradictions. In *Summer* we curse the Heat, and in *Winter* blaspheme the Cold. Yet we bless both the one and other, when we feel 'em in due Measure and Season. One Hour, this Colour pleases the Eye, another that; and per-

perhaps in the next, 'tis disgusted at them both. We never find Rest or Content in any Thing. The softest Musick at some times grates our Ears, like the croaking of Toads. The most agreeable Odours, are as the Smell of a Sepulchre, loathsome and abominable. The most delectable Wines and savoury Meats, at such Seasons, are unpalatable as the Beverage and Diet of Hell. Neither can the more insinuating Charms of Women, put us in a better Humour. All the whole System of Nature joined together, is not sufficient to afford us Ease. Nothing but a Ray from the Omnipotent can alleviate our Melancholly, or give us a Taste of our selves. For we are the very *Deity* in scatter'd Fragments; or we are separated Drops of the *Divine Essence*; *Volatile Spirits* of *Eternity*; by *Fate* or *Chance*, fix'd in proper Vehicles of *Time* and *Matter*. O *Santone*! This whole *Corporeal Universe* is but a *Web* spun from the Bowels of an *Infinite God*, and wrought with inimitable Artifice, to catch *Immaterial Forms*, *Idea's* and *Souls* in, which are the genuine Off-spring of the *Eternal Mind*. We Mortals of *Humane Race*, are but so many *Parcels* of the *Divinity* in Disguise, trepan'd into Bodies, by certain hidden *Baits*, *Magnets* and *Charms*, lurking in *Embryo's*, with which we have some Sympathy. We are all *Gods* in Masquerade. So are the Beasts of the Fields, the Birds of the Air, and the Fish of the Sea.

Let us not therefore condemn the antick Ceremonies of *Gentile Religion*, which taught Men to adore the *Sun*, *Moon* and *Stars*, the *Elements* and all that is within their Circumference, especially the *Souls* of departed *Hero's*, *Demy-Gods*, *Nymphs*, and the rest of those *Beings*, which are the *eldest Progeny* of *Eternal Nature*. For in so doing, they did but build Altars to the original Fountain of the *Universe*. Since *God* is in the Winds, in the Rain, in the Thunder, Lightning, Hail, and other *Meteors*;

in

in the Heavens, and Air, Sun, Moon and Stars; in the Fire, Earth and Water; in Plants and Animals; finally, since he is in the Elements, and every Thing compounded of them; he is not only in them, but is these very Things by an *ineffable Production* of himself. And when the *final Consummation* shall come, it will be but a withdrawing all the extended Lines of his Infinity, into their Center, where thou and I, and every divided *Atome* in Nature shall meet, be united and swallow'd up in eternal Beatitude. *Amen! Amen!* Oh thou Lord and Father of all Things, inexhaustible Abyfs of Miracles which know no End.

Paris, 6th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XIX.

To the same.

Supposing it were otherwise than I have said: Grant the Doctrine of *Epicurus* true. Believe that we and all Things were produc'd by the *Fortuitous Concourse* of *Atomes*. Yet still we have the same, or greater Reason to value our selves as diminutive Gods, since in this Sense we must of necessity be *Eternal*, every *Atome* being so, of which we are compounded. In the Opinion of these *Philosophers*, there's no such Thing as an *Origin* or *Beginning* of the *Universe*: Each *Particle* of *Matter* with them, is as old as the *Divinity*. We have all rang'd *Eternally* from one *Form* and *World* to another; danc'd to the Measures of *Fate*, been Parts of the Orbs above, and of the Caverns below; stray'd through the Heavens and all the Elements, taken an universal Career, through *Infinite* and *Endless*

less Spaces; and are now (as fix'd as we seem in these solid Hulks of Flesh) in the same Hurly-burly as ever.

These Bodies which we carry about us are not compounded of the same *Atomes* as they were seven Years ago. There is a perpetual Flux and Reflux of *Particles*. We die as fast as we live. Every Moment substracts from our Duration on Earth, as much as it adds to it. We Move, Breathe, and do all Things by *Paradox*. Our very *Essence* is a *Riddle*.

With an open Heart therefore, I applaud thy Religious Negligence of Humane Affairs, in that thou art divinely careless of thy self, and every Thing else, save only to conserve thy Innocence.

What signifies it, whether we believe the *Written Law* or the *Alcoran*; whether we are Disciples of *Moses*, *Jesus*, or *Mahomet*; followers of *Aristotle*, *Plato*, *Pythagoras*, *Epicurus*, or *Ilch Rend Hu* the *Indian Bramin*? Of what Import is it, whether we pray or not? Whether we kneel before Images, or in a naked *Mosque*? 'Twill be all one in the winding up. We are but the Machines of Chance. As we live, so shall we die; and *God* knows what will become of us afterwards; neither is it worth our while to be solicitous, since we can be certain of nothing. Perhaps, every *Atome* of which we are made, may be scatter'd from the rest; may we be transported Piece-meal into Ten Hundred Thousand Millions of Worlds; and Seven-fold as many Years may expire, before Two the minutest *Particles* of our Frame, meet together again. We need not to be troubled at all this: nothing can hinder us from being *Immortal* and *Eternal*, tho' it be but in Fragments.

Go on then, Sacred Vagabond, Pious Rambler, Holy Fugitive; go on to assert, in the Course of thy Life, this great Truth, *That all Things depend*

on everlasting *Chance* or *Destiny*. Thy Actions shall reprove the Hypocrites of the Age, who abound in specious Words. And thy divine Indifference shall condemn the hellish Zeal of furious Bigots, who think to please *God*, and atone for their Sins, by sacrificing humane Blood, and massacring all that are not of their Faith.

God, or *Chance*, or *Fate*, shall transport thee after Death, to happy Regions, immarcessible Joys, and an Endless Succession of Bliss. Every *Atom* shall find its *Paradise*. Thou shalt mount by Degrees to full, infinite, and eternal Felicity. Adieu for a Time.

Paris, 20th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1665.

LETTER XX.

To Isouf, his Cousin, a Merchant at
Astracan.

When I reflect on thy Happiness, in having been all thy Life at Liberty to change thy Residence, and ramble whithersoever thy Fancy invited thee, and that even now at *Astracan*, thou art no longer confin'd than by thy own Pleasure or Interest, I cannot forbear envying thee.

There is an inexpressible Delight in ranging the various *Tracts* of the *Earth*. Whereas to be perpetually shut up and imprisoned, as I am, in a City so close and high-built, that the very Winds can scarce find a Way into her Interior Parts, is a perfect Hell upon Earth.

To

To speak the Truth, *Paris* may be call'd a Heap or Aggregate of Cities, built one upon another, like *Pelion* upon *Ossa*, since the Houses here are as high as the *Minarets* at *Constantinople*, and divided like the Air into the lower, middle, and upper Regions or Apartments; or rather like the Heavens, whose Number *Astronomers* assert to be Nine. For with so many Stories do some Houses, nay, whole Streets in *Paris*, lift up their Heads; and every Story or Apartment's peopled like a *Bee-hive*. So that in this infinite Throng of Inhabitants, and such as come hither about Business, we are ready to be stifled with one another's Breath. Whereas thou knowest, in the Cities all over the *East*, the Houses are intermix'd with Gardens: They are low-built, with Terrasses on the Top to take the cool Air on by Night, with *Pärterres*, *Kashaneys*, *Divans*, *Conservatories*, and all the other Conveniences for refreshing the Senses, by Water, Wind, and odoriferous Smells.

This makes me long to be at *Constantinople*, *Damascus*, *Mosul*, or even at *Astracan*, where thou residest, tho' that City want many Delights which others enjoy. However, I should there encounter with *Tiara's* and *Turbants*, the very Sight of which would half cure my Discontent. May my Portion be with *Tagot*, if I am not tir'd with seeing nothing but these Hats, and short Coats, these ridiculous *Franks*, these *Apes* without Tails. And then to hear them rant against the *Grand Signior*, and all *True Believers*; to hear them blaspheme the Messenger of God; curse the *Alcoran*, revile the *Musti*, and all the *Mollahs*, with a Thousand other Impertinences, which none but such *Reprobates*, *Giaurs*, and *Infidels* would be guilty of; makes me either with my self deaf, or that my Tongue were at Liberty to answer them. But, much rather wou'd I desire to be in a Place, where I might enjoy my Ears,

to receive the *Salem* from my Friends that are *Mussulmans*, and to hear the Name of God devoutly blest'd on any Occasion that awakens the Sense to Piety.

Oh that I were among my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, who dwell in Tents, and frolick about from Hills to Valleys, tasting by Turns the various Sweets of the Forest and the Plain. The Groves and Meadows, Pastures and Arable Grounds, Cities and Villages, all contribute to their Delight. They want no innocent Joy that the Earth can afford. Their Wealth consists in the Multitude of their Sheep, Camels, Goats and Oxen. And for them is all their Care, that they may not want Grass and Water in due Season. As for themselves, they are resign'd to *Providence*.

So are the *Tartars*, who sleep in Hords or Waggon, the only *Cavaliers* of *Asia*: Whose Life is a perpetual Campaign, from the Cradle to the Grave: Their Labour and Ease are derived from the same Fountain; exercising themselves on Horseback at seven Years old; and feeding on the Milk of Mares as soon as they are wean'd from their Mother's Breasts. Toil and Recreation with them are one and the same Thing, since they know no other Pleasure but what consists in Riding, Fighting and Conquering; or else in Death, which they believe translate them to new Joys, and those more poignant than they knew before. Therefore they bravely court it at the Point of a Sword, or the Mouth of a Cannon: Nothing being more scandalous or hateful than a Coward among them.

I protest, the very Idea of *Palus Meotis*, and *Taurica Chersonesus*, with the rest of those horrible Fens and Marshes, on the North of the Black Sea, which encompass the Dominions of the *Tartars*, affects me with a Passion, or rather such a Medley of Passions, as I know not how to name. Those ample

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ple Desarts, those untrack'd Solitudes, appear to my Imagination, like the Limits of this old habitable World; and the Frontiers of some new, strange and unknown Region; some *Terra Incognita*, where an universal Dissolution and Silence keep their Seat for ever: Where no Voices are heard but those of uncouth *Satyrs*, *Fauns*, and other *exotick Tenants* of the *Woods* and *Moors*. No other Sound but the whistling and roaring of the Winds. No Prospect but that of Trees which have appear'd from the Infancy of Time; and where those are wanting, the Eye is wearied in a long endless Waste, which nothing seems to bound, but the declining Arch of distant Skies, or low, black, melancholy Clouds, skirted with Mists and Fogs, eternal Mantles of the *Northern Climes*.

This is the Figure of those solitary Tracts where I would chuse to live, rather than in a City which stifles me, with too much Plenty of every Thing, but fresh Air, and honest People.

I souf, the Contrarieties which we find in earthly Things, give a Gust to each other. And, the most magnificent Palace wou'd seem a Prison, were a Man always confin'd to live in it.

Cousin, I wish thee perpetual Liberty, and Happiness.

Paris, 7th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1665.



K 2

LET.

LETTER XXI.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

AMidst the Variety of Obligations which I have to discharge; I forget not to obey thy Commands. I have already in my former *Dispatches* acquainted thee with the Characters, and some remarkable Passages of *Henry IV. Lewis XIII. Lewis XIV. Cardinal Richelieu, Cardinal Mazarini*, and the Prince of *Conde*. Now I will say something of the famous *Mareschal de Turenne*, whose Fame reaches wheresoever the French Wars have been talk'd of for these Forty Years. The Name of this great General, is *Henry de la Tour d' Auvergne*, Son to the Duke of *Bouillon*.

When his Father was near his Death, he call'd for both his Sons, whereof this was the Youngest. And among other Exhortations, he recommended in a special Manner three Things to their Practice: Never to renounce or change their Religion: Never to take up Arms against their Sovereign: Nor to provoke the *First Minister*.

As to the First, the *Mareschal de Turenne* has hitherto kept it inviolably; but he has faulter'd in both the other, having revolted from his Master's Service during his *Minority*, and oppos'd the Interest of *Cardinal Mazarini*, when the *Parliament* persecuted that Minister.

However, this hinders not but that he is a great Soldier, and besides he is since reconcil'd to the King. He seems to be born for *Martial Affairs*. And they relate of him, That when he was but Ten Years Old, and his Governour missing him, had sought up and down every where for him, he
at

at length found him fast asleep on a *Cannon*, which he seem'd to embrace with his little Arms as far as they would reach. And when he ask'd why he chose such a *Couch* to lie on, he made Answer, *That he design'd to have slept there all Night, to convince his Father that he was hardy enough to undergo the Fatigues of War, tho' the Old Duke had often persuaded him to the contrary.* And to speak the Truth, no Man was more careless of his Body than this Prince.

At fourteen Years of Age he was sent into *Holland* to serve in the Army under the *Prince of Orange*, who was his Uncle. There he apply'd himself to all the Discipline of War, doing the Duty of a private Soldier: Which is the common Way that *Cadets* or younger Brothers take to rise to the most eminent *Offices*. He was equally forward in Labours and Perils, never shunning any Fatigue or Hazard, which might bring him Glory, yet he was not rash, the common Vice of Youth, but temper'd all his Actions with an extraordinary Prudence and Solidity of Judgment, beyond what was expected from him at these Years. Yet, on the other Side, his Counsels were not slow and flegmatick, being of a very ready Forecast; and he seldom fail'd in his Contrivances. He was soon promoted to a Place of *Command*. And the Exactness of his Conduct rais'd him a vast Reputation, so that by Degrees he at last arriv'd to that Height of Power and Honour he now possesses. He appears indefatigable in his Body, and of an invincible Resolution. He hates Flatterers, that think to gain his Friendship by praising him. And is equally averse from making use of such fawning Insinuations to others, tho' the greatest *Princes* of the *Blood*, or the *First Minister* himself.

He has also a certain Stedfastness of Spirit, which cannot be warp'd by any artificial Addresses, tho' made to his own apparent Advantage, if they propose to him any Thing that has the least Semblance

of what is base and dishonourable. Thus he would never consent that the Honour of taking *Dunkirk* some Years ago, should be ascrib'd to *Cardinal Mazarini*, tho' that Minister privately courted him to it, offering him the greatest Commands in the *Kingdom*, if he would do him that Service; and the *Mareschal* knew it might prove his Ruin, if he did not. Yet such was his Integrity and Love to the Truth, that by no means would he be brought to condescend to this Meanness of Spirit: Yet, perhaps it might only proceed from the Aversion which in those Days he had for the *Cardinal*. Many times it is evident, That a *natural* Passion is made to pass for a moral Vertue. Besides, perhaps he was unwilling to be depriv'd of the Glory due to him for that important Service.

He is a Man of few Words, and so secret in all his Counsels, that no Body knows any Thing of his Designs, till he puts them in Execution: Every Man esteems him the most liberal *Prince* of this Age, having no other regard for Money, than as it serves the Necessities of his *Family*, and enables him to oblige his Friends.

In a Word, whatever Vices he may have, he is yet endu'd with so many good Qualities and Vertues, that he is belov'd by all the Nation, and in particular Favour with his *Sovereign*, who treats him not as a *Subject*, but as one of his most intimate Friends.

May God, who has rais'd up this great *Genius*, to aggrandize the *French Monarchy*, continually supply the *Grand Signior* with valiant and expert *Generals*, that the *Empire* of the *Faithful Osmans*, may encrease like the *Moon*, but never be in its *Wane*, till that *Planet* shall no more appear in the *Heavens*, and the Fastning of the *Elements* shall be dissolv'd.

Paris, 12th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1665.

L E T.

LETTER XXII.

To Orchan Cabet, Student of the Sciences,
and Pensioner to the Grand Signior.

THE French King has lately receiv'd a gross Affront from the Poets. They have often been Satyrical upon his Loves, and now they begin to burlesque upon his Money. A Day or Two ago, as he was newly risen out of his Bed, he found on a Table in his Chamber, a Paper containing these Verses.

*This Letter was
written Originally
in Slavonick.*

*Tu es Issue de Race Auguste,
Ton Ayeul est Henry le Grand;
Et ton Pere Lowis le Juste,
Pour Toy, tu n'es qu'un Lowis d' Argent.*

Thou know'st where the Force of the Poet's Wit lies, having travelled in France and learned their Language. The King smil'd at the Reading of it, and seem'd to be pleas'd with the Frankness of the Author, saying, *He was worth a Thousand Flatterers.* He promised likewise to give him five hundred Louis's for his Wit, if he would discover himself, as also to pardon him on his Royal Word. But the Satyrist would not venture himself, knowing that Kings have more Ways than One to revenge themselves of private Persons, their Subjects. However, since the King appear'd so well pleas'd with this, he was resolv'd to give him another Touch of his Skill. And the very next Morning in the same Place, the King found these Words.

*Tu ne le Scaura pas Louis,
Car j'étois seul quand je le fis.*

K 5

There

There have been many Conjectures made about the *Author* of these *Lampoons*. Some say one Thing, and some another. And there are not wanting such as fasten it on a *Virgin of Collen*, now residing at this *Court*: Her Name is *Anne Marie de Skurman*. She is very learned, and speaks *Arabick*, *Latin*, *Turkish*, *Greek*, *Italian*, *French* and *Spanish*, as fluently as her native *Dialect*. She is of a fine *Wit*, and piercing Judgment in the Controversies of *Phylosophy* and *Religion*.

There are several *Epistles* of hers in Print, some penn'd in *Latin*, others in *French*, address'd to the *Queen-Mother*, *Cardinal Richelieu*, *Cardinal Mazarini*, and others; besides a *Book of Poems*, most of them *Satires*. And 'tis this last gives the World such a Jealousy of her writing the Lines which were found on the *King's Table*. For the *Criticks* have compar'd 'em with her Style; and find a very near resemblance between them.

But let who will be the *Author*, I think the *French King* is wrong'd in the Character they give him. For tho' he has heap'd up great Quantities of Gold and Silver to carry on his vast Designs, yet he is no *Miser*, being very liberal to Persons of Merit.

I send thee this for thy *Diversion*, and in order to our future Correspondence. Take it for an Example, and be as familiar with me, remembering the old *Latin Proverb*, *Manus manum fricat*.

Paris, 11th of the 6th. Moon,
of the Year 1665.



L E T.

LETTER XXIII.

To the Captain Bassa.

MAY thy Heart be chearful, and thy Voyage crown'd with Success, wherever thou failest, noble old *Tarpaulin*, and *Favourite* of the God of the Sea. The *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has not had so brave a *Commander* of the Navy these Thirty Years. God grant thee good Fortune against the *Infidels*, whether on the *White* or *Black Seas*. Thou art already famous for thy Exploits on the latter, in above twenty Engagements with the *Cossacks*, *Circassians*, and the rest of those Thievish Countries. But nothing has rais'd thy Character so high as the last Combat thou hadst with *Pachicour*, the renowned *Pyrate* of those *Parts*, who threatned not only his *Christian* Neighbours, but also the *Ottoman Empire* with infinite Ravages.

But thou hast stem'd the Tide of his Glory, humbled the Maritime People his *Confederates*, and by that means made thy self a Way into the *Archipelago* and *Mediterranean*, where thou ridest as another *Neptune*, King of the Waters.

Take not this for Flattery; for I tell thee, I have not said so much to a *Bassa* of the Sea these Seven and Twenty Years. Neither indeed had I any Reason. He that merited the most Applause in all that Time, was the Brave *Zornesan Mustapha*. And I address'd no more to him than his due. Fortune did not favour him, or else he had done great Things. As for the rest, they were generally Men never bred to Sea-Affairs, but Minors of the Court, or Bullies of the City, who were better at making a Noise, than at any Action of Hazard or Importance. And there were some bold *Renegadoes*, but they play'd

fast and loose, and no Body knew where to have 'em.

Treachery infects the whole World; but in these *Western Parts* it reigns as in its Center. Here's nothing but Undermining and Ambushes: One *State* trepanning another out of their Guards, and then they play their own Game.

It would be endless to acquaint thee with the Original of the Quarrel between the *English* and the *Dutch*. Let it be enough for thee to know, that these People are at odds now: And in regard the Strength of both *Nations* lies in their Shipping, they are preparing to cover the *Northern Seas* with Navies; but the *Islanders* still get the best on't. They claim the *Sovereignty* of those Seas, and in my Opinion they deserve it. I speak according to my Intelligence; being assur'd, that no Nation ever prevail'd against 'em on that Element.

They have had a terrible Fight this *Summer*, wherein the *Dutch* lost Seventeen *Ships of War*, besides Vessels of smaller Note. The *Commander* of the *English Fleet* is call'd the Duke of York, a Great General, and Brother to the *English King*. His Name was famous in *France* and *Flanders* during the *Spanish War*. And tho' the *Land* afforded him no farther Occasions of Glory, yet He has found some in the *Sea*. *Opdam*, the Greatest *Admiral* that ever the *Dutch* could boast of, fell a Sacrifice to His *Genius*.

I am the more Particular in this Relation, because it is fit thou should'st know the Characters of all the brave *Heroes* living.

Since this Fight, the *King of France* has sent an *Embassador* to the *English Court* to mediate a *Peace*. What Issue his Negotiation will have, is of no great Import to us, who serve the *Grand Signior*, sole Lord of the *Four Seas*: But I will tell thee something which it concerns thee to know.

The

The King of *France* is a going to cut a *Canal* through Part of his Kingdom, by which the *Mediterranean* may be join'd to the *Main Sea*. This is a vast Design, and much discours'd of in *Europe*, being a Parallel to what has been formerly attempted by some *Kings of Egypt*, and *Emperors of Rome* to join the *Mediterranean* and *Red Sea* together, for the Sake of an easier Traffick to the *East Indies*.

Thou oughtest also to be informed of the *Duke of Beaufort's* Exploits on the Coasts of *Barbary*. He is Commander of the *French Navy* in those Seas, and has done great Injuries to the People of *Algier*, *Sarcelle*, *Bougie*, and other Ports.

Tho' these *Rebels* are deservedly punish'd for deserting the Protection of the *High Porte*, yet let us remember, that the *Algerines* are *Mussulmans*, and therefore ought not to be abandon'd to the Malice of *Infidels*.

Mighty *Bassa*, sail thou in the Strength of God against the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*. And when thou hast finish'd thy Voyage here below, may a Wind of Mercy waft thee o'er the Waters which are above the *Firmament*, and land thee safe in one of the Ports of *Paradise*.

Paris, 3d of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1665.



The End of the Third Book.



LETTERS

Writ by

A Spy at *PARIS*.

VOL. VI.

BOOK IV.

LETTER I.

To Achmet Beig.



HIS Court has put on the exterior Semblance of *Mourning*, whilst they inwardly rejoyce at the Death of *Philip IV. King of Spain*. He deceas'd on the 17th of the 9th Moon. 'Tis possible their Grief is more real for the Death of the Duke of *Vendosme*, a Prince of Royal Extraction, and, whilst living, not far from a Possibility of inheriting the *Crown of France*. But now he is gone to the Grave, the general Receptacle of all Mortals, and which makes no Distinction between the Noble and the *Vulgar*. There

There have been Abundance of Ceremonies perform'd on the Part of the *King*, the *Dauphine*, the *Duke of Orleans*, the *Duke of Valois*, and other *Princes of the Blood*, for the Health of the departed Soul: For the *Nazarenes*, to give them their due, fall not short of the *True Faithful* in believing the *Resurrection* and *Immortality* to come. They consign the Bodies of the Dead to their *Sepulchres*, with solemn Rites of *Religion*, perfuming them with *Incense*, and sprinkling them with *Holy Water*: Rehearsing also certain Sacred *Hymns* and *Prayers* appointed for that Purpose. Neither do they neglect to Fast, and give Alms, to perform any *Pious Office* which is practis'd by the *Mussulmans*, for their Friends who are gone to the *Invisible State*. They agree with us in Abundance of good Things, and if they mix some Superstitions and Errors, let us pity their Weakness, and praise God who guides us into the right Way, and suffers us not to be seduced into the Way of *Infidels*. He is the *Merciful* of the *Merciful*, the *Joy* of the *Elect*, and the *Hope* of all *Nations*. Should he punish Men according to their Hourly Demerits, the Earth would soon be depopulated, and void of any other Inhabitants save the *Beasts*. But he knows our Mold, and remembers that we are no more than a mere *Froth* or *Spume* of the *Elements*, and that in a very little Time, by the Course of *Nature*, we shall vanish like *Bubbles* which yield to every *Blast* of *Wind*. Therefore he spares us, and connives at our Infirmities, because he is the *Lover of Souls*.

I speak this as an Incentive to Charity among our selves, and to our Fellow-Mortals. It seems to me unreasonable, that we should pursue with inexorable Hatred all the *Followers of Jesus*. He was a *Holy Prophet*, humble, mild, chaste, and harmless. He did many good Works himself, and commanded his *Disciples* to imitate his Example. He

rebuk'd those among them, that would have call'd down Fire from Heaven to consume his Enemies: Enjoyning them to return Blessings for Curses, Prayers for Blasphemies, and Good for Evil. There are those among them who obey His Precepts: As for the Wicked, I am not their Advocate. If the greatest Part of the *Christians* live contrary to the Law of the *Messias*, let us consider also how many Hypocrites, Libertines, Hereticks, and Atheists there are among those who profess the *Mussulman Faith*. Doubtless, there are Good and Bad of all Religions. And 'tis impossible to find an Assembly of Just Men, without a Mixture of Sinners.

As for our Differences with the People of *Jesus*, in Matter of *Worship*, it ought not to make us forget that we are Men, compounded of the same Flesh and Blood as they. And for ought we know, God, who made all the Nations of the Earth, may accept of their various Rites and Ceremonies in paying him *divine Adoration*.

We that are the Posterity of *Ismael*, and worship the Eternal after the Manner of our Fathers, who followed the Pattern of *Ibrahim* the Beloved of God, cannot deny but that the Law of *Moses* was of Divine Original: And yet it contains Precepts and Injunctions, to which we are wholly Strangers in our Practice; tho' the *Jews*, who are the Descendants of *Jacob*, obey them to this Day.

So we believe what the *Alcoran* says of the *Messias*, That He is the Breath and Word of God; That He heal'd Diseases, rais'd the Dead, wrought many other Miracles, and preach'd the true Heavenly Doctrine. Yet there's Abundance of Difference between the Ceremonies which the very Apostles us'd in the Service of God, and the Worship establish'd by *Mahomet* our Holy Law-giver. But He tells us, That they who live up to the Law of *Jesus*, shall go to *Paradise* as well as the *Mussulmans*.

The

The greatest Scandal which the *Christians* give us, is their setting up *Pictures* and *Images* in their *Temples*, and the Reverence they pay to those insensible Pieces of *Humane Art*. And yet for ought we know they may be excusable before God; since they profess openly in the *Publick Decrees* of their *Councils*, That the Veneration and Honour they pay to the *Figures* of *Saints* and *Angels*, is only relative; their *Devotion* at the same Time resting not on this Side the *Prototypes*.

If this be true, I see no more Hurt in their Worship of *Images*, than in bowing and prostrating before the *Alcoran*, which is but another Sort of *Imagery*, representing the *Divine Will*.

In a Word, if the *Hieroglyphicks* of the ancient *Egyptians* are allow'd to be lawful Letters, and Instruments to express the inward Conceptions of the Mind; in my Opinion, the Painting and Sculpture which we see in the *Churches* of the *Christians*, ought not to be condemn'd as an idolatrous Practice, when 'tis only us'd as an easier Way to convey the *History* of *Jesus*, and the rest of the *Prophets* and *Saints*, to the *Vulgar*, who are generally ignorant of *Letters*. Unless we shall say, That the *Son of Mary* was an *Idol*, and the *Prophets* and *Saints* were *Devils*; which God avert from the Mouth of a *True Believer*.

Paris, 13th of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1665.



LETTER

LETTER II.

To William Vospel, a Recluse of Austria.

THY *Dispatch* came to my Hands in a good Hour. I perus'd with Reverence the Paternal Instructions it contained; the grave and judicious Apothegms; the sacred Rules and Institutions of a regular and spiritual Life; the Morals more refin'd than those of *Pindar*, *Epictetus*, *Seneca*, or *Cato*. But pardon me, if I relish not so well thy *Panegyrick* on some of the newly Canoniz'd *Saints*; from which you take Occasion to extol the *Pope's* Infallibility, and to exclude from *Salvation*, all that are not within the *Pale* of the *Roman Church*.

I am a *Christian* and a *Catholick* as well as you. I Honour the *Apostles* and *Martyrs*, with all the *Primitive Saints*, *Confessors* and *Holy Doctors* of the *Church*. But I can never be perswaded, that a Man for being a *Murderer*, *Traytor*, an *Inventor* of cruel *Devices*, or a learned *Sycophant*, can merit *Heaven*; tho' he may be rank'd in the *Red Lines* of the *Calendar*. Much less can I believe, that all Men shall be damn'd, who are not in *Communion* with the *Bishop of Rome*. Certainly the *Catholick* or *Universal Church*, is not shut up within the narrow *Confines* of the shatter'd *Roman Empire*. Consider *Greece*, *Armenia*, *Egypt*, *Moscow*, *Æthiopia*, and all the spacious Territories of *Europe*, and the *East*. How many Millions daily say the *Pater-Noster*, and pray in *Jesus's* Name, yet never paid Obedience to any but their own *Patriarchs* and *Bishops*? Were not all the *Apostles* equally in *Commission*? Were not the *Churches* they founded and establish'd, equally *Holy* and *Orthodox*? Where then commenc'd the mighty *Schism*, but in the morose *Pride* of *Victor*, who (for the sake of *Paschal Nicetius*) affronted all the
Churches

Churches in the World, and was for that Reason severely reprov'd by a *French Bishop* of his own Obedience; besides the *Reprimands* of *Polycarp*, and other *Prelates* of the *East*? Was not *St. John the Beloved*, that rested his Head, with *Divine Honour*, on the Breast of *Christ*, as privy to the *Laws* of his Master, as *Peter*, *Paul*, or any other Abortive *Apostle*? Remember the first *General Council* at *Jerusalem*, where *James* the Brother of our Lord sat President, decreeing *Abstinences* exactly opposite to the present *Roman Faith* and *Practice*. And believe at the same time, that 'twas *Imperial Vanity* and *Pride*, which first begot the fatal Separation. *Heresy* was but the Bastard of the *Apostolick Canons*, cherish'd, and too much countenanc'd by *Constantine* and *His Successors*, till the fatal Time of *Phocas*, whose untimely Death made all Things ripe for the intended Usurpation. Oh *Guicciardine*! How truly hast thou writ the State of modern *Rome*! Worthy as *Horace* of *Eternal Honour*. Thy Faithful Prose equals his Courty Verse, and merits New *Augustus's* to Patronize it.

Believe me, *Father William*, I have no Spite or Enmity against the *Roman High Priest*. I reverence him equally with his Brethren, the *Patriarchs* of *Constantinople*, *Jerusalem*, *Alexandria*, and *Antioch*. I would go beyond this, for the sake of Conformity to ancient Custom, and in Obedience to the celebrated Council of *Nice*: I would willingly acknowledge him the *Primate* of the World. Let him have the first Place, in *God's Name*, among the *Patriarchs* of the *Universal Church*. But let him not ride on the Necks of his Equals. Let him not pretend a Power to cancel the *Apostolick Canons*; traverse the *Traditions* of the *Fathers*; repeal the *Decrees* of *General Councils*; dispense with the *Laws* of *Nature*, *Grace*, *Reason*, *Morality*, and the very *Institutions* of his Predecessors, Men, without Question,

as

as Infallible as He. This is not the Way to make *Profelytes* to the *Roman Faith*, unless it be of Fools and Knaves. The World has receiv'd new Lights, Father *William*; and Men begin to His religious Bantering off the Stage. Nay, even they who are most guilty of it, I mean the *Roman Courtiers*, Cardinals and Priests cannot forbear laughing at the Folly, and credulous Easiness of those, on whom they impose their *Pious Frauds*. The bigotted *Lairty* are by them esteemed no better than silly Asses, tamely couching under the Burthens of their *Ecclesiastical Lords and Drivers*.

Therefore 'tis time for thee to open thy Eyes, lift up thy Head, and lay aside *Monastick Simplicity*: I do not counsel thee to turn *Liberrine*, or imitate the *Italian Gallantry*, which has taught the *Priests*, instead of Sacred Continence, to squint a Benediction on some charming Lady from the Altar, in the Name of *Dominus Vobiscum*, or *Sursum Corda*; even whilst they are preparing for Divine Revels, to banquet on the Flesh and Blood of God. Oh! Monstrous Perfidity, and Execrable Profaneness! Nor if thou art affronted and revengeful, would I advise thee to time the Execution of thy Wrath like the *Sicilian Vespers*, and make the Bells become the Signals of thy Cruelty; which ought, and were design'd, and consecrated on purpose to drill on Harmless Souls to Church, with their dull, sleepy, jangling Chimes; and with their more triumphant, lofty Musick, on the *Festivals* of the *Saints*, to make devouter *Christians* dream they're going to Heaven, instead of a *Massacre*. I would not have thee hope to merit *Paradise*, by sending thither in Obedience to the *Pope*, or *General* of thy *Order*, the majestick Souls of *Kings*, or *Emperors*, in Vehicles of Sacred Poyson, or Envenom'd *Eucharists*. Believe that those Prelates, Priests, or Monks, who are thus Divinely Profane, and Mercifully Cruel, shall become Mired,

tred, Vested, Cowled *Monsters*, in the fiercest and most violent glowing Dens of *Hell*; there with the most exalted Arsenicks, Mercuries, and whatsoever gives the highest Pains, to languish, pine, and rack away Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thousand Ages, in Penances of slow Effect; which expiate but very late, the crying Sins of guilty Murtherers, and bloody Hypocrites.

Yet such as these, since Modern Times, are the only Men thought worthy to be *Canoniz'd* for *Saints*; which made a certain Honest Cardinal cry out in Presence of the Pope, *These New Saints, force me to doubt the Old Ones.*

Father William, the same Thought begins and ends my Letter. Yours was upon the Stretch, extolling far too High the Largeness of the *Roman Church*, the *Infallible Power of Popes*, the *Miracles* of these *New Saints*. And I, for my Part, am a Man abhorring Bigotry. I cannot believe Things contrary to my Reason. I wish the Differences of Mankind in Point of Religion, were rationally compos'd; and that the Good of all Sects, Factions, Parties, Churches and Communions, were united in this Life, as they surely will be in the next.

In the mean time, to the *Father* without *Beginning*; to the *Sun* without a *Younger Brother*; to the *Holy Ghost*, the *First* and the *Last*; to the *Virgin Mary*, the *Mother* of the *Entire Deity*, I recommend thee and all good *Christians*, hoping to see you in Heaven, tho' we cannot it seems think alike on Earth.

Paris, 1st of the 12th Moon,
of the Year 1665.



L E T-

LETTER III.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

According to thy Desire, I have procur'd and sent thee the *Alcoran*, with other *Writings* of our *Holy Doctors*; Books which will conduct thee into the right Way. Thou wilt find in these *Volumes*, a Spirit of Life and Power. There breathes in them a certain Vital Principle of Reason; so that whosoever reads them attentively, may feel (if I may so speak) the very Pulse of intellectual Wisdom, beating in every Sentence.

There is a vast Difference between these *Writings*, full of Arguments clear and intelligible; and the Whimsies of thy *Rabbies*, who abound in *Sacred Fables* and *Divine Romances*.

Who can peruse your celebrated *Misna* without Disdain? Or look into your more applauded *Talmud*, and not feel himself touch'd with Horrour, at the Monstrous Blasphemies and Ridiculous Forgeries therein contain'd? Dost thou not laugh at the Story of God's pickling up the *Leviathan* till the Days of the *Messiah*; and that other of the *Bull* which daily devours the Fodder of a Thousand Mountains? Or wilt thou shew me the Nest of that *Bird* from whence the *Talmud* says, an Egg falling on the Earth, threw down Three Hundred tall Cedars with its Weight; and at length breaking, over-flow'd Sixty Villages with the Liquid Substance included in the Shell?

Such as these, must needs be fit Themes for the Contemplations of the *Omnipotent*! And yet your *Rabbi's* teach, that *God* studies nine Hours of the Day in the *Talmud*. Can any Man of common Piety hear

hear these Blasphemies and not tremble? What Affronts are these to Humane Sense? What Impositions on the Reason of the Credulous *Jews*? Does the most perfect of all *Beings* acquire Knowledge by Degrees, or is the *Eternal Intellect* improv'd by reading of *Books*? Or if it were so, would He not make a better Choice than of a *Volume*, which in the incredible Stories it relates, exceeds all the *Figments of Poets*?

Tell me, *Nathan*, can'st thou swallow that loud Lye of the *Talmud*, which tells thee, That there was a *Lyon*, who when he roar'd at the Distance of Four Hundred Miles from *Rome*, all the Women that were with Child in that City, being affrighted at the Noise, miscarry'd, and the Walls of *Rome* fell down? And when he drew nearer by a Hundred Miles, he set up his Throat again, which made so terrible a Sound, that all the *Romans* Teeth fell out of their Heads, and the *Emperor* himself felt such Convulsions, as had well-nigh cost him his Life.

Surely the *Crow* which the *Talmud* speaks of in another Place, was but a Puny to this monstrous *Lyon*; and yet it seems, that *Crow* swallow'd a *Serpent* that had eaten a *Frog* as big as a Village of Threescore Houses, and when he had done, flew into the next Tree. I suppose, that was the Tree which grew in *Paradise*, and was Five Hundred Miles high, according to the *Talmud*. Have I not Reason for this Raillery, when one of your *Rabbi's* solemnly swears, he was an Eye-witness of these Things? Who can forbear to ridicule the Bigotry of those, who give up their Faith to such Delusions?

Thou wilt meet with more Rational Entertainment in the *Books* of the *Mussulman Doctors*; more especially in that Transcript thou hast of the *Volume* first dictated in *Heaven*. That confirms the true Law of *Moses*, but damns the Impostures of the

the *Talmud*, attributing the Invention of such Errors to the Devil.

But thou wilt ask me, perhaps, what I mean by the true Law of *Moses*? Shall I tell thee the Opinion of one of thy own Nation, a *Hebrew* of the *Hebrews*, as he pretends; and for ought I know, of the same Tribe with thy self: For I am a Stranger to the *Genealogies* of you both.

Some Years ago here was in this City, a Man who if we may believe him, has been in all the Cities of the World. The *French* call him the *Wandering Jew*; and he confirm'd that Title, by the Profession he made of his Birth, Descent, and universal Travels. No doubt but thou hast heard of this Man, or at least of such a Character, and therefore I need not repeat what he said of himself, and what the Generality of Mankind believe of him. Suffice it to tell thee, that I was once in his Company half a Day together; when, among other Discourses, he told me, That the true Law of *Moses* has been lost for above these Two Thousand Years, except in the North Parts of *Asia*, where there are an infinite Number of *Hebrews*, but far different in their Religion from all the *Jews* in the rest of the World. He says, the Country where they inhabit, is environ'd round with high and inaccessible Mountains. I ask'd him the exact *Geographical* Situation of this Country? But receiv'd no other Answer, than that it lay beyond the River *Sabbation*. Then I remember'd what I had read in *Esdra*s, a *Scribe* of thy Nation, concerning the Transmigration of the Ten Tribes, who were carried away Captives by the *Assyrians*: How they pass'd through a certain River on dry Ground, the Waters being divided to the Right Hand and to the Left, and that after the same Manner they should return again in the latter Days; but that in the mean time the Region where they live, was hidden from all other Mortals.

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Comparing this Passage with what I had heard from the *Wandering Jew*, I became almost persuaded that the People and Country of which he spake, were the very same mention'd by *Esdra*s. God only can discern the Truth from Error in *Histories* of so remote and ancient a Subject.

As to their Religion, I was just going to give thee an Account of what he said concerning it, but am interrupted by Company. Wherefore I am forc'd to break off abruptly. Expect a full Relation in my next. I am in haste.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER IV.

To the same.

THE Interruption which made me so suddenly conclude my other Letter, lasted not long; so that I have Time enough to perform my Promise by the same Post.

I was about to relate what the *Wandering Jew* told me of the Religion of those remote *Hebrews* in *Asia*, which take as follows.

He says, they are a *Nation of Philosophers*, bound by their *Laws* to Study the *Liberal Arts* and *Sciences*. They have none but Iron-money current among them; the Use of Gold and Silver Coins being expressly forbidden by their *Laws*, to prevent the Temptations of Avarice and Theft: For who would steal or covet a Metal, which, for its Bulk, was not easy to be hid, nor for its Beauty very desirable, being every where common in the Veins of the Earth, and serv'd only as a Method of Barter and Commerce among themselves, where the Inequality

equality of Merchandises entangled their Traffick, and would not admit of a ready Exchange.

This took from them the Occasion of many unnecessary Arts at Home; and they had no Temptation to travel Abroad; the chief Design of their *Lawgiver* being to oblige them to spend most of their Time in *Religious* and *Philosophical* Exercises, and the rest in preparing Necessaries for Humane Sustenance. They had no Need to buy any Thing of Foreign *Countries*, or to build Ships for that End, who were bound to live content with the natural Product of their own fertile *Country*: For Luxury has not as yet set Footing in that happy *Region*, if we may believe this Traveller. He says, they feed altogether on the Fruits of the Earth; not admitting any Art or Employment which tends to Superfluity; but only such as serve the necessary Uses of Life, wherein they shew an admirable Dexterity and Skill.

When they travel from one Town to another, which is very frequent, they never carry any Thing to defray their Charges by the Way, or when they arrive at their Journeys End: All Entertainment of this Nature being free and reciprocal. Such is the Custom of the *Country*.

They have no *Lawyers* among them, but if any Contention arise, 'tis presently determin'd by the Arbitration of the next Neighbour, to whose Sentence all submit: Every Man being willing to lose something of his Right, rather than disturb the Publick Amity and Peace.

As to the Manner of their *Worship*, they are strict Observers of Purity in washing, anointing, and shaving their Bodies.

They have *Temples* also where they assemble every Seventh Day; and having offer'd up the First-fruits of the Earth, they sit down in the Courts, and Banquet together with Joy, whilst the Priests enter-

entertain them with excellent Musick and Songs, in Praise of God and his Works. To this End the Courts of their Temples are made very large, that they may contain so many distinct Families; and stately Pavilions are set up, adorn'd with the Boughs of green Trees, with all Manner of Flowers carelessly intermixed. But amidst all their Feasting they are not permitted to taste of Flesh: They eat only the Fruits of the Earth, with Milk, Honey, and Oyl. And their common Drink is Water and Wine.

At the Age of sixteen Years, every Man is bound to take the following Oath:

I Swear that I will adore but One God, who brought our Fathers out of Egypt, and has conducted us by a mysterious Path to this Land of Promise. I will Religiously serve him all my Life, for that he has vouchsafed to plant me in the Family of his Elect, and not either of the two Tribes who were left behind in the Land of Delusions. I will do justly to all Men, neither will I voluntarily hurt or kill any living Creature, unless it be in my own Defence. I will not taste of the Flesh of any Animal, but in all Things observe the Abstinence commanded by Allah to Moses on the Mount. I will Religiously obey my Prince, to my last Breath, and rather be torn in Pieces by wild Beasts than betray him, or consent to betray him to another: For he is the Vice-Roy of God. I will never conceal my Knowledge of any Conspiracy against him, or my Country, neither will I discover his Secrets to any, if it should ever be my Honour to know them. I will observe the Traditions of my Fathers, and teach the same and no other to my Posterity. In fine, I will in all Things obey the Laws of this Sacred Kingdom, this Region of Peace, this Garden of Bliss. All this I solemnly swear by the first Father of Light, and by Nothing, the profound Womb of Darkness, and by Silence, the Companion of that Death which no Created Being can fathom, which is the same as if I

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should wish my self annihilated, if I violate this Oath in the least Point.

These are all the Terms of the Oath, that I can distinctly remember, which I here infer, to shew thee what Opinion these People have of the Law which was given to *Moses* on the Mount, and how they reject the *Two Tribes* that were left in *Palestine*, and esteem'd of that Country but as the Land of *Delusions*; accounting their own Country the *Region of Promise*, and themselves the *Elect* of God.

One would think, that these were the *Posterity* of the *Ten Tribes* that were carried away Captives by *Salmanasar* King of *Assyria*. And this was also the Opinion of that *Wanderer*, who told me, that both their *Pentateuch* was different from yours, and the *Language* wherein it is written. For he said, it was rather a *Dialect* of *Arabick*, in which Language thou knowest God wrote the *Ten Commandments* on the *Two Tables*: Among which, one is, *Thou shalt not Kill*. This Prohibition, they say, extends to all *Living Creatures*, tho' your Doctors interpret it as only reaching to Men, and so do the *Christians*. But the *Mussulmans* interpret it thus, *Thou shalt neither kill Man or Beast without Reason*. By which Clause, the Beasts are priviledg'd from the wanton Cruelty of Men, who otherwise would murder them only to make Sport; yet wicked Men are not exempted from a violent Death, as a Punishment of their Crimes.

This Traveller says also, that the People of that Country are so healthy, that they generally live till they are a Hundred and Twenty Years old, which is almost twice the Age of other Mortals. This he ascribes to their exquisite Temperance and Moderation in all Things, as also to the Dryness of the Soil, and to the Force of certain Winds, which continually sweep the Air of this
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delectable Region, and purge it of all hurtful Qualities.

If ever it be thy Fortune to see this Person, he will acquaint thee with a great many more delightful Passages, which it would be too tedious for me to insert in a Letter: besides, my Memory is treacherous, and I often forget those Things at one time, which I remember at another: But if thou art solicitous to hear more, I will oblige thee with all that I can call to Mind of this *Traveller*, in another Letter.

In the mean time, make a right Use of these Hints, and weigh one Thing with another; examine all Things without Prejudice or Partiality. Trust no Man's Reason but thy own in Matters of a disputable Nature, since thou hast as much Right to decide the Controversie, as any Man. And thus thou wilt never become a *Bankrupt* in Religion.

Paris, 4th of the 1st Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER V.

To Mohammed, Hadgi, Dervich, Eremité
of Mount Uriel in Arabia the Happy.

AS I think, this is the last of my Hours in this World, and the First of a new Life, which I shall commence in Immortality: I perceive, That the fatal Period, the Moment of Transmigration, set by Destiny, is approaching. The Crisis of my Blood is dissolving apace; my Spirit hastens to get loose from these mortal Chains: I feel my Soul trying and stretching her Wings, preparing to take her eternal Flight to the Region assign'd her by God and Nature.

I have not Presumption enough to hope for *Paradise*, nor am I so abandon'd to Despair, as to conclude I shall go to Hell. I rather believe, *Aaraf*, or the Place of Prisons, will be my Portion; in regard I fear the Evils which I have been guilty of, are not over-balanc'd by my good Actions. 'Tis well if Vertue has counterpois'd Vice in the Course of this mortal Life. However, I am resign'd, and commit my self to the *Indulgent Creator* of all Things, who will not fail to dispose of me according to the Order which he has establish'd in the *Universe*.

Methinks, were I even in *Hell*, I cou'd not forbear praising that *Fountain of all Things*. I wou'd teach the *Devils* and *Damn'd* a new Lesson of Patience and Contentedness, of Humility and Devotion, of Generosity and Love, amidst their tremendous Torments. I wou'd survey with an Indifference becoming a *True Believer*, the *Horrid Abyss*, with all its dreadful Vaults and Apartments. I wou'd consider the wonderful Architecture of those Infernal Prisons, the inexpugnable Strength of the Walls; their prodigious Thickness and unmoveable Fastness; I would contemplate every Thing with the Reason of a *Philosopher*, and the Piety of a *Musliman*, not giving my self up to the Passions of a Fool, and an Infidel.

All this I imagine were easy to perform in those fatal Caverns, and much more, but God knows how the Experience of such an intolerable Anguish and Restraint, might alter a Man's Mind.

However, I find it *Medicinal* to think of the last and worst Things, to be always prepar'd for Death, and whatsoever shall follow it? For, Surprises are apt to unman us, and plunder us of our Reason. I was in the Height of a violent Fever, when I began this Letter; yet now 'tis abated, and I palpably feel the gentle Returns of Health and Life.

Life. This is owing, in my Judgment, to the real Belief I had, that my last Hour was come, which I have so long expected. And I cou'd almost persuade my self, That I shall disperse a Thousand *Maladies*, recover out of the most dangerous *Paroxysms*, and prolong my Days to old Age, by the mere Force of these Contemplations.

My Faith in this Point is grounded on Experience: For I have often found, That to be arm'd against Calamities with an even Mind, is either a sure Way to avoid them, or at least to protract the Season of their Arrival. And if there were nothing else in't, but the rendring 'em more easy when they come, 'twere worth any Man's Pains to try the Experiment.

Doubtless, there is no Terror in Death, but what the vain Opinion of Men creates. 'Tis as pleasant for a thinking Man to die as to live, if it be only for this Reason, that in his Passage from the Life he had led before, he shall not have bare naked *Idea's* for his Contemplation; but Matter of Fact, and the most Important, that ever employ'd the Souls of Men.

O admirable *Sylvan*, consider with thy self, whether it will not be highly grateful to thy languishing Soul, when thou shalt perceive demonstratively, by the infallible *Enthymema's* of thy trembling Pulse, that thou art just ready to be releas'd from the deceitful Sophistry of Humane Life! That thou art near escaping from a narrow Cage to be upon the Wing at large, to fly into the ample Fields of Beauty, Light, and endless Happiness: Reflect also at the same Time, O Holy *Eremite*, that I shou'd think it no Pain to be freed from my Confinement to a stinking Nest of *Infidels*.

But why should I give them that reproachful Epithet, when for ought I know, I am a greater *Infidel* my self? 'Tis true, indeed, I am of the Lineage

of *Ibrahim*, *Ishmael*, and the Holy Race; I bear in my Body the *Seals* of a *Divine League* or *Covenant* between *God* and *Man*; I was *circumcis'd* in due Time, and gave *Supreme Glory* to one *God*, and *Honour* to *Mahomet* his *Messenger*. I pronounc'd the *Seven Mystrious Words*, whose Sound excites the *Harmony* of the *Spheres*, sets the *Angels* a dancing, puts all *Nature* into *Motion*, and makes the *Devil* as deaf as a *Beetle*. Nay, as our *Holy Doctors* teach, the very *Breath* with which that *Sacred Confession* is utter'd, blows the *Alhes* of *Hell* into the *Eyes* of the *Damn'd*, and strikes them blind. In a Word, I have fasted, prayed, given *Alms*, and perform'd all the external *Duties* of a *True Believer*; yet I have Reason to fear, that the best of my pious *Actions* are not sufficient to cancel my *Sins*. My *Practice* runs counter to my *Faith*; there seems to be a double *Spirit* in me, one inclining me to *Good*, and the other forcing me to *Evil*. For, whilst I really in my *Heart* believe the *Alcoran* and obey *Mahomet*, our *Holy Law-giver*, I am compell'd to deny both, to profess the *Life* and *Manners* of a *Nazarene*, to counterfeit an *Infidel*, and do a *Thousand* other ill *Things*; to please the *Grand Signior* and his *Slaves*. Thus I play fast and loose with *God Almighty*, and turn *Religion* into *Cross Purposes*. Yet *Heaven* knows, that I obtest all the *Elements* to witness, that I would fain be *Innocent*, and live in unblemish'd *Vertue*: But the fatal *Necessities* I lie under, constrain me to a perpetual *Course* of *Vice*. Which makes me sometimes cry out in the *Agonies* of my *Soul*, O *God*! I pray thee, either to alter my *Circumstances*, and reform my *Nature*, or make new *Laws* more easy to be kept.

Venerable and Patient *Solitary*, bear with my importunate *Complaints*; and remember, that tho' thou art as an *Angel* for thy *Perfections*, yet *Mahomet* is but a *Man*, subject to a *Thousand* *Frailties*.
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Pity him, and continue to afford him thy Sage Counsel; rest also assur'd, that among all his Infirmities, he still retains inviolable Affections, and dutiful Regard for the Tenant of God's Prophet.

Paris, 22d of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1666.

L E T T E R VI.

To the Kaimacham.

THOU may'st report it to the *Divan* for a Certainty, That *Miramud* the Son of the *Xeriph* at *Salle*, is taken Prisoner by the *French*. That bold Youth has long rov'd the Seas uncontroll'd; has done many Injuries to the *Christians*, fill'd *Salle* with Slaves: Now he himself is become a Captive. Such is the Fortune of War by Sea and Land; to Day Triumphant and Victorious, to Morrow Vanquish'd and in Chains.

Yet he lost not his Honour with his Liberty, having bravely defended his Vessel, and strew'd the Decks with slaughter'd *French*; till over-powered with Numbers, he was compell'd to yield. His Enemies extol his Courage, and the Greatness of his Mind, which would not sink under the Pressure of this Misfortune. He seem'd to have the Command of himself, (which is the most Glorious Victory) and suffer'd not his Free-born Soul to be led Captive by his Passions; but behav'd himself with such an even Temper, as plac'd him above the Pity of his Enemies, and rather made him the Subject of their Emulation. He is brought to the Court, where he is entertain'd as a Guest, rather than as a

Prisoner : Being invited to their Banquets, Masks, Plays, and other Divertisements. Neither is he debar'd the Privilege of Hunting, which might give him the fairest Opportunity to escape. But he is ignorant of the Language of this Country ; and few of the *French* understand *Moresco* : So that it is almost impossible for him to make any Party, or consult his Flight, unless the King's Interpreter should assist him. Besides, the *French* have a higher Opinion of his Generosity, than to apprehend such an ingrateful Return of the Royal Usage he finds in this Court.

As for *Mahmut*, he has not as yet made himself known to this brave Captive. But if the Ministers of the *Divan* shall think it the Interest or Honour of the *Sublime Porte* to engage in this Affair, I want but a *Commission* to set *Miramud* safe ashore in *Africk*.

I will not hazard any thing in an Affair of this Importance, without an Order from my *Superiors*. When their Pleasure is once known, the Execution shall be swift. I wait for thy Commands, as for a Decree of Destiny, which cannot be repealed.

The God of our Fathers, who multiplied the Seed of *Ishmael* as the Grasse of the Field, and gave them the Sovereignty over many Nations, grant that the *Sublime Porte*, which is the Nursery of the Faithful, may always take such Measures as shall advance the Interest of the *Mussulman Empire*.

Paris, 14th of the 3d Moon,
of the Year 1666.



L E T T E R

LETTER VII.

To Hamel Muladdin, Xeriph of Salle.

THY Son is no longer a *Captive*, but a *Conqueror*: His first Appearance before the Ladies of this Court was an Equivalent to his Ransom. He is like to do thee greater Service by his Chains, than when he rang'd the Seas. His Beauty may do more Mischief in *France*, than all thy Ships of War; since it has already created such Rivalships and Factions among the *Fair Sex*, as engages the *French* Gallants on many unhappy Re-encounters; and in a little Time it will be difficult for the interested Sparks, to meet and part with unsheath'd Swords. Libels and Panegyricks divide the Studies of the Wit; while one flatters, another lampoons the Amorous Females; and *Mirammud*, the *Illustrious Slave*, is all the Talk. In a Word, he finds Royal Usage, having the Liberty of the Court; and all are pleas'd with his graceful Deportment, and undisguis'd Conversation. Every one affects his Company, and he has the Fate of *Princes*, *Never to be alone*. His Skill in Riding, and throwing the Lance, has inflam'd the noble Youth with martial Emulations. They esteem *Mirammud* the most accomplish'd Person of this Age.

Can'st thou now repine at thy Son's glorious Thralldom? A Captivity that loads him with so many Honours? That lays his Conquerors at his Feet? And subdues all Hearts to his matchless Perfections? His Followers find Friendship among the *Infidels* for his Sake: 'Twere to be wish'd, that equal Humanity were shew'd to the *Christian Slaves* in *Barbary*. I tell thee, thy Son is so admir'd and lov'd, that all thy Treasure cannot redeem him. The

French are generous, and scorn to sell the Brave for Gold. They will sooner give thee thy Son again, expecting from his Gratitude a Recompence surpassing the Value of Money; that is, an inviolable observing the *Conditions of Peace*, which they say, thou hast so often broke. Thy *Embassadors* are expected here, to consummate a lasting Friendship. When that is done, thou wilt quickly see thy Son return, attended by a numerous Train of *French*, who have vow'd to follow his Fortune through the World so long as he draws not his Cymetar against their King.

I have dispatch'd an Account of this Adventure to the *Kaimacham*, that so the *sublime Porte*, which gives the Law to all the *Kings on Earth*, may interest it self on thy Behalf. The *French* seem to have a profound Attach to the *Ottoman Empire*: Whether it proceeds not more from Fear, and the Principles of Policy, than from any real Love to the *Mussulmans*, I will not determine. They speak reverently of the *Grand Signior*, covet his Friendship, and applaud the victorious Enterprizes of the *True Believers*. Indeed they are naturally a martial People, and honour all Men of brave Spirits and daring Resolutions. They have this particular Reason also to bear Friendship to the *Invincible Osmons*, because we are almost continually in Wars with the House of *Austria*, the old Enemy of *France*. The *Germans* are wont to say, That the *Dragon's Head and Tail* are in Conjunction, when the *Turks* and the *French* invade the Empire at the same Time. These are numbred amongst the *Constellations* by *Astrologers*, to which the *Germans* allude in this Proverb; being ever jealous of some private Treaty between the *Sultan* and the *French Court*.

God, who is the Wisest of the Wisest, instruct thee to adjust thy Differences happily with this noble

ble Nation, that so thou may'st see thy Son again
in *Peace* at *Salle*.

Paris, 14th of the 3^d Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER VIII.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the
Customs at Constantinople.*

UPON my Word, thy Letter came in a critical Hour, to prevent, for ought I know, more Mischief than could have been repair'd again all the Days of my Life. I have but just taken my Eyes off from it, and set Pen to Paper, to express my Thanks to thee for the Care thou tak'st of thy exil'd Brother; for the Post goes this Night, and I have appointed to meet *Eliachim* the Jew with some *Armenians* within these few Minutes. It had been an unfortunate Meeting for me, had not thy Dispatch come so opportunely to give me Warning of our Cousin *Solyman's* Perfidy: For these *Furr'd Caps* are his Spies and Confidants. The back Blows of *Tagot*, *Negidher*, and the *Great Devil* be upon him and them. What have I done to that ungrateful Villain, to merit such ill Offices from him? But upon thee be the Mercies of God, the Favours of his Prophet, and the Benedictions of all good Men and Angels: For thou art to me as one of the Watchers above, more than a Brother: Thou art the *Tutelar Genius* of my Life, my good *Demon* in Time of Danger.

We had design'd this Evening for a private Banquet of Wine, which, thou know'st, dilates the Hearts of Mortals, unlocks Secrets, and makes the

most reserv'd Man in the World too talkative and open.

I keep as great Guard upon my Tongue, perhaps as another ; but God knows how far I might have been tempted by such good Company, to let it loose for the Sake of Discourse : For these Fellows are soft as the Air in their Address and Conversation ; they appear as innocent as *Santones* ; sincere as *Hadgi's* ; Loyal and Courtly as the *Pages* of the *Serail*'. They would wheedle Ninety Nine of *Argus's* Eyes out of his Head successively, before he miss'd One.

They came first to *Paris*, as Merchants ; and no doubt, but *Solyman* had given 'em Instructions how to insinuate into *Eliachim's* Acquaintance, and so by Degrees into mine. For that honest *Jew* trades with People of all Nations and Characters.

However it be, I remember the very Words which thou insertest in thy Letter, were spoken by me in Company with these Infidels. But I shall find a Way to be even with them, and *Solyman* too, before they'll dream of it.

In the mean time, I pray heartily, that if ever it shall be thy Misfortune to be in the like Peril, destiny or Chance, Providence or Fate, may raise some Friend to give thee a Caution, and that thou may'st not, with the unhappy *Cesar*, neglect to read it in time.

I'm now going to encounter these *Giafers* ; perhaps I shall catch 'em in their own Snares. If not, I'll secure they shall not catch me.

Dear *Pesteli*, may thy Soul repose under the Protection of God.

Paris, 1st of the 5th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

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LETTER IX.

To Dgnet Oglou.

TO whom should I complain in my Adversity, but to my Friend? I have been more embarras'd within these two *Moons*, than through all the former Course of my Life. Troubles of divers Kinds throng in upon me. I seem like a Butt or Mark whereat every *Species* of *Misfortune*, like a skilful Archer, directs the fatal Arrows of its Malice. I am near overwhelm'd with Calamities. Heaven and Earth are set against me, and all the Elements conspire my Ruin. Yet no Persecution appears so terrible as that of Men, nor any Affliction so poignant as that which proceeds from the Ingratitude and Perfidy of my own Country-men, Persons related to me by Blood.

Age and much Sickness have confin'd me to my Bed for a considerable Time, which is no small Alloy to Humane Happiness. But to render me perfectly Miserable, the *Ministers* of the *Porte* are angry with me for being Old and Infirm, and for not continuing to serve the *Grand Signior* with the same Vigour and Strength as formerly: Else what mean the frequent Reproaches they send me, whilst I am not in a Condition to answer them, or make an Apology for my self? Would they have me Immortal, and Proof against the Strokes of Destiny and Death, which thou know'st are unavoidable? When I was in my Prime, healthy and strong as an Eagle, they encourag'd me with the fairest Promises in the World, telling me I should never want for Money, or the Protection of the *Grand Signior*. Yet even then I receiv'd not my Pension without Murmurs and obscure Menaces. So hard a Thing is it for Courtiers to be touch'd with any Man's

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Necessities. But now they threaten plainly to stop all farther Supplies, unless I will grow Young again, and do Business as briskly as when I'd numbered but *Thirty Summers*. Thus they serve poor *Mahmut*, as we use Oranges and Lemons, whose vital Spirit when we have suck'd out, we throw the rest away as unprofitable. Yet not one of them will contribute in the least to my Recovery. Only the generous *Cara Hali*, our beloved Friend, hearing of my Malady, sent me a strange *Chymical Liquor*, with the celebrated *Confection El Razi*, some *Bezoar*, and the most precious Balm of *Gilead*: All prepar'd to my Hand, with Directions, and seal'd with an authentick Signet.

These indeed had a mavelous Operation on me. I tried them but Yesterday, and find my self suddenly restor'd to some Degrees of Health, as by a Miracle. Whether it be the vast Esteem I have for that Excellent *Physician*, with the Confidence I repose in his Skill and Judgment, has had some Influence on me, or what else I know not; (yet we use to observe, that the Patient's good Opinion of his Physicians is half a Cure:) However, these sovereign Medicines have inspir'd me with a new Energy: And had I not other Afflictions to break my Heart, I cou'd almost promise my self to reach the Age of *Nestor*. But my *Unfortunate Stars* will have it otherwise, and I am resign'd to Destiny.

Thou know'st my Cousin *Solyman*, the *Turbant-Maker*, and art no Stranger to his Humours and Fortune: What an unsettl'd Man he has been in the whole Course of his Life: That no Employment cou'd ever please him, nor he be long fix'd in any Place. How he has rambled from *Constantinople* to *Scutari*, from thence to *Chalcedon*, &c. always murmuring against Heaven, and complaining of his hard Fate, in that he was not bred a *Courtier*, a *Student*, a *Soldier*, or any Thing but
what

what he really is. Thou art acquainted also with some of his Religious Caprices, how he is addicted to doing the Book, making the Tripple Knot, and to a Thousand other foolish Superstitions; by which, whilst he aspires at the Character of a Sage, or a Cunning Man, he renders himself more contemptible than an Idiot; forfeiting the Esteem of all wise and good Men, for the Sake of a little Fame and noisy Character among the empty, giddy Multitude.

But after all, I believe thou art wholly a Stranger to his secret Malice, and the Rancour with which he persecuted me, his poor exil'd Uncle. I myself was deceiv'd by the subtle Apology he made some Years ago, for the Slanders his Tongue had utter'd; when he transferr'd all the Guilt of that Injury on *Shashim*, *Istham*, the *Black Eunuch*, and *Ichingi Cap Oglani*, Master of the Pages. But now I'm convinc'd he is a Traytor, a Villain, and a Fellow void of Faith or Honesty.

I receiv'd a Letter from him within these seven Days, full of tender and insinuating Expressions, thanking me for all the good Offices I had done him, and for my seasonable Counsel in several Cases: Professing also at the same Time an inviolable Friendship, and that he would make it his Study to do me some effectual Service. Yet the next Post brought me a Dispatch from my Brother *Pesteli Hali*, wherein he bids me beware of *Solyman*; assuring me, that he had good Reason to suspect that Cousin of mine had some ill Design upon me. This is certain, says my Brother, *Solyman* boasts to his Familiars, not without some Insult, that there is not a Word or Action escapes his Uncle *Mahmut* at *Paris*, but he is soon inform'd of it at *Constantinople*. And that which confirms me in the same Jealousy that *Pesteli* is, That he inserts in his Letter to me, some Passages and Discourses

Verba-

Verbatim, which I must needs own to have been between me and *Eliachim* the *Jew*, with two or three *Armenian* Merchants, in our most private Meetings at *Eliachim's* House or my Chamber. These he learnt from some of *Solyman's* most intimate Companions.

What can I make of all this, but that these *Armenians* are of *Solyman's* Council, his *Privado's*, his *Chronee's*, &c. whom, having Business of their own at *Paris*, that perfidious Wretch has engaged to pry into my Secrets, to give him a constant Account of what Discoveries they make, and if possible to trepan me into some irrecoverable Error in my Conduct, that so he may finally ruin me.

O *Mahomet*! What is become of the Reverence due to thy *Sacred Name*, to thy *Law*, and to the Book penn'd in *Heaven*? Where is the *Mussulman Faith* and *Integrity*? The Religious Fastness of Friendship, with which our Fathers prop'd up one another in the Service of *God* and the *Empire of True Believers*? But there is no need of exclaiming against *Faith* and *Piety* on this Account: Humane Nature it self is responsible for the Baseness and Ingratitude of my Kinsman. He no longer deserves the Character of a Man. I advise thee to shun his Company as a Pest, a walking Contagion among Mortals.

In a Word, dear *Dgnet*, let not thou and I suffer our selves to be carried away by a vain Pity or Tenderness for any Man, tho' he be the Son of a Mother's Sister; since there is no Trust in Flesh and Blood: But let us learn the Maxims of *French Wisdom*, which teach Men to lay the Foundation of their own Happiness, in smiling at the Misfortunes of others.

Paris, 14th of the 6th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

L E T T E R

LETTER X.

To Hamet, Reis Effendi, *Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.*

BESIDES the general Characters of Countries and the People inhabiting there, it is necessary for thee to be informed of particular Emergencies, and such Events, as deserve a Place in the *Eternal Records of the Ottoman Monarchy*, the Fifth and Last in the World. That so the Ministers of the *August Divan*, the destin'd *Arbitrators of the Universe*, Judges of all *Humane Affairs*, and Counsellors of the *Great Sultan*, may in the *sacred Code*, as in a Mirror, behold whatever happens in the distant *Climates* worthy of Remark.

After the Salutations, therefore, proceeding from profound Humility, entire Respect, and perfect Friendship, know that a devouring *Pestilence* has lately made a fatal Decimation in the *English Territories*, especially in *London*, the Capital City of that *Island*; where above a Hundred thousand Souls, struck with *Invincible Darts* from God, went off the Stage of *Humane Life*, in less than Six Moons Revolution.

The dire Contagion by Degrees spread farther through the adjacent *Provinces*, and reach'd the most remote and solitary Corners of the Land: Death set his Standard up, proclaiming open War against the Inhabitants; with flying Troops of Mortal Plagues, he ravag'd over the Isle, filling all Parts with doleful Cries and Lamentations: The *Cemeteries* were not large enough to hold the Carcasses of such as fell before the dreadful *Conqueror*: But open Fields were turn'd to Sepulchres, and
cramm'd

cramm'd with Spoils of Humane Race: An universal Desolation reign'd: Death celebrated cruel Triumphs every where.

Such as pretend to *Astrology* and hidden *Sciences*, will have this to be an Effect of the late *Comet* which appear'd at the End of the Year 1664. whilst others attribute it to nearer Natural Causes; and some conclude it is a Judgment sent from *Heaven* on that *Rebellious People*, who a few Years before had involv'd the Nation in a Civil War, and barbarously massacred the King. God only knows the Truth that is conceal'd from Man.

Thou may'st register also, That the *Queen-Mother of France* is newly dead, and the Crook-back'd Prince of *Conti*. On which Account, this Court is now in Mourning, and the Churches hung with Black, whilst melancholy Bells perpetually invite the Living to pray for the deceased Royal Souls; and deep-bass'd Organ-Pipes breathe out incessant doleful Aspirations, sounding like inarticulate Prayers, and funeral Sighs for the Departed. In this the *Nazarenes* approach near to the Faith of True Believers. They give Alms also, as we do, and settle Stipends on certain Priests and Derviches, to mumble over daily Masses for the Dead; which is an evident Sign, that they have Hopes of Immortality, and look for the Resurrection. Doubtless, there's something Good at the Bottom of all Religions, tho' it be over-laid with Errors and Corruptions.

God direct us through the Meanders, which Humane Frailty involves us in; and grant every *Musfulman* a particular Chart and Compass, whereby to steer his Course through the uncertain Tracts of mortal Life; that he may at last arrive in Paradise. For we shall never find the Way thither by General Rules.

Illustrious *Hamet*, I pray that thou and I may at a destin'd Hour encounter one another in the Walks of *Eden*, there to converse under immortal Shades near to some warbling Stream of matchless Wine or Water; to revolve our past Fatigues on Earth, and to caress our selves in the Security of endless Bliss.

Paris, 15th of the 7th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XI.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew at
Vienna.

THou and thy feigned *Messias* be damn'd together for Company? Must I be baulk'd of my Money for the Sake of your new *Superstition*? How many *Messias's* have ye had, Twenty Five at least, besides the Son of *Mary*, who is acknowledg'd and bless'd for ever? Must all the World be bubbled to Eternity by the Fables of your Nation? Curse upon your *Rabbies* and *Cochams*, those Pimps to the more religious Debaucheries of Mortals. *Nathan*, I took thee for another Manner of Man. However, if thou art a sworn Servant to *Sabbati Sevi* the new *Sham-King* of the *Jews*, I have nothing to say to it: Do as thou wilt. But, I dare be a Prophet so far as to tell thee, thou wilt be cursedly left in the Lurch, with the rest of the Fools, thy bigotted Brethren. Let what will be, it behoves thee as an honest Man to transmit the Bills that are entrusted to thee. Whether *Sabbati Sevi*, *Ben Joseph*, or *Ben David* be the Name of your expected *Messias*, I would not have

have *Ben Saddi* degenerate. Continue thou Faithful, and the Few others that are entrusted with the *Sublime Affairs*: and let all the rest of the Common *Jews* go to *Gehenna*, or to the *Vale of Tophet*, which you please. But I wou'd fain have thee in the Number of the Righteous, who shall possess Paradise. Some of thy Letters have encourag'd me to hope for this, but thy last makes me almost despair of seeing thee happy either in *This World* or the *Next*: For, thou writest like one in a Frenzy, raving on *Chimera's* of strange Honour, Glory, and Power, which thou shalt shortly enjoy in the Kingdom of thy fantastick *Messias*; thou art already a Prince in thy own Conceit.

For God's sake, *Nathan*, wean thy self from these religious Fondnesses: Awaken thy Reason, which is the distinguishing Character of a Man. Examine the Grounds of this new Delusion; search into the Birth and Origin of *Sabbati Sevi*, and thou wilt find him to descend of an obscure and base Parentage; his Father being but a Kind of mungrel *Jew*, and by Profession an Usurer, which is forbid by the written Law of *Moses*, and in the *Great Alcoran* it is accounted Execrable: His Mother a Woman of the Curds, suspected for a Witch, in regard most of that Infidel Nation practise Magick Arts, and Diabolical Charms. And 'tis not altogether improbable, that your counterfeit *Messias* was educated privately by her in the same Studies, whence he learn'd the Methods of Enchantments and Illusions, to deceive the Senses, and impose on the Reason of Mankind.

I can tell thee of a Truth, that there are more Eyes on him and his Actions, than he is aware of; and I my self at this Distance have receiv'd a particular Relation of his Life, from such as knew him a Youth at *Smyrna*, the Place of his Nativity. He is accus'd of many Vices and Extravagances during his

his early Years. His Conversation was wild and dissolute, being a noted *Inamorato* or *Stallion* over all that City. For which, and some other Crimes, he was expell'd the *Synagogue*, and banish'd from *Smyrna*, by the mutual Consent of the *Mussulman Cadi*, and your own Rulers. He was also excommunicated by the *Rabbi's* as a Heretick, for broaching certain Doctrines repugnant to your Law, and the general Faith of the *Jews*. All which cannot but be prevailing Recommendations of him to the Office of *Messias* or King of *Israel*.

From thence he rambled up and down the *Morea* and other Provinces of *Greece*, leaving a Memorial of Infamy, wherever he set his Foot; continually marrying and divorcing of Wives, debauching of Virgins, and frequenting the Company of Harlots, till those Countries grew weary of him, and threatened to chastise his Wickedness. Then he pass'd over into *Syria* and *Palestine*, beginning to set up for a Reformer of your Law, and at *Jerusalem* openly professing himself to be a *Messias*; whereby he drew a Rabble of Lunatics and frantick People after him. But as for the Seniors and Governors, they have rejected him as an Impostor.

Consider, *Nathan*, the Fate that befel *Ben Cochab*, as he call'd himself, that is, the Son of a Star, who pretended to be the *Messias* in the Days of *Adrian*, Emperor of the *Romans*; reflect on the Calamities which over-whelm'd him and his Followers, to the Number of Four Hundred Thousand *Jews*; who all fell with their *False Prophet*, Sacrifices to the just Revenge and Fury of that incens'd Monarch: For they had impudently boasted, that by such a prefix'd Time, he should be taken Captive and depos'd from his Throne by the *Messias*, who should assume the Imperial Dignity, and all the World should obey him. But when those who surviv'd the Slaughter of their Brethren, reflected on the Author

thor of so tragical a *Catastrophe*, they chang'd his Name in Contempt and Hatred, calling him no longer *Ben Cochab*, the Son of a Star, but *Bar Cuziba*, the Son of a Lye, a False Prophet, and Seducer of the Brethren.

Thou hast all the Reason in the World, to have no better Opinion of *Sabbati Sevi*, since he is rejected by the wiser Sort of *Jews*, and has not perform'd one Miracle in Confirmation of his pretended *Messiasship*. Neither has any uncommon or preternatural Appearance happen'd before or since he assum'd this Dignity. Whereas all your *Rabbies* teach, that no less than Ten Eminent and Remarkable Prodigies shall precede the Coming of your *Messias*. And I remember thou thy self about Ten Years ago sentest me a Letter much to the same Effect, telling me, that certain monstrous Sorts of Men should come from the Ends of the Earth, whose Eyes shall be as venomous as *Basilisks*, with a great many other Stories of like Nature.

Hast thou forgot this, *Nathan*, or art thou so far infatuated with the bold Impostures of this impudent Deceiver, as for his Sake, to deny thy former Faith, reverse thy own Sentiments, and disannul the Traditions of thy Doctors? For Shame rouze up thy intellectual Faculties, and suffer not thy Reason to be lull'd asleep by the prestigious Umbrages and Charms of a lewd Vagrant, a Wizard, a Cheat.

Have but Patience, at least, till thou see those Signs accomplish'd which are to usher in your *Messias*, before thou give up thy self to so dangerous a Credulity. Let the Sun first emit those pestilential Vapours, which shall kill a Million of the *Koprim*, or *Infidels*, every Day, as your *Traditions* threaten. Let that Luminary be also totally eclips'd for the Space of Thirty Days. In a Word, let all the other Prodigies come to pass, which thou thy self didst

didst once so passionately believe: And then I promise thee, on the Word of a *Mussulman*, that I will be thy *Profelyte*, and embrace thy Law, and adore thy *Messias*; on Condition, that otherwise thou wilt be my Convert, believe the *Alcoran*, and obey the Messenger of God, the Last and Seal of the Prophets.

Paris, 11th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XII.

To the Kaimacham.

I Am afraid the *Divan* will be oblig'd to send another *Agent* to *Vienna*, to supply the Place of *Nathan Ben Saddi*, who is running mad after the new *Messias* of the *Jews*. There is no doubt but thou and the other Happy *Ministers*, residing at the *august Porte*, have heard of a certain *Impostor* at *Smyrna*, by Name *Sabbati Sevi*, of Hebrew Race, who calls himself the Only begotten Son of God, *Messias* and Redeemer of *Israel*; and what Multitudes of doting credulous *Jews* he draws after him. So that there is a *Schism* broke out between them, and they are divided into Two contrary Factions, both in *Smyrna*, and all over the *Levant*. It is impossible that these Things should be concealed from the *Resplendent Seat* of Fame, since they have reach'd even our Ears who dwell at this Distance: Nay, there is hardly a *Province* or *City* in all the *West*, which has not receiv'd Intelligence of so remarkable a Novelty.

I have receiv'd a Dispatch from *Zeidi Alamanzi* at *Venice*, wherein he informs me, that all the *Jews* of *Italy* are preparing to visit the *Holy Land*, and to see the
the

the Face of their long expected *Messias*, who they now believe is really come on Earth, and is that *Sabbati Sevi*, at *Smyrna*. They are settling their Affairs as fast as they can, acquitting themselves from all worldly Engagements; and those who are devout, give themselves up to Prayer and Mortifications; whilst others spend their Time in Feasting, Dancing, and all Manner of Mirth. He says, some of them will sit or stand up to the Nose in Water, for Four and Twenty Hours together. And this they do in Imitation of *Adam's* Penance, according to their *Tradition*: For they are taught, that the *First Father* of Mortals after he was banish'd from *Paradise*, as a Punishment for his Sin, stood a Hundred and Thirty Years together in Water thus reaching to his Nostrils.

Others of these superstitious People, will sit naked many Hours together on a Heap of *Pismires*, till they're almost stung to Death. A third Sort dig their own Graves, and going down into them, cause themselves to be covered all over with Earth, except only their Faces; and in this Condition they will lie till they are almost famish'd.

In the mean while, they send circular Letters from all Parts, congratulating each others approaching Happiness and Deliverance from the Oppression of the *Gentiles*: For so they term all that are not of their own *Nation*. And in these mutual Addresses, they sail not to Prophecy, That their *Messias* shall in such a *Moon*, go to the *Great Tyrant*, King of the *Ismaelites*, and Lord of all the *Children of Moab and Edom*; (so they blaspheme our glorious *Sultan*.) That he shall depose him from his *Throne*, and lead him away Captive; after which he shall have the *Dominions* of the whole Earth laid at his Feet:

With such Kind of wild Stuff, do these deluded People flatter one another and themselves, as if in a little time they were to be *Lords of all Things*. So
that

that no Trading or Commerce goes forward among them; an universal Stop is put to all Business; it being esteem'd an inexpressible Sin, to follow their Trades in the Days of the *Messias*, who is to enrich them with the Wealth of all Nations.

Strange Rumours are spread abroad, of the return of the *Ten Tribes* over the River *Sabbation*, who were carried away Captives by *Salmanassar* King of *Affyria*, and never were heard of since, till they now discourse of their being encamp'd in the *Desart* of *Mount Sinai*, in their March to the *Holy Land*. 'Tis reported also, that a mighty Fleet of Ships were seen at Sea, whose Sails were of *Sattin*, and their Streamers bore the Figure of a Lion, with this Inscription, *The Lion of the Tribe of Judah*.

The *Christians* seem astonish'd at these Things, yet some look on 'em only as Dreams. As for honest *Eliachim* here, he is no more mov'd at these Things than I; only he laughs at the Folly of the credulous World, and curses the *Jews*, for bringing such Contempt on themselves and their Posterity. But *Nathan* is like one Hag-ridden, or defil'd by the *Lamia* of the Night. He has lost all Reason, and 'twill be no less than a Miracle that must restore it again.

Sage *Minister*, whilst these execrable People thus lose themselves for the Sake of their *Counterfeit Messias*, let us continue to honour the *True One*, even *Jesus* the Son of *Mary*, who is now in *Paradise*, and our *Holy Prophet* with him.

Paris, 1st of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.



LETTER XIII.

To Murat, Bassa.

THIS has been a considerable Year of Actions and Events. At the Beginning of it, I sent to the *Porte* an Account of the Death of the *Queen-Mother* of *France*, and of the *Prince of Conti*; now I will farther inform thee of a *War* that is broke out between this *Crown* and that of *England*. The Occasion of it was this: The *English* and the *Hollanders* trafficking in *America*, had had some Misunderstandings and Feuds about the Limits of their several Conquests in those remote Parts of the World. The *Hollanders* being the strongest, did many Injuries to their Neighbours the *English*, and domineer'd over them as their *Lords*. The *English* resenting this very heinously, and grown weary of their Oppressions, sent Complaints to their King. He to redress his *Subjects*, order'd his Resident at the *Hague*, to demand Satisfaction of the States. They refus'd to him that Justice; upon which, he was resolv'd to have Recourse to his Arms, and accordingly proclaim'd War against *Holland*; making all necessary Preparations to carry it on. The same did his Adversaries. The *French* King in the mean time was oblig'd by a *Treaty* with the *Hollanders* concluded in the Year 1662, to espouse their Quarrels; yet that he might not break with *England* rashly, he first sent an *Embassador* to that *Court* to mediate a *Peace*. But that proving ineffectual, he proclaim'd War against that *Nation*, and commanded the *English* *Embassador* to depart His *Kingdom*. The *Duke of Beaufort*, who is *Admiral* at *Sea*, was order'd to equip a Gallant *Fleet*, and join the *Dutch* *Navy*; which he perform'd with all imaginable Diligence and

and Expedition. There have been two Combats between these Enemies at Sea, and in both the *Dutch* had the worst of it: Neither did the *French* escape without some Loss, having two of their greatest Ships severely shatter'd, and a third taken by the *English*.

The *Plague* still rages in *England*, and has almost depopulated whole *Provinces*. Whilst a milder Death has robb'd *France* of One of her Greatest *Heroes*: The Count *d'Harcourt*, of whom I have often made mention, is gone to celebrate the Triumphs due to his Valour and Fortune in another World.

The *Emperor* of *Germany* has at last married the *Infanta* of *Spain*, after abundance of Demurs and Hesitations about that Business. These *Nazarenes* can do nothing with Expedition. The *Spiritual Courts*, as they call them, have more Tricks and cramp Words to amuse People with, than an *Indian Mountebank* or *Jugler*. Neither are *Sovereign Princes* more exempt from their Jurisdiction, than the Meanest of their Subjects: Especially the *Court* of *Rome*, can make or annul Marriages at Pleasure. And they are sure to be excommunicated, who refuse to submit to their Orders. This *Holy Court* can also bind or release *Sins*, open or shut the *Gates* of *Paradise*, make a *Devil* a *Saint*, or a *Saint* a *Devil*. In a Word, they can do every Thing if there be Gold in the Case. But if that be wanting, they can do nothing but shrug their Shoulders.

Thou may'st also inform the *Divan*, that the *French King* has given Permission to some of his *Subjects*, to undertake a *Conquest* in *America*, and establish a Commerce in that *Part* of the *World*. Many Vessels are equipped in order to this Expedition, and they that are concern'd in the Voyage, are as merry as *Jason* and his *Argonauts*, when they were preparing to fetch the *Golden Fleece* from *Colchos*. That *Western Continent* affords immense

Riches, and tempts all the *Nations* in *Europe*, to make an Experiment of their Fortune, in gaining one Part of it or other. 'Twere to be wish'd it lay nearer to the *Ottoman Empire*. No Record can discover the *Origin* of the *Inhabitants*. Yet most *Authors* conjecture, that they pass'd over from the *North-East Parts* of *Asia*, where the *Streights* of *Anian* are very narrow, and would invite Sea-faring Men to seek new Adventures. Besides, by their being *Cannibals*, it appears very probable, That either they descended from the *Tartars*, or the *Tartars* from them. God alone knows how to adjust the Differences, and reveal the Secrets of *History*.

Brave *Bassa*, 'Tis no Matter from what *Stock* we are descended, so long as we have *Vertue*: for that alone is the only true Nobility. God regale thee with his Favours.

Paris, 30th of the 9th Moon,
of the Year 1666.



LETTER XIV.

To Pesteli Hali, *his Brother, Master of the Customs, and Superintendant of the Arsenal at Constantinople.*

WHEN I hear of thy Prosperity, my Heart is dilated like his who has found hidden Wealth. Yet I am sorry for the Disgrace of the good Old Man, thy *Predecessor*: But we must not censure the Conduct of our *Superiors*. The Justice of their Actions is not to be call'd in Question. The *Sultan* cannot err. This is an establish'd *Maxim* in all *Monarchies*, especially in that of the renowned *Osman*s..

As for what relates to thee, in this New Advance thou hast made; thy own Experience acquir'd by many Years Travel and Observation in foreign Countries, added to the Knowledge thou hast in the Laws, Discipline, and Customs, of thy own, will be a sufficient Guide, to conduct thee in the Management of thy Business. Yet despise not the Counsel of others. A Man is never nearer to Ruin, than when he trusts too much to his own Wisdom. Therefore the greatest Emperors undertake nothing of Moment rashly or without Advice. Temerity often blasts the fairest Designs.

It will be of particular Import to thee, to hear of a Tragical Event that has lately happen'd to *Rezan*, a great City in *Russia*, by the Blowing-up of the *Magazine*. This Gunpowder does more Mischief than Good in the World. The Ancients fought as successfully with Bows and Arrows, Swords, and Spears, other Instruments of

War, without running the Hazard of blowing up whole Cities into the Air, in Time of Peace. And they could undermine the strongest Castles, even those situated on Rocks, without the help of this infernal Dust. Nature taught 'em to be Industrious in defeating their Enemies, and they spared no Labour to gain the Victory. Our Fore-fathers were hardy and strong, patient of Toils and Fatigues: They cut their Way into Mountains of Stone, if any Place of Strength were built on it, which they had Occasion to besiege. And as they hew'd away that Part of the Rock which supported the Walls, they underpropp'd the Foundation with wooden Pillars: And when they had finish'd their Mines, they set Fire to certain combustible Matter, which consuming these Supports, the Walls and Gates that rested on them, sunk down and left the Fortrefs naked and open to the Besiegers.

It had been well for the Inhabitants of *Rezan*, if their City had been only thus gently dismantled, by some Enemy against whom they might have afterwards employ'd their Courage to defend themselves, or make Composition. But poor unfortunate People, they have felt a ruder Shock, an unmerciful Blow of Fate, their City being in a Minute's Time, without the least Warning, stormed, plundered, and laid in Heaps, by an Enemy which gives no Quarter.

This Accident happen'd on the 15th of the last *Moon*, about the Hour of *Ulanamisi*. There were Five Hundred Barrels of Powder in the *Magazine*; and the Force of the Blow was so violent, that besides the Destruction of that City, or at least the best Part of it, all the neighbouring Villages round about it, felt its fatal Effects, some of their Houses shaking as in an Earthquake, other falling to Pieces.

Assuredly,

Assuredly, Heaven is angry with these Infidels, and turns the very Instruments of their Defence and Safety, into Scourges for their Chastisement. I formerly sent *Saleh* the Superintendent, an Account of the like Misfortune that befel the City of *Gravelines* in *Flanders*, and of other terrible Effects of the Wrath of Heaven in the *Low Countries*. One Disaster follows close on the Back of another; yet the *Infidels* are insensible and stupid, as they were in the Days of *Noah*, when the Flood came and surpriz'd all the Inhabitants of the Country. That *Prophet* gave 'em warning of the approaching Danger: He was Three whole Years in cutting down *Indian Plant-Trees*, and preparing Planks, Beams, Pins, and other Necessaries, and Seven Years more in Building that wonderful *Ship*. The *Infidels* went by daily, and saw him at Work; but they derided the patient *Apostle*, and taught their Children to mock him, saying, *Where is the Water this Ship is to sail in?* After the *Ark* was finish'd, it lay on the Ground seven *Moons*, till they had thrice sacrific'd some of *Noah's* Followers to their Idols.

It was perfected in the *Moon* of *Rajeb*, and in the *Moon* of *Saphar* was the Decree of the Chastisement sign'd, which was to be executed on all of *Mortal Race*, save *Noah* and the *Fourscore* that were with him, with the *Two Pairs* of every *Species*, which the *Four Winds*, by God's Appointment, collected together, and drove into the *Ark*, and the *Body* of *Adam*, which was enshrin'd and brought to *Noah* by *Angels*, out of the *Region* of *Mecca*. There was also *Philemon* the Good *Priest* of *Egypt*, with his whole *Family*.

Just as the determined Day and Hour of the Flood was come, the *Prince* of the *Country*, stimulated by his evil Destiny, mounted his Horse with some of his *Retinue*; and having sacrific'd to

their *Idols*, rode toward the Place where *Noah* and his Company were shut up in the *Ark*, with a Design to burn it to Ashes. He call'd out aloud to the *Prophet*, with Scoffs, saying, O *Noah*, where is the Water in which this Ship is to sail? It will be with you incontinently, reply'd the Holy Man, before you can remove your Station. Come down, thou *Dotard*, said the proud Infidel, otherwise I will burn thee and thy Companions with Fire. O miserable Man, said *Noah*, turn to God, for his Judgments are ready to burst forth on you.

The Prince incens'd at this, commanded his Slaves to put Fire to the *Ark*. But while he was yet speaking, he manifestly saw the Water gushing out on all Hands round about him, and under his Feet. Then his Heart was troubled, and full of Anguish and Fear. He hasted to secure himself with his Family and Goods, in the Castles which he had built, on the highest Mountains. But alas, the Earth open'd, and broke like a Spider's Web; so violent was the Force of the Waters which boiled up every where. The Clouds pour'd down vast Cataracts of Rain, mix'd with dreadful and insupportable Thunder and Lightning. The miserable *Infidels* throng'd upon one another, cursing and blaspheming their Gods who had deluded 'em. Great was the Confusion and Cry every where; for such a Calamity had never been known since the *Moon* gave her Light. If any were so nimble as to reach the Foot of a Mountain, yet he could not ascend by Reason of Stones which fell on his Head, and Torrents of boiling Water that ran down upon him, as if it had come out of a Cauldron. And suppose he had reach'd the Top, it had been but a short Delay of his Fate; for, in a Word, the Waters swell'd forty Cubits above the highest Mountains, and all the living Generations perish'd.

Son of my *Mother*, when thou readest this *Memoir* (for it is a *Fragment* of an ancient *Arabick Writing*) think on the Day of Judgment, which shall surprize the World, even as the Deluge did. At that Hour, the greatest Part of Men will not dream of any such Thing, till they see Flames and Rivers of Fire bursting forth from the Springs and Fountains which before yielded Water, and Showers of Fire descending from *Heaven*, instead of Rain. For the *Elements* will change their Courses, to accomplish the *Decrees* of him who made them, and to consummate the Revenge of the *Omnipotent*, against *Unbelievers*.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XV.

To Useph, Bassa.

SURELY, the *Gods* of the *English* are angry with that *People*, and the *Guardian Spirits* of the *Isle*, have forsook their *Charge*. I sent a *Dispatch* at the Beginning of this Year to *Murat, Bassa*; wherein I inform'd him of a destructive *Plague*, raging at *London*, and in other Parts of the *Nation*. That *Pestilence* continues still, but under different Forms, to assault the Living, and augment the Number of the Dead.

God only knows the *Origine* of these *Epidemical Contagions*; whether they derive their *Pedegree* from *Heaven* or *Hell*; from the *Earth*, or any other *Element*. Perhaps some latent *Poisons* in the Air, mix with the *Breath* of *Mortals*, and, by their *subtile Energy*, soon dissipate the vital

M 5

Flame

Flame of Humane Bodies, like the infectious Blasts of the Wind *El-Samiel* in *Arabia*, which in a Moment's Time commits a Rape upon the Lives of Travellers, scorching their Spirits up, and leaving on the Sands a black stiff Carcass of jelly'd Flesh, as tho' they had been Thunder-struck. Or, perhaps some venomous Exhalations from the Minerals below, transpire through Chinks and Crannies in the Earth, to plunder Mortals of their Breath, like to the fatal Vapours in the *Cave of Death*, not far from *Virgil's Grot* in *Italy*. Or, who can tell, but that some hidden *Meteors* above, or some malignant *Stars* may send down whole Battalions of empoison'd *Atomes*, to invade this *Region of Mortality*; and in *Death's Name*, *King of the World Invincible*, to claim and carry away a certain Number of *Ghosts*, prick'd down by *Destiny*, a *Tribute* set by *Fate*? However it be, that whole *Island* may well be call'd, at this Time, the *Grand Infirmary of Europe*, where baneful Sicknes makes its publick Residence. The timorous *Giafers* run from Place to Place, thinking to escape from *Heaven's* all-searching *Pursuivants*. They flee from popular Towns to Villages; and from these again to unfrequented Desarts, Woods, and Heaths, carrying their Wives and Children with 'em, and all the Substance of their Houses. The Roads are cover'd with the Caravans of doubtful Passengers, who dread to think of going back to the contagious Seats they left behind, yet know not where to be receiv'd anew. So general is the Consternation, so strong the Fear of those who yet survive, lest they should also catch the Infection and die.

Besides this, they have felt the Strokes of another surprizing Calamity: *London*, the *Capital City* of *England*, being newly consum'd by Fire. It is not certain, whether *Design* or *Chance* first kindled

dled the devouring *Element*. But it fell out at an unlucky Season, when the Wind was high, and from its Eastern Quarter blew the Flames full West, which spreading North and South, demolish'd all before them, laying the greatest Part of that rich and famous City in Ashes.

Some ascribe this to a *Plot* of the *French*; others term it, a Judgment of *God*, for their Rebellion, Pride, and other crying Sins. Whilst with equal Probability, a third Sort affirm, 'Twas contriv'd and put in Execution by a Cabal of *Carpenters* and *Masons*; who, wanting Employment, and projecting the Method of enriching themselves, disdaining also the inartificial and obsolete Form of Buildings, resolv'd to put this City into a new Figure, and raise it according to the Models of foreign *Architecture*. Every one guesses as his Affections incline him, or his Conjectures follow the Byass of his Interest. Men are always partial to themselves and the Cause they have espous'd. *God* only knows the Truth.

The Superstitious among the *Roman Catholics*, take occasion from the Timing of this horrible Conflagration, to insult o'er the *English Protestants*, who from some obscure Passages in the *Book* of their *Gospel*, used to foretel, in a *Prophetick* Manner, That the final Ruin and *Catastrophe* of *Rome* would happen in this Year 1666: Whereas, by fatal Experience, more sure than vain Predictions, they find the *Metropolis* of their own Nation reduc'd to Ashes.

Whoever are the Instruments in these *Tragedies*, 'tis certain the Designs of *Fate* are still perform'd. Every *Kingdom*, *State*, and *Community*, has its critical Periods and Climasters, wherein it suffers Detriment,

* * * * *

M 6

* This

¶ This Blank the Italian Preface mentions, and says, 'tis owing to the Loss of some Part of the Arabick Letter suppos'd to be torn off by Chance, or on some other Occasion.

Paris, 2d of the 11th Moon,
of the Year 1666.

LETTER XVI.

To Cara Hali, Physician to the Grand Signior

I Am melancholy, beyond the Description of *Painters, Poets*, or the lively Eloquence of *Cicero*. Methinks, I'm some exotick *Being*; a perfect Foreigner on Earth; a Stranger to its Laws and Maxims. I appear to other Mortals like a *Giafer* or *Frank* in his Western dress at *Morocco, Babylon, or Constantinople*. I mean not for my outward Habit, (for in that I'm conformable enough to the *Mode* of the *Region* where I reside) but I'm all unfashionable within; ridiculous in my Sentiments and Conversation. When others laugh, I sigh, and find a Reason to be sad, in the midst of merry Company. Even Wine it self, that exhilarates all the World beside, does but increase my Melancholy, by adding Strength unto my labouring Thoughts. It sublimates my Spirits up to Sacred Phrensies. I am all Lunatick at such a Time. Each Glass creates new Dreams, more wild than the strange Flights and Raptures of a *Santone*. My heated Spleen, like Mount *Gibel*, belches forth horrid Clouds of Smoak and Vapours, which lay long smothering in its spongy Caverns; these quickly spread and cover all the

the Horizon of my Soul, rendring it dark and gloomy, as the *Cymmerian Solitudes*, or the more dismal Valleys bordering on the River *Styx*, where surly *Charon* waits to ferry o'er the *Caravans* of trembling *Ghosts*, and land 'em in *Elysium*.

Oh! that those *Fables* of the antient *Poets* were but true! Or that I knew but something certain of our *Future State*! Whether the *Soul* survives or no, when Death has stopt the Circulation of our Blood? And what becomes of that *Immortal Substance*, after its parting from the *Body*? Whether it pass by Transmigration into the *Embryo* of some other Animal, as *Pythagoras* taught; or be united, swallowed up, and lost in the *Universal Soul* of the *World*, as *Plato* did believe? Or if some other *Magnet* does attract its Presence; and hidden Sympathies of *Nature* teach it to form it self a Vehicle or Body of the Elements? Perhaps, some *Souls* unite with Air, whilst others mix with Water, Earth, or purer Skies. This for its horrid Sins in mortal State, may be by the *Eternal Nemesis* sunk down into the fatal Caverns of Mount *Ætna*, *Strombolo*, or *Visuvius*; there to incorporate with burning Rivers and Lakes of Sulphur and other Minerals, to hear perpetually the frightful Cracking, Rumbling, and loud Thunders of those infernal Vaults; to be, without intermission, annoy'd with the eternal Stench of melted Mines, whose poignant Vapours equally kill it and revive it every Moment, that it may be confin'd to an endless Circle of Miseries: To feel the excruciating Torments which no Tongue can utter; whilst the incessant rapid Motion of those exalted and most violent Fires, with which it is embodied by Decree of *Fate*, rob it of the very Possibility of the least easy Thought, or quiet Minute; and at the same Time rack it with infinite Tortures.

Think

Think not, my Dear *Physician*, that it is impossible a separate *Spirit* can thus be sensible of Pains. There's no such Thing as a separate *Spirit*, save God who made all *Bodies*, and therefore was before them. The *Angels* themselves are partly Corporeal; so are the Devils. Do not believe then, that mortal Man, who is in a middle State between these Two, shall by dying, gain a Priviledge above the most illustrious *Spirits* in *Heaven*. As soon as Death has dislodg'd us from one *Body*, *Nature*, *Providence*, or *Fate* provides us another, according to our Qualities, Inclinations and Merits. We may as well by *Metempsychosis*, become the *Spirit* or *Soul* of a flaming Sulphur-mine, or at least of some Part of it, as of a Horse, an Eagle, or a Dove: For such, for ought we know, may be the Disposition of Divine Wisdom, Justice, and Omnipotence.

By the very same Reason another *Soul* may be transported to the open, happy Skies, where it may either range in boundless, free, and serene Tracts of *Bliss*; or be Enfranchis'd in the Corporations of the *Stars*, to dwell in *Palaces* of *Azure*, *Topazes*, and *Diamonds*; to possess *Provinces* more rich than in *Peru* or *Guinea*, where the Rusticks plow up Gold; more beautiful and pleasant than the famous Fields of *Theffaly*. God knows what will become of us after our Dissolution: But the Ignorance of this one Truth occasions all Melancholly.

Death is not formidable of it self, nor all the dolorous Circumstances that precede it: 'Tis only what comes after, raises all my Terror. Were I to melt away in lingring Agues and Consumptions; or to be sooner posted off in high-wrought Fevers, Plurisies, or Pestilence: Or if it were my Fate to die by Pistol, Sword, or Poyson, or any other Kind of slow or sudden Death, allotted me from *Chance* or *Nature*, *Providence* or *Fate*: Should *Heaven* consume me in a Trice by Lightning; or this *Globe* with

with equal Swiftneſs, bury me in ſome ſurprizing Earthquake: 'Twould be all one to *Mahmut*, were it not for the After-claps, to which I am a ſtranger. I tremble at the hidden and unſearchable Force of *Nature*: I dread the irreverſible unknown *Decrees of Fate*, the *Secret Methods of Eternal Deſtiny*, the *Laws and Order of the other World*, in billeting the *Troops of Humane Souls*, that go to *Winter* there, after this *Life's Campaign* is finiſhed.

Once in a cold and froſty Evening, as I was travelling o'er a bleak wide Plain, and felt the penetrating Blaſts of North-Eaſt Winds, with chilling Sleet, which fell upon me from the Clouds; my Spirits alſo tir'd with tedious Journeys, and my anxious Thoughts being wholly taken up about a Reſting-Place that Night, and how to avoid the Affaults of Robbers, with a Thouſand other Perils, threatning a Stranger on the Road; at length I chanced to think of the untry'd and remote Voyage I muſt one Day make to another World. It chill'd my Blood to imagine the diſconſolate naked Circumſtances of a *Separate Soul*, which, for ought I knew, might be bewilder'd, loſt, and forc'd to wander up and down through untrack'd Waſtes of miſty frozen Air, where the inhospitable Element affords no Guides, nor *Carvanſera's* to comfortleſs, poor, ſtragglng *Ghosts*; unleſs they would accept a Lodging in ſome Cloud, the Ciſtern and Chariot of Rain, Hail, or Snow; there to incorporate with the unwelcome *Meteors*, and be whirl'd round the *Globe*, or elſe precipitated down to Earth again in Showers; from thence perhaps to be exhaled by the Sun, and mix'd with *Embryo's of Lightning*, *Fiery Dragons*, *Ignes Fatui*, or other Bodies hourly Flaming in the *Welkin*, and thus to circulate in endleſs *Transmigrations*. Who knows the Circumſtances of departed *Souls*, or *Laws of a Separate State*? Let him declare what Uſage we ſhall find in
that

LETTER XVII.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

THE Blessings of God and his Prophet cheer thy Heart, as thou hast exhilarated mine by thy last Letter, wherein thou encouragest me with the Hopes of being remov'd from this disagreeable Post, to one more Delightful and Happy, even to a sweet Country Retirement, either in *Arabia*, or any other Part of the *Grand Signior's* Dominions, which is the very Mark of all my Wishes.

I have a natural Aversion for great and populous Cities. They seem to be so many magnificent *Sepulchres* of the *Living*, where Men are shut up, imprison'd, and buried from all Commerce with the Elements ; or they are like *Hospitals* and *Pest-Houses*, where People crowd, infect, and stink one another to Death with a thousand Pollutions. They hive together like *Bees*, and build their Apartments in Darkness. Like Nests of *Pismires*, they trudge up and down all the *Summer* of their *Youth*, to heap up Treasures, that they may spend the *Winter* of their *Old Age* in loathsome Ease, and benumm'd *Stupidity* ; not daring to venture out of the Purlieu of their nasty, smoaky Habitations, and yet they're ready to be stifled with their own Breath.

'Tis with Pleasure I contemplate the Face of the *Infant* Earth, before it was deform'd by the unnecessary Arts of the *Carpenter*, *Smith*, and *Mason* : When Men had no other Houses, save what they made themselves, every one for his Family, of the Branches and Boughs of Trees, interwoven with *Osiers*, *Reeds* and *Ivy* ; and cover'd thick with
Leaves

Leaves and Grass to shelter them from Wind, Hail, Rain, and other Injuries of Weather. Or perhaps some had found out a Den or Cave in the Earth, or the Hollow of a Rock, for a Sanctuary in such Cases, where they repos'd in perfect Tranquility, without Fear of Snares or Violence, without Apprehension of Robbers, or any tragical Surprize. They went out and in, slept and wak'd, labour'd and rested in Safety and Quiet. Avarice, Envy, and Injustice had not as yet corrupted the Minds of Mortals. The Earth brought forth Corn, Herbage, and Fruits, without the Husbandman's or Gardener's Labour: All Places abounded with Plenty of innocent Refreshments, and those primitive Inhabitants coveted no more. The Cattle and Bees afforded them Milk and Honey, and the Fountain-Waters were generous as Wine. This *Globe* was a compleat *Paradise*, and no mistaken Zeal had taught Men religiously to invade one another's Rights, and in a pious Fury to murder their Neighbours, in hopes of meriting *Heaven* hereafter. There was no such Thing as Bigottry or Superstition to be found among any of Humane Race. The *Law of Nature* was in universal Force: Every Man pursu'd the Dictates of Reason, without hearkning after *Religious Sophistry*, and *Sacred Fables*.

But when once the Lucre of Gold had corrupted Mens Manners, and they, not contented with the Riches and Sweets which they daily cropt from the Surface of the Earth, had found a Way to descend into her Bowels, stung with an insatiable Desire of hidden Treasures; then began Injustice, Oppression, and Cruelty to take place. Men made Enclosures to themselves, and encompass'd a certain Portion of Land with Hedges, Ditches, and Pales, to fence them from the Invasions of others; for the
Guile

Guilt of their own vicious Inclinations fill'd them with Fears, and made them jealous of one another. They built themselves strong Holds, Fortresses, Castles, and Cities: And their Terrors encreasing with their Criminal Possessions, they persuaded themselves, that the very Elements would prove their Enemies, if not pacified by Bribes and Presents. Hence sprung the first Invention of *Altars* and *Sacrifices*, and from these vain panick Fears of Mortals, the *Gods* deriv'd their Pedigree. For one built a *Temple* to the *Sun*, another to the *Moon*, a third to *Jupiter*, *Mars*, or the rest of the *Planets*. Some ador'd the *Fire*, others the *Water* or *Wind*. Every one set up to himself such a *God* as he fancied would be propitious to him. Thus Error being equally propagated with Humane Nature, they created an infinite Rabble of imaginary *Deities*, paying to those *Idols*, the supreme and incommunicable Honours, due only to the *Eternal Essence*, *Father* and *Source* of all Things.

Besides, they liv'd in intolerable Pride and Luxury, in constant Wars and Strife, in Darkness, Ignorance, and Confusion. I speak of such as dwelt in Cities, and were incorporated together by one common Interest. For still there remain'd some who obey'd the Original *Laws* of *Nature*, and the *Traditions* of *Primitive Humanity*.

These dwelt in Tents, or other moveable Habitations, as our Countrymen the *Arabs* do at this Day with the *Tartars* their Brethren. They scorn'd to fasten themselves to the Earth, by possessing any Part of it in Propriety: Every Field and Wood, Hill and Valley, River and Well, were with them in common. They straggled whither they pleased.

This is the Life so emulated by me, or instead of that at least, a Retirement from Cities, that I may breathe out my last Hours in a free Air, remote
from

from the stifling Company and Contagion of Mortals. I long to range at Liberty through unfrequented Paths of Defart Ground, o'er wild, unpolish'd Heaths; from thence insensibly to fall into some venerable Solitude, where the dry, mossy Barks of Trees, in silent Characters proclaim the Antiquity of the Place; and gentle Whispers of the Wind instruct the Methods of *Platonick* Love; inspire strange Passions, which we never felt before, and teach us to converse with *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, and other harmless *Tenants* of the *Shades*. How great is the Pleasure to be thus surpriz'd with some harmonious, warbling Stream, or silent, soft, deep, Chrystal River? To speak *Incognito* with *Dryads*, *Hamadryads*, and the sporting *Eccho's*; to lie dissolv'd in loose, yet innocent Enjoyments on the Banks, to talk with Nature, with *Immortal Substances*, and with *Eternity* it self? Oh *God!* is not this ravishing.

'Tis difficult to say, whether it would be pleasant or painful to return from these ineffable *Parades* of the *Soul*, to our domestick Felicities, tho' even in a rural Life, which I acknowledge to be the happiest on Earth. Yet there to trace the Herds and Flocks, to walk amidst the high-grown Corn, and Grass, to pluck the bearded Ears of Barley, to let our Eyes rowl o'er the various Figures of the Wind-blown Wheat and Millet, our Noses to suck the fragrant Airs of Marjoram, Thyme, Oranges, and Lemons, with innumerable Spices; our Ears to hear the inimitable Melody of Birds, and every Sense to be transported, snatch'd away, and lost in sacred Extasies; must needs be rank'd among the highest Kinds of earthly Pleasures.

But to descend from those Enjoyments, to the meanest and most common Diversions of a Country-Life; methinks there's something peculiarly charming in the very ellenge Situation of the Houses; whe-

whether it be on the Brow of a Hill, or the Bottom of a Valley; in the Midst of a Wood, or the Opening of a Heath; on the Side of a Road, or in some obscure Corner of the Country. 'Tis agreeable, when waking in the Morning, to hear the Bleating of Sheep, Lowing of Oxen, Screaming, Quacking, and Crowing, of Geese, Ducks, Cocks, and other Home-bred Animals; to hear the louder Winds, threatening to tear up Trees by the Roots, demolish Houses, and remove the Globe it self, if possible, from off its *Basis*. This would be better Musick to me for a Change, than a Consort of *Dulcimers, Theorbo's, Timbrels* and *Viols*. Humane Nature delights in Variety, and there is a certain audacious Curiosity in the *Soul*, which loves to venture on Extremes. The Rain, the Dirt, the Stink of Hogs, Camels, Dromedaries, and other necessary rural Beasts, would please me better than the constant tedious Ease, and fulsome Sweets of *Court* or *City*. I sweat whilst thus shut up within these Walls: It cloyes me to be daily walking in a Circle; to trample always o'er the same Ground, in a vast Labyrinth of Houses, where my Senses meet no new refreshing Objects, but my Ears are hourly nauseated, vex'd, and tir'd with the rattling Din of Coaches, Carts, Artificers, and the harsh Voices of such as sell Flesh, Fish, and other Things about the Streets. My Eyes can find no grateful Prospects, but dash'd with surly rugged Looks of proud and wealthy *Infidels*; or with the sly satyrick Smiles of well-shap'd People, who condemn me for my bandy Legs, and crooked Back.

In a Word, my dear *Bassa*, I long to feel the gentle Breezes of the *East*, purifying my *Soul*, and cleansing it from so many Pollutions. I languish for the Sight of *Turbants* and *Crescents*, for the devout Call of the *Muezens* on the lofty *Minarets*: I die in Contemplation of the sacred *Fasts* and *Feasts*,
the

the nocturnal Joys of *Ramezan*, the Revels and chearful Illuminations of *Beiram*, and the *Imperial Dunalma's*. When I think of these things, my Soul bursts forth in fervent Invocations, and every Faculty cries, *Alla, Alla*.

May that *Divine and Immortal One* hear my Prayers, and grant me the Happiness to see the Face of noble *Kerker Hassan*, in an *Horizon* pure and free from the Defilement of *Infidels*.

Paris, 14th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

LETTER XVIII.

To Isouf, his Kinsman, a Merchant
at Astracan.

I Sent a *Dispatch* to thee in the Year 1664, wherein, among other things, I recommended our Cousin *Solyman* to thy Friendship and Patronage, if ever he should travel to *Astracan*, as I advis'd him. For thou knowest he has a roaming Genius, without the Wit to improve himself in any Foreign Country, unless he has a Friend to guide and take care of him: And then 'twill be a difficult Task to make him sensible where he is. He'll always think he is within the Verge of the *Grand Signior's* Hunt, where he may domineer at large, under the Notion of a Retainer to the *Sultan*. He's a strange humour'd Fellow. I know not what to make of him. He's as changeable as *Proteus*, or a *Camelion*: Sometimes religiously Dull and Phlegmatick, like a *Hadgi*; at another Season you shall feel his Pulse beating to the Tune of youthful Pride, Ambition, Lust, and other Vices. To Day he'd be a *Derviche*, *Santone*,
or

or any thing that bears the Form of Holiness : But when he's slept upon't, the vain young Convert would return again to the World, and be a Soldier, Courtier, Professor of the *Law*, or any thing that makes a Figure in the Eyes of Men. So unwelcome are the rigid Paths of Vertue to a *Soul* not well established in its *Principles*.

And yet our Cousin *Solyman*, as I am told, is the *Mussulman* of the *Mussulmans*, as to his *Exterior*. With Hand devoutly laid to Breast, and humblest Couch o'th' Head, he gives the *Salem* to his Friends and Neighbours : Soft, as the Signs of *Mutes* in the *Seraglio* : Humble as the *Grecian* Chapman, walking through the Streets, is forc'd to imitate, when he is hector'd by the rampant *Janizaries*.

But, oh my Cousin *Isouf*, 'tis Grief to say, that *Solyman*, Partaker of our *Blood*, is Base, Ungrateful, and Perfidious : That he shou'd be thus Unnatural, studying the utmost Period of our Life ; instead of honest, just, and noble Presents, to prolong it.

I had Reason, long ago, to compare him to *Pontius Pilate* ; and if I had gone on, and scum'd off all the most enormous Crimes of Humane Race, 'twould be too little to express his Enmity against *Mahmut*, the kindest Uncle, and the truest Friend, that e'er poor *Solyman* cou'd boast of.

But he is degenerate, and that's too little, without the mournful Sighs of thee and me, to increase the Aggravation of his Crime.

In fine, he's our Kinsman, and let us shew Mercy. He has been perfidious to me, and I wou'd retrench the Words I have spoken in his Disgrace. If he comes to *Astracan*, do as thou pleasest : But have an Eye over thine own Affairs. Take not *Solyman* for an *Angel*. He is still but a *Turbant-maker* ; a frolicksome Blade ; and a Merchant that makes a very small Figure.

Cousin

Cousin *Ifouf*, forget not the *Maxims* thou hast learn'd in thy Travels: Be true to thy Friends, and thy self. Honour the Memory of thy deceased Parents. Love all Men that are good. And be not remiss in praying for the *Soul* of thy deceased Uncle, whenever *God* shall call for it.

Paris, 26th of the 2d Moon,
of the Year 1667.

The End of the Sixth Volume.



